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of the ancients, shipwreck was a frequent occurrence, as the experience of Jonah, Mardonius and St. Paul demonstrate, and with the increase in the number of ships a corresponding increase of maritime disasters naturally occurred. Nevertheless, the number of such calamities that take place now-a-days bears a small proportion to that of the vessels that were lost at the rates prevailing in former times.

This is due to the improved construction and better sea-going qualities of modern ships, to the employment of steam as a propelling power, and to the elaborate establishment of lifeboats at dangerous points on the coast. Still more satisfactory is the increasing ratio with regard to the loss of life by shipwreck, a result obtained by the institution in all civilized countries of the lifeboat service.

The invention of the lifeboat is a faring world is indebted to a coachbuilder named Lionel Lukin, who, in 1785, fitted up a *Norwawl* as such, patented it, and published it in a pamphlet entitled *"Insubmersible Boat."* Although patronized by the Prince of Wales, it met with little success. The increase of the English public interest in disasters at sea was so common that Lukin's humane plan received no attention, and he died neglected. In 1789, the *Adventure* stranded near South Shields, at the mouth of the Tyne, England, and by one of the crew was seen to drop the rigging into the raging breakers, thousands of spectators, who were unable to render the least assistance as no boat could possibly be sent. This dreadful scene roused the people of South Shields, at any rate from their nightmare of apathy; a committee was formed, and a premium offered for the best model of a lifeboat. Henry Greathead, a boat-builder of that port, was the successful competitor, and in the same year he mentioned constructed a lifeboat which did good service. The people of Northumberland interested

himself in this life-saving invention. By 1803 thirty-one lifeboats had been built by Greathead—eighteen for England, five for Scotland, and eight for foreign countries, and he himself had been rewarded by the gift of £1,200 voted for him by Parliament.

Nevertheless, it was not until 1823 that the interest of the public was properly aroused. In that year a stirring appeal in the lifeboat cause was made by Sir William Hillary, Bart., who, while dwelling in the Isle of Man, had witnessed the horrors of shipwreck so frequently that he determined to devote himself to the establishment of a life-saving institution. His enthusiasm and energy met with success, and, aided by Mr. Thomas Wilson and Mr. George Hilbert, both members of Parliament, he succeeded in founding the "Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck."

After much fluctuating success and periods of neglect, and some severe disasters to lifeboats and their crews, the institution stands to-day, under the name of the "Royal National Lifeboat Institution," the grandest of England's charitable societies. It is at once a reproach to the British government, and a glorious honor to the British nation. It might be supposed that the rulers of a country, at whose ports the arrivals and departures of vessels average annually 600,000, and on whose 5,000 miles of dangerous coast 2,000 wrecks occur every year, would make an appropriation for the maintenance of so philanthropic a service. Such is not the case. It was benevolent humanity that organized the institution, and it is private benevolence that supports it. From the date of its formation to the year 1881 inclusive, the lifeboat institution of England was the means of saving 28,724 lives. In round numbers the annual average number of lives saved is 900.

In the construction of a lifeboat, two qualities must be given to it which makes it distinct from every



mild during the greater part of the year, and the winds prevail with great regularity. Such being the case the weather can generally be prognosticated, and navigation in these waters does not carry with it so much of danger and hazard as in most seas. Nevertheless, during certain periods dense fogs prevail; at other times fierce gales occur, and occasionally

lifeboat on December 12th, 1890; and that on April 12th, 1892, at the Coquille River Station, Oregon, Edward M. Nelson, the keeper of that station, and William H. Green and John K. Sumner, surfmen, were killed in the breakers, owing to a similar accident. Quite recently the surf at Point Reyes has added another victim to its rapacity. The particulars,



THE LIFEBOAT CREW.

very violent storms. At such times disasters are not infrequent in the neighborhood of prominent headlands and near the entrances to the Columbia River, the straits of Fuca and San Francisco Bay. To the above-named causes of disaster may be added the treacherous nature of the surf on the coast, and several accidents attended with loss of life to members of the service have occurred within the last two years. From the records kept by Major Blakeney, Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service, Twelfth District, it appears that Fred Carstens and A. Anderson lost their lives at Point Reyes Station by the capsizing of the

pregnant with warning, are as follows:

It is the duty of the captain of every life-saving station to drill his men whenever the conditions of weather and sea are favorable, and Captain George Jorgensen, in command of the Point Reyes station, considering that such conditions existed on the morning of March 1st, last, launched the boat without encountering the least difficulty in the surf, and exercised the crew for half an hour or more. When the practice drill was ended, the boat was headed toward the beach and had reached within thirty yards of the landing-place when an immense roller



LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT.



shipwreck had been reduced nearly seventy-five per centum.

It is not claimed that the saving of life was entirely the work of the Life-Saving Service, but it is referable in a great measure to its operations, and the noble example set by the courageous spirits employed therein. Due credit must be given to those volunteer efforts of individuals whose depth of humanity renders them incapable of taking into consideration the risk of their own lives, when those of others may be saved. Their broad, philanthropic sense of duty impels them fearlessly with all kinds of peril. Nor must humane societies be forgotten, especially the Massachusetts Humane Society, which was organized as early as 1786 by benevolent persons and was dependent upon volunteer crews. It is a sad task to have to narrate a terrible disaster which lately occurred to one such crew.

On the 25th of February last the brig *Sagua*, loaded with sugar and bound from Cuba for Boston, shortly after eight o'clock in the evening, struck on the Sow and Pigs' Reef, off Cutty Hunk, one of the Elizabeth Islands, which separate Buzzard's Bay from Vineyard Sound. There was a fearful sea on, but notwithstanding that, and the emphatic warnings of the captain of the Life-Saving Station, a boat belonging to the above-named society was made ready and a volunteer crew of six men managed to put off. Their struggles with the angry waves and fury of the tempest were terrific, and during the whole of their long desperate pull they were in incessant danger of being engulfed by the monster billows. Of that heroic crew only one man survived to tell the story of that passage from the shore to the wreck. With supreme efforts they finally succeeded in getting under the lee of the *Sagua*, and a rope was thrown out to them. At that moment a mighty wave capsize their boat and all were struggling in the ice-cold water. Joseph Tilton succeeded in catching a rope that was

thrown out to him and was dragged on board; all the others were drowned. The captain, Timothy Aken, Jr., tied a rope around himself, but so insecurely that it slipped, and he was lost in the furious breakers. Some what later communication was established with the land and those on board the brig were saved; but when it became known that all but one of the lifeboat crew was lost, the scene was heartrending as widows and orphans, relatives and friends searched the shore all night for the bodies of the drowned.

As before mentioned the sea on the lake coastline of the United States is more than 10,000 miles, and the 10,000 miles of shore not only present every variety of form and physical feature, but are subject in different localities to all the vicissitudes of weather. On the Atlantic Coast the dangers to which seafaring people are exposed are immensely in excess of those which prevail on the shores of the Pacific. On the one side narrow bays, intricate channels, sharp capes, low reefs, and submarine rugged cliffs and sunken rocks, and networks of shoals and ledges abound; then there are stretches of hundreds of miles of sand beach intersected and broken up into islands by narrow inlets and pools separated from the mainland by long strips of bays. This dangerous portion of the Atlantic Coast is ever changing its physical appearance under the influence of the storm, the unsteadfast sand-bars and dangerous shoals incessantly shifting and changing position under the blows of the tumultuous sea. The fearful tempests of the North, and the hurricanes and tornadoes of the South render these inexorable shores peculiarly dangerous to mariners.

On this side, on the contrary, the Pacific Coast is remarkably regular, bold and unbroken; its indentations are few, and its navigation free from those intricacies and difficulties which trouble the seaman on the Atlantic. Moreover, the climate is uniform and





READY FOR THE START.

or heavy wave, struck her on the side and tossed her completely over. The entire crew was buried beneath the boat, but all with the exception of George Larsen managed to get clear and reach the shore. The unfortunate man was almost immediately rescued from the breakers but in an unconscious state. Before medical aid could reach him, he was dead. He had not been drowned, but died from the injuries inflicted by the life-boat striking him as it rolled over.

Two independent investigations were made into the circumstances attending the lamentable occurrence, one conducted by Coroner Edward Eden of Marin County, and the other by Captain W. C. Coulson, acting assistant-inspector of the Twelfth District of the Life-Saving Service. Both investigations terminated in the same conclusions, namely that the death of Larsen was entirely accidental, and that no blame was attached to Captain Jorgensen. All the members of the crew testified that the sea was unusually smooth on the morning of March 1st,

and that for months previous, it had not been so favorable for practice drills. During the time they were out and on their return it had remained so, and it was only when they were close to shore that the big sea struck them. They were unanimous in their statement that the accident was unavoidable, and that Captain Jorgensen displayed a high degree of skill and cool courage during the crisis.

Though the surfman on these western shores is not called upon so frequently to risk his life as his confreres of the Atlantic Coast, his position is no sinecure, nor is his occupation a pleasing pastime. He has to patrol in all kinds of weather the desolate beach by night, and keep incessant watch by day over the wide waste waters before him, ever on the alert to hasten to the assistance of vessels in distress, while at the same time he is almost as lonely in his surroundings as the lighthouse man in his isolated home. Nor let it be supposed that the records of assistance given by him to the shipwrecked form the su-

13th of August following. Since the publication of that report, three more stations have been established in Oregon, namely at Coos Bay and at the mouths of the Umpqua and Coquille Rivers, so that the Twelfth District now contains the names of thirteen stations on its list, though for all practical purposes one of them is abandoned.

A few brief statistics will give the reader an idea of the amount of sea-coast disaster on the Pacific shores of

the United States. During the years ending June 30th, 1890, on the coasts of California, Oregon and Washington, 317 vessels were stranded, the respective numbers being California, 204; Washington, 61; Oregon, 36; and 16 at the mouth of the Columbia.

With regard to comparative danger to shipping, Humboldt Bay follows the mouth of the Columbia with thirteen, and Shoalwater Bay with eleven casualties.





mination of the final recording stroke of the erratic lines formed by the last earthquake; while a hundred other interesting articles are to be found throughout the building.

Professor Holden's residence is close to the observatory and facing the east, those of his corps of assistants being scattered at intervals throughout the grounds.

The twelve-inch equatorial telescope, though a mere toy in comparison with the gigantic Lick, is an instrument of high-class quality, and occupies a smaller dome at the north end of the building. This dome is reached by a spiral iron stairway, and from the balcony outside of it, we obtain a splendid view of the surrounding country.

Retracing our steps, and wending our way along the cool, beautifully-lighted hall, we come to the cynosure of all, the world-renowned Lick telescope. Nobody interferes as we step inside the lofty dome, and we enjoy to our hearts' content an uninterrupted view of the great star-revealer. We

find ourselves in a perfectly circular, lofty, dome-shaped structure, with an immense slit in the revolving wall through which protrudes the thirty-six inch lens. One's first work, after a proper feeling of reverence to the great minds who can conceive, construct, and put to its proper use so grand an instrument, is how to manage to clean the lens, which seems to be no inconsiderable distance on the way to heaven itself—visions of an employee creeping monkey-like along the great tube appearing to our untutored mind. A little later the puzzle is explained to us, and we are told that the ponderous piece of mechanism, weighing some fourteen tons, may, by a turn of the thumb and finger, be instantly reversed, its face polished and then reversed again, so perfectly poised and adjusted.

A circular floor, reminding one of the top of a huge gasometer, moves with the dome around the pedestal that supports the mass of iron and ingenuity before us. Connected therewith is the immensely powerful clock



RODA SPRINGS, SMITH'S CREEK.

ls on board the  
s could not be per-  
ed that the ap-  
ance was not land  
they "had actu-  
passed over the  
e of their baseless  
ntains.'

another cause of  
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ing of immense ice-  
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red with earth and  
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land where three  
our hours previ-  
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had been visible,  
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being the iceberg  
ved was only as-  
ined by landing

it. The vast mass had rolled  
and shown a new surface covered  
ice-bound boulders, gravel and

sailing vessels, such as those  
which Ross made his explora-  
the sweeping currents and wave-  
of the immense surging ocean  
surrounds that south polar land  
dangerous in the extreme. On  
occasion the *Erebus* and  
were becalmed and drifted  
ed a dense archipelago of huge  
gs, against which the mighty  
of the vast and deep ocean beat  
appalling violence. "Every eye  
ixed with the tremendous spec-  
and destruction seemed inevit-

So wrote Sir James of that  
le experience. Drifting to inevi-  
death was enough to fix men's  
as they watched the distance  
that separated them from those  
ol. IV—8



MAP OF THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS.

gigantic bergs which remorselessly  
hurled back in shattered confusion the  
load-groaning waves. For eight hours  
this mental agony continued, and still  
the stagnant air moved not. The  
ships had drifted helplessly with the  
current to within some hundred yards  
—so few that the number could be ex-  
pressed by a single numeral—of the  
spot where the ghastly Death-King of  
that frigid zone was awaiting them,  
when the benumbed air shook off its  
torpor and began to stir. Under the  
influence of the gentle breeze the ships  
were kept off the ice, and as the wind  
gradually increased, the commanders  
by nightfall had worked their way out  
of the dangerous position into the open  
sea.

On January 27th, the ships came in  
sight of a mountain 12,400 feet high,  
while to the east of it another mass  
rose to the height of 10,900 feet above



1542 1893

# The of Missions in California

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.



OLD FOUNTAIN.

THOSE sad-eyed pilgrims who bade adieu to the cliffs of Albion two centuries since, and sped across a trackless waste of ocean, sought shores anew that they might find liberty—liberty of thought and of speech—a heritage divine that the laws of their land had denied them.

From the hour they set foot upon Plymouth Rock, that little band of pilgrims has been immortalized. Their sacrifice of home and fortune upon the altar of freedom has won the respect and admiration of two worlds. But behold another pilgrimage, a century later, to the other border of the new continent—a pilgrimage of men who suffered exile from motives yet higher and nobler. They sought not freedom, nor fortune, nor fame—these followers of Christ—but only that the land of their adoption be delivered from the darkness of paganism and savagery.

The planting of the cross was their one unselfish aim. There was naught

of mundane recompense to buy deprivation and bitter sacrifice was their portion—yet for almost with joy, they shed the cross and went forth to the sad.

Coincident with the landing of the *Mayflower* upon the coast, there came to Mexico a band of Jesuit Missionaries, who established themselves in monasteries throughout the country, and from time to time with recruits from Spain. In the midst of their a peremptory decree was issued compelling the Jesuit Order from all Spanish provinces. Turning over their monasteries to the Franciscans, more in favor at court, they opened a new field to the disciples of "Seraphic Father," and sought tolerant shores.

The new order, famous for its efficiency, lost no time in impressing Carlos III. for authority to establish



OLIVE-MILL, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

visited the Riviera made itself severely felt, and not a house in the place remained intact. Six hundred lives were lost in this disaster, and human bones are frequently disinterred from beneath the ruined dwellings. On one side of the main street every building was leveled to the ground, and the city government taking pity upon the homeless ones erected many rows of small one-storied houses for a tempor-

us from a picturesque slope and drive around the Capo delle Vie there breaks upon our view one of the finest vistas of the whole Riviera, prospective of snow-tipped mountains on our left, softened in the pale lights; and far ahead just off the coast, the wild rocky island of Asinari is seen; while white Lario and Alasio stretch between the nearer edge of the sea. The



ARCH OF OLD ROMAN BRIDGE NEAR ALASSIO.

ary refuge. Some of the unfortunates still inhabit these humble quarters, having never since been able to lay aside enough money to erect other homes. The building trade is very brisk in Diavio Marina, and new houses are going up on every hand.

Past Cervo which looks down upon

reach the former—a very bowery orange and lemon groves.

Then skirting the shores of the separate bays we reach Alasio at sunset, and find at the extreme end the long main street of the village, the Grand Hotel, our haven of refuge for the night. What an abode



the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V. forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation, on pain of death. All went



OLD OLIVE TREE NEAR SAN RÉMO.

well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle when, to the horror of the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, crying, "Aiga, dai de l'aiga ae corde!—Water, give water to the ropes!" The suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon; the obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Bresca was brought a prisoner before the Pope for punishment, the latter not only pardoned his offence, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed

itself when, instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he asked that the right of furnishing food for Easter should be bestowed on his family and the village of Ghera, his birthplace. The request was granted, and is respected to this day.

About three miles' further along this charming shore of the sea, brings us to Ospiate, where the principal attraction is a fine hotel and an unused casino. The latter brings to mind the deserted Italian villages one meets up among the rocky hills along the coast. This casino, however, is not silent and empty, cannot be called deserted, since it has been occupied.

Some twelve years ago the Lyonnais of France formed a company, calling it the Crispien, and the latter began to work largely in land around Ospiate. They bought up large tracts of estate, opened a hotel, and built this expensive white stone casino for a Casino, hoping that it would flock in large numbers of people, and that it would prove as good as Monte Carlo. The Italian Government absolutely refused to issue to them a license for gaming, and the whole scheme fell through. Thus the beautiful Casino of Ospiate, with empty halls, serving merely as an ornamental addition to the surrounding landscape.

As we near San Rémo we pass a historic olive tree reputed to be 400 years old. It looks sturdy and strong, with grotesquely gnarled branching and twisting around a huge trunk.

At San Rémo we stop for the night. The old town, which nestles on the slopes of two hills, consists of a work of narrow lanes and alleys, with archways overhead connecting the houses in the event of an attack. The new town lies at its foot along the sea. The upper part, called the Jardin l'Inferno,

visited the Riviera made itself severely felt, and not a house in the place remained intact. Six hundred lives were lost in this disaster, and human bones are frequently disinterred from beneath the ruined dwellings. On one side of the main street every building was leveled to the ground, and the city government taking pity upon the homeless ones erected many rows of small one-storied houses for a tempor-

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ARCH OF OLD ROMAN BRIDGE NEAR ALASSIO.

ary refuge. Some of the unfortunates still inhabit these humble quarters, having never since been able to lay aside enough money to erect other homes. The building trade is very brisk in Diavio Marina, and new houses are going up on every hand.

Past Cervo which looks down upon

reach the former—a very bowery orange and lemon groves.

Then skirting the shores of the separate bays we reach Alassio at sunset, and find at the extreme end of the long main street of the village the Grand Hotel, our haven of refuge for the night. What an abode





ALASIO.

We cross one or two small rivers here, without bridges, the horses wading; not much of an undertaking now that the water is low, but a rather dangerous performance after heavy rains, or the melting of snow on the mountains.

We are glad to reach Savona, although our first impressions of the place and of the Hotel Svizzero are not very favorable. But when we saunter out after dinner we find some good broad streets, fine squares, attractive shops, and an interesting scene at the port, to which a wide avenue lined with trees, leads direct. This place was of importance under

Napoleon I., and has now 30,000 inhabitants.

The next morning we start bright and early for our last drive, and Cogoleto, to which we have looked forward with great interest, comes in sight at last. It is a poor little village by the sea, and devoid of interest, except in the fact that this insignificant little place dares to dispute with Genoa the honor of being the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. It is a long, narrow lane with two streets, one of which runs close to the sea, the other between two rows of houses. We slowly along the former, the sea



SAVONA

## REPORTING WITH MARK TWAIN.

BY DAN DE QUILLE.



It was in the early days of the Comstock, just when the great boom in silver mining had fairly commenced, that I first met Samuel L. Clemens, now better known as "Mark Twain." It was in the days when "Washoe" was still the popular name of all the silver mining regions of Nevada. Mr. Clemens had been engaged in prospecting at Aurora, Esmeralda County (then a lively camp) whence he sent to the Territorial Enterprise, of Virginia City, some humorous letters signed "Josh." The Enterprise was then not only the leading paper of "Silverland," but also was one of the liveliest and most prosperous newspapers on the Pacific Coast.

I had been at work on the Enterprise about two years, when, in December, 1862, I concluded to take a trip to the "States," whereupon the proprietors of the paper—J. T. Goodman and D. E. McCarthy—engaged "Josh" (Mr. Clemens) to come in from Aurora and take a position on their paper as reporter. I was absent from the Comstock about nine months—on the Plains and in the States—and when I returned, Mr. Clemens had shed his nom de plume of "Josh" and taken that which he still retains and has made famous. Mark did not much relish the work of writing reports of mines and mining affairs, and for that reason, and because of the boom in business and rush of events demanding reportorial notice, I was asked to return "post-haste" and resume work on the paper—everything being, as my letter of recall said, "red-hot."

I found things "red-hot" indeed. Reaching San Francisco in the even-

ing after dark, the first news I even before our steamer had reached the wharf, was that Virginia City was on fire and was being "wiped out." At once there was great excitement for a score or more of "Washoe" people were on board the vessel. On landing we rushed to the newspaper offices and there heard that the city was still burning. I also learned that there had been a big fight among the firemen and that some of my friends and acquaintances had been killed and wounded. It was midnight before I heard that the fire was under control and I then ascertained, to my relief, that the Enterprise had escaped, while all about it had been destroyed.

Thus I "resumed business" on the old stand "in the thick of the times—in the midst of flames and smoke." It was also in the midst of the "boom" and shooting days—the days of robberies, of mining fights, of wild finds of ore, and all manner of excitement. As may be imagined, Mark and I had our hands full, and grass grew under our feet. There was a constant rush of startling events as they came tumbling over one another as though playing at leap-frog. One day a stage robbery was being written up, and before the pistol shots had ceased, the echo among the surrounding hills of firebells were banging out an alarm.

The crowding of the whole population into that part of the town which had escaped the fire led to a series of bloody battles. Fighters, sportsmen, adventurers, burned out of their haunts, thronged the saloons and gaming houses remaining, where many of them were by no means well-to-do visitors; and as in the case of other strange garrets, battles were of fre-





MARK TWAIN AND TWO OF HIS COLLEAGUES.\*

bolical deed the murderer mounted his horse, cut his own throat from ear to ear, rode to Carson City (a distance of three and a half miles) and fell dead in front of Pete Hopkins' saloon.

All the California papers copied the item, and several made editorial comment upon it as being the most shocking occurrence of the kind ever known on the Pacific Coast. Of course rival Virginia City papers at once denounced the item as a "cruel and idiotic hoax." They showed how the publication of such "shocking and reckless falsehoods" disgraced and injured the State, and they made it as "sultry" as possible for the *Enterprise* and its "fool reporter."

When the California papers saw all this and found they had been sold, there was a howl from Siskiyou to San Diego. Some papers demanded the immediate discharge of the author

\* The center figure of the cut is Mark Twain; the one on the right is Mr. Simmons, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the one on the left, Mr. Claggett, Member of Legislature from Humboldt County.

of the item by the *Enterprise* reporters. They said they would quote another line from the while the reporter who wrote the shocking item remained on the job. All this worried Mark as I had before seen him worried. So "I am being burned alive on the sides of the mountains." We went together, and one night when the execution was hottest, he was distressed that he could not sleep, tossed, tumbled and groaned. So I set to work to comfort him. "Mark," said I, "never mind a bit of a gale, it will soon blow out. This item of yours will be remembered and talked about all your other work is forgotten. The murder at Dutch Nick's is quoted years from now as the best of these times."

Said Mark: "I believe me right; I remember I once did a thing at home in Missouri, was caught it and worried almost to death. I was a mere lad and was going to school in a little town where I had an uncle living. I at once left the town and did not return to it for many years. When I finally came back I found I was only remembered as a boy that played the trick of a schoolmaster."

Mark then told me the story, and to laugh over it, and from that time he ceased to groan. He was not discharged, and in less than a month people everywhere were laughing and joking about the "murder at Dutch Nick's."

When Mark wrote the item I read it over to me, and I asked him how he was going to wind it up so to make it plain that it was an invention.

"Oh, it is wound up now," was my reply. "It is all plain enough. I have said that the family lived in a little cabin at the edge of the pine forest near Dutch Nick's. Everybody knows there's not a tree within ten miles of Nick's. I make the man ride nearly for

course by J. T. Goodman, Tom Fitch and myself, when Mr. Daggett would again come in and take up the thread of the exciting tale.

Each person would have been obliged to extricate the hero, heroine, or any other useful character from whatever sad predicament the writer presented him; and I might have devised and would have aimed to puzzle the one who was to tell a him. It would have been a sort of literary game of hide.

It was thought that Mrs. Fitch would respect Daggett's lovely heroine, and even her beauty, and all the beauty of both person and soul, but Mark Twain was sharper than his scalping knife. The old Republican was Daggett's pet. He wanted to carry the old fellow off the ground in the story, but when he found Mr. Fitch would find him much to do, and I would roast him more of his own purposes. In case she did anything of the kind Mr. Daggett was resolved to take a terrible revenge when he got hold of her pet character. He would do a deed that the fish and the crocodile would tremble at.

Although Mark and I had promised to let Mr. Daggett's old hermit live, we had secretly conjured up a demon fiddler who was to make his appearance in the mysterious haunted castle at critical moments, and with "reined bow" torment both the "quivering string" and the old alchemist. In case Daggett provided the old fellow with some spell sufficiently potent to "lay" the fiddler, we intended to introduce into the secret laboratory a spectral owl that should worry the occupant by watching his every movement; and following the owl we would send the whole progeny of devils—ærial, aquatic and terrestrial—said to have been born of Adam's first wife, Lilis.

Mrs. Fitch and her lady friends and advisers doubtless had their plans for "warming" Mark and all the rest of us. However, with the death of the Occidental all passed away into the realms

of nothingness, "we were all *gehen*" as a shad was.

The story of the pipe Mark Twain of a schaum pipe has often been told in instances without telling which was the fine part of the affair. Major Steve Putnam, D. E. McCart, other newspaper men, and I to present Mark an old schaum pipe. They said they knew he would not like a new shape, had its German ending polished up, and a new inscription. "To Mark Twain's Friends" was neatly written in cherry stem about a valuable genuine amber mouthpiece, and the presentation. The presentation was made on a Saturday night, and was up at Harris's, Maguire's Opera House. Charley Pope, now proprietor of the St. Louis, Mo., was then at the Opera House, and he was to make the presentation, this being arranged, I said one night after we had gone to Mark, "I don't know that I can tell you, but the boys are to make you a present of a fine schaum pipe next Saturday. Charley Pope is to make the presentation speech, and as it will be rather fine, I have thought to post you, in order that you think up a suitable reply."

Mark thanked me most for giving the business away, once suspecting that the boys made it my part to thus to post him, in order that we may have the fun of watching him effort to convey the impression the presentation was a genuine set.

This was really the point, a "big sell" of the whole affair. Charley Pope was aware that had been fully posted, therefore all it was deliciously ridiculous to observe Mark's pretended "business."



the moment of our assembling the ceremonies ended, was fixed upon him, watch-shade of expression on his face.

With the "enticing" of Mark to the Opera House saloon, the fact, as he assumed a certain coyness, pretending to hold that he could n't "see why we should go there." When our list of all the conspirators had been made, he was able to find a private parlor of his own.

Charley Pope made his entrance. Mark seemed surprised to see him enter the room.

He carried under his arm, not a newspaper, a bundle of pipe in length. Advancing toward him, he proceeded to unroll the pipe, producing a ridiculous pipe, with a straight bowl four inches high, and about a ribbon floating from the

"Is a mighty fine pipe you see, Charley," said Mark in a careless, unconcerned tone of voice. He made no reply, but threw

newspapers upon the floor, and then, aloft by the middle of the pipe, as in the great paintings of the Pipe of Peace,

he began his speech with: "Mr. Pope, in behalf of your friends and those you see here assembled to-day, I present you this pipe of meerschaum pipe as a gift, etc., etc."

He spoke about twenty minutes, during a really admirable performance it was very feeling, it was witty and jolly. Of course he applauded it from Alpha to

Mark Twain arose. In his hand he held the mighty calumet. He tried to say that he would be unable to make a reply to a speech so able and so good as that of Mr. Pope—that had touched his heart and stirred his bosom feelings he did not know words to express. But

the truth was that he had been taken by surprise. The presentation was a thing wholly unexpected.

He then launched forth into what we all knew was his prepared speech. He began with the introduction of tobacco into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, and wound up with George Washington. Just how he managed to bring in the "Father of His Country" I have forgotten; but he had him there in the wind-up, and showed him off to good advantage.

Often the thunders of applause brought him to a halt. He was made to feel that he was a success. Then he called for "sparkling Moselle"—no other wine would do him—and before the session was over six bottles, at five dollars a bottle, had vanished.

A day or two afterwards a printer let the cat out of the bag—told Mark his pipe was a "mere-sham." Mark had suspected as much. Even on the night of the presentation, before we had consumed more than two of the six bottles of Moselle, I had detected him inspecting the bowl of the pipe with a sort of reproachful look in his eye.

I was alone in the "local room," one day, when Mark suddenly made his appearance with the pipe in his hand. He locked the door on the inside and put the key in his pocket. "I want to know from you, now," said he, "whether this pipe is bogus?"

"It is just as bogus as they make 'em," said I.

"Did you know that when you capped me into preparing a speech?"

"Certainly. That was where the fun came in."

"Et tu Brute!" said Mark in a hollow voice; then he began to pace the room with his face on his breast.

I told Mark to take it easy and say nothing, as a really fine pipe—one that cost \$45—was back of the bogus one and would be given him without ceremony or cost. Mark then subsided, but was by no means satisfied with the business. However, years after he told me that he thought more of the

bogus pipe than he did of the genuine one. Like his Dutch Nick item, time ripened it.

At the time Mark Twain was on the *Enterprise* he wrote no long stories or sketches for that paper. Occasionally, however, he sent a sketch to the *Golden Era*, of San Francisco. After going to San Francisco he was for a time regularly employed on one or two papers, then wrote sketches and did piece work of various kinds. He did not much like reporting in the "City by the Sea." For a long time after going down to San Francisco he wrote a weekly letter to the *Enterprise* in which he gave such chat as would not be sent by telegraph—chat made up in good part of personals in regard to the doings of Comstockers at the "Bay," the humors of the stock market and the like.

In 1865, Mark Twain grew tired of a life of literary drudgery in San Francisco and went up into the mining regions of Calaveras County to rusticate and rejuvenate with some old friends—Steve, Billy and Jim Gillis. The cabin of Jim Gillis is, and always has been a friendly place of retreat in the mountain wilds for writers desirous of respite from the vanities and vexations of spirit incident to a life of literary labor in San Francisco. At his cabin the latch-string is always on the outside. Many are the well-known California writers who have at various times been sojourners in the hospitable mountain home of Jim Gillis. His cabin is a sort of Bohemian infirmary. There the sick are made well, and the well are made better—physically, mentally and morally.

Mark Twain found life pleasant in this literary mountain retreat. He found the Bohemian style of mining practiced by the "Gillis boys" much more attractive than those more regular kinds which call for a large outlay of muscle. The business of the pocket miner is much like that of the bee-hunter. The trail of the latter leads him to the tree stored with golden

sweets, and that of the miner to a pocket of sweetest gold.

Soon after Mark's arrival the "Gillis Bohemian Infirmary" Jim Gillis took to the hills in search of golden pockets. They went and spent some days in the undisturbed trail of a miner's eroded deposit. They went along the "golden bee-line" and followed faithfully, though it was a long carry each sample of dirt a considerable distance to a small sandy bed of a cañon in order to test it. However, Mark hungered to find a big rich pocket and pitched in after the manner of Bowers of old—just like a sack of brick.

Each step made sure by the search of golden grains, they at last came upon the pocket whence they had trailed out down the deep mountain. It was a cold, drizzling day when the "big deposit" was found. The first load of dirt carried to the stream washed out yielded only a little. Although the right vein had been discovered, they had as yet only the "tail end" of the pocket.

Returning to the vein, they took a sample of the decomposed rock at a new place and were about to go down to the ravine and test it when the rain increased to a lively pour. With chattering teeth Mark declared he would remain where he was. He said there was no sense in going to death, as in a day or two it would be bright and warm, they would return and pursue their investigation in comfort.

Yielding to Mark's entreaties, they backed as they were by his black humped back and generally sad and dejected appearance, Jim emptied the sacks of dirt just upon the ground—first having written and posted a notice claiming a certain number of feet on the hill which notice would hold good thirty days. This done they claimed.



TWELVE-MONTH passed ere fortune brought the sire  
Fresh fuel for his pioneer fire :—

"Right royal robbery, boy ! but more, more yet.  
By Napa's oak and by the bird Ninette,  
Play on, throw on ; it shall be kingdoms. More,  
More yet, more, more. Away ! But not before  
Some word be left may please a lass's ear.  
You scarce have seen Ninette ; too sharp, I fear,  
The thorns of honor." Slowly Adolph said,  
His brow bared, "Not the slightest little thread  
That flies, far shining, from that golden head,  
Or wanders down that wondrous neck, love-led,  
Has felt a breath from me."

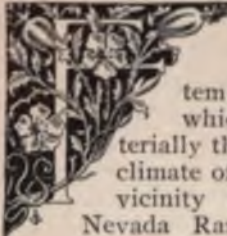


Another June,  
And Adolph came to hear the fairy tune  
Of air and laughter, even the same he heard  
It seemed an age before. The wilding bird  
Sang on the same old elfin-measured song,  
Trilling along the hills ; the warm day long  
The same far ditty, while with lighter feet  
The little breezes danced to it, and sweet  
The mating birds, 'mong the madroño boughs,  
Wove snatches of it in their lover's vows.  
Two years had wrought a change. But few days more  
Were left the uncle ; haggard now as hoar  
Was he that came to hide him from his kind,  
The scholar, hurt in body and in mind,  
Ninette's tutor, from whom no plant that grows  
Could keep the secret of its leaves and blows.  
Time had been busy : Gorgon, grim old dog,  
Followed her master's heel with feebler jog,  
While Hector, the pet elk, had sprouted horn  
Fit for the brows of vanished Unicorn.  
And not the same was Cactus ; like his charge  
And playmate, Hector, he had sprung to large  
And dangerous size. To some old tameless race  
He pointed, with his native leopard's grace  
And withy sinew. And Ninette, the bird,  
The one bird of the Nest—love had no word  
To name her change. "Good sire," the lover said,



## THE HEART OF THE SIERRAS.

BY LILLIAN E. PURDY.

FROM the Atlantic to the Pacific there is no system of mountains which effects more materially the topography and climate of the region in its vicinity than the Sierra Nevada Range. The mountains on the Atlantic reach only limited altitudes, ranging from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, and extend to within several hundred miles of the coast, but those on the Pacific tower from 8,000 to 14,000 feet, sending great spurs down almost to the water's edge—the two ranges sometimes coalescing and merging into one unbroken line; then again separating to enclose between their high walls, rich valleys, or the Coast Range disappearing, leaving the open valleys to extend to the sea. What more obvious reason for this vast difference in climate, than the mountain development of these sections of country? The high trade winds, otherwise parching the land and absorbing all moisture from the atmosphere as they blow in from the arid plateaus, are cooled in passing over the snowy elevation of the Sierras, giving our delicious night breezes, without which the summers in some regions would be as warm and dry as those of the East.

The fertility of the two great valleys of California, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, depends almost entirely upon the Sierras. The warm, vapor-laden winds blowing from the ocean are cooled upon coming in contact with the air of the snow-capped mountains; the vapor is condensed and falls as rain or snow. When the warm weather begins, the snow, which sometimes falls in the mountains to a

depth of forty or fifty feet, melts, feeding the streams that flow down to irrigate. Although the Coast Range produce their effect upon it, it is the Sierra Nevada that most largely the rainfall of the State. Thus the Sierras are responsible for our unwarmed but they are the fountain of our moisture—the source of California's fertility.

The range is of granite capped with basaltic and of lava, with heavy beds of breccia; these features are visible on the route between and Sacramento. The mountains give evidence of glaciers still exist. They extend for 500 miles, with a width of seventy miles through  $9\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of latitude.

Although not the highest in California, Shasta is the most magnificent. Solitary in snow, it towers 7,000 feet above its neighbors, reaching a height of 14,390 feet. Though regarded by some as a great spur of the Coast Range, Shasta stands independent of the system—the keystone of the arch of mountains. From the town of Sisson, Shasta's beauty may best be studied. In the view of the mountain, and the opportunity afforded for comparison with Muir's and other peaks, the conception of Shasta's beauty.

Following the range from Shasta, we find few points of particular interest until we come to Tahoe; and of all the California mountains none can compare with Tahoe.



'Twixt sport and earnest, evenly he strove  
 With rousing, pressing Hector till he drove  
 Three short, blunt prongs into his naked side.  
 Ninette, not seeing this, thinking he tried  
 To frighten her with show of danger, bade  
 Him yield the fight if, truly, use he had  
 For butcher's blade. But when she saw the tide  
 Slow reddening down the white of his bare side,  
 She flew to fetch the silver-hilted knife  
 Swung on the cabin wall. It was now life  
 Or death. Both little hands on, all her weight  
 To plunge the blade in, straight it went; so straight,  
 Just back of Adolph's body as he held  
 Round Hector's neck, that prone the brute was felled.  
 The knight fell with him. Side by side they lay,  
 One dead, the other—'twas too soon to say.



The days were many ere she let him speak,  
 The boy she held from death, but when, still weak,  
 The words would come, then fell the voice of all  
 Voices the sweetest: "'He must fight, ay fall,  
 For me.' In sorry truth, it has been done."  
 She smiling, weeping, answered, "'Too well won."  
 Never before the wooing birds gave ear  
 So close; for never melody so dear  
 Was heard or made by mountain stream or bough.  
 The naiad's heart was making music, now,  
 And happy Adolph answering,—"'Death is gone,  
 Sweet; I remain; and here will I woo on  
 Till hale again; then hence, a knight well tried,  
 For home, my lance and lady at my side."



RUE was the knightly heart, and true his word—  
 The word, too? One there was that overheard,  
 One all forgot in their full joy, his heart  
 Rankling with hatred, he whose hellish art  
 Had so miscarried.

On this fateful day,  
 The two have wandered to the ledges gray,  
 Under the "flying bridge,"—the hanging pine,  
 With roots that push into midair, to twine



FATHER OF THE FOREST, CALAVERAS GROVE.

or beauty. Its elevation, the distinctive coloring of its shimmering surface, the picturesqueness of its banks and surroundings, its clearness and purity, are supreme. Clustered about this beautiful sheet of water lies a community of lesser lakes, each of which has its own attractive features.

Taking the steamer at Tahoe City, a complete circuit of the lake may be made in one day, with ample time to explore the various places of interest. Tallac is the starting point for one of the pleasantest excursions in the vicinity; namely, to Mt. Tallac, which is seventeen miles southwest of the hotel. The trail conducts us through a wild, thickly-wooded country to the summit of the mountain, from which seventeen lakes may be viewed in the immediate surroundings. Of these lakes, the largest and most beautiful is Fallen Leaf—its outline and curiously tinted surface resembling a great leaf. Glenbrook is the only important landing on the Nevada side save at Incline, a mining settlement. A long stay is

made at Hot Springs, for the boiling springs of sulphur. A pebbly beach is found here. Carnelian Bay offers the attraction, and to this sunny cove and guests from all parts gather in large numbers.

The lake is twenty-one miles long and twelve miles wide, with a depth of 1,645 feet, and an altitude of 6,225 feet. There are so few openings into it, that its source is to lie in underground springs. The beaches are on mountains, many of which are capped perpetually, reach to the water's edge, forming cliffs that are almost perpendicular. The eastern bank has a marked indentation, the only cove or shore past settlement being Glenbrook.

Although encompassed by fields, Lake Tahoe never freezes, perhaps owing to the frequency of the wind which ruffle its bosom into waves of tossing waves. At sunset



rs in checkered patches beneath, and the ex-  
s in harmony with the  
s of the mountains. A  
of the valley may be  
urns on the road, which  
sh, green floor, with its  
am, the stupendous cliffs  
and the tuneful, foam-

The first object of in-  
ono, or Bridal Veil Fall.  
fall is 900 feet from the  
of tossing water at the  
e stream is forty feet  
e brink a soft velvety  
abundance, affording,  
afe foothold in walking  
but usually it is very  
dangerous to tread upon.  
at forms this picturesque  
source in a lake thirty  
flowing through rich  
extensive forests of sil-

remarkable falls of the  
semites is the most won-  
Yosemite Creek Basin is  
lacier-polished granite,  
of which rise far above  
through the undulating  
te, the water flows with  
ent, then slipping over  
ie precipice, it falls into  
asin where it rests but  
only to plunge over  
ledge. Two falls com-  
emite, making in all a  
oo feet, but when seen  
ith the cascade between  
ppear as one immense  
mass.

Falls stand next to the  
grandeur. The Merced  
g through the Little  
ley, is broken into a  
; then, passing through  
cy channel, it is tossed  
hurled over the brow of  
striking a granite pro-  
ay down, which powders  
ray, and gives it the ap-  
fleecey cloud resting  
ountain side. From a  
nite cliff at one side, an

excellent view may be gained of the  
network of streams below, uniting and  
reuniting, until they finally merge  
into one river, which continues on its  
way to Emerald Pool, and then makes  
another plunge into mid-air. The  
angry tossing of the Nevada Falls pre-  
sents a strong contrast to the calm,  
orderly movement of the Vernal Falls.  
In the latter, the water pours down in  
a broad, steady, unbroken sheet,  
eighty feet wide and 400 feet high.  
Its beautiful rainbows and the fact  
that it is so easily accessible have  
doubtless given it its marked popular-  
ity.

Illilouette Falls resembles Nevada  
Falls in its foamy, cloud-like aspect,  
though it is far less magnificent. Both  
these falls are about 600 feet in height.  
The former is difficult to reach on ac-  
count of the rough, craggy cañon it  
inhabits, and naturally is less fre-  
quently visited than the other falls.  
The Ribbon or Widow's Tears Falls is  
a narrow band of water, falling from a  
height of 3,000 feet. It is situated  
just opposite Bridal Veil, being formed  
by Fall Creek, a tributary of the Mer-  
ced. In the early spring the stream  
resembles the finest lace.

Beyond Ribbon Falls on the north  
wall, stands El Capitan, a simple,  
massive, imposing rock, nearly or  
quite 4,000 feet high. Across the river,  
just above Bridal Veil, Cathedral Rocks  
loom up to a height of 2,700 feet.  
Following El Capitan, on the same  
side of the valley, are three pillars of  
granite, the highest reaching a height  
of 4,000 feet. They are named the  
Three Brothers, for the sons of Tenaya,  
the oldest Yosemite chief.

Opposite the Three Brothers, on  
the south wall, the Sentinel rears  
himself to a height of over 3,000 feet.  
He stands in the central point of the  
valley, tall, slender, stately, ever  
keeping watch over the glorious wealth  
of his realm. No feature of the valley  
is more prominent than the Sentinel,  
no form more commanding. When in  
front of this massive monument, the  
Yosemite Fall is plainly revealed,



es built upon a high precipitous rock upon which the eye of the north wall is a curious structure, crystallized into geometric square and regular are its measures 2,000 feet from the light portion to summit. The Palisades, we behold a composition of Hermit Tower and Hermits, standing out disjoined alone. They present a clearance in their isolation construction. East of the stream rushes and roars in disorder over a succession of the booming cascades. By the water swirls and over the precipitous ledges! has its rise from the melt-which trickle down the Kellogg and Mt. Hut-

The Cascades, appears North rises to a height of 3,450 feet, being somewhat the Washington of the Yosemite. A rock is seen east of this and is named, perhaps from its boldness of its outlook. But it is much in height to the main contour of all. Everywhere, heaped in disorder, are huge boulders growing in the crevices, or wild flowers that from seeds wafted to the level surface of the rock by winds.

ion Rock, Copper Creek y into the valley from a d of picturesque lakes that the ridge rising between as of King's River. All drained by this romantic in groves of spruce and meadows of the choicest e remaining portion of all is low, as compared the rocks on the opposite valley. Three miles up e found the Roaring Falls s. A network of silver

ribbons pours its waters into the Roaring River to form this most unique range of waterfalls.

On the south wall is Cathedral Rocks, situated just east of the Fall, and somewhat resembling the rocks of the same name in the Yosemite. Following Cathedral Rocks, is a cluster called the Seven Gables—massive and broad at the base, but carved into gables, turrets and arches on the summit.

Avalanche Cascade, which has its rise near the base of a peak similarly named, separates the Seven Gables from the Sentinel Group, the highest rock prominence of which reaches a height of 3,300 feet. This Grand Sentinel presents to one side of the valley a perfectly smooth, flat face and is peculiarly sculptured. The entire group comprises Grand Sentinel, East and West Sentinels, and Lower Sentinel, all imposing rock structures of enormous proportions. The Sphinx, having a vertical sphinx-like face, about 4,000 feet in height, is the highest rock on the south wall. Cave Dome and Leaning Dome are in close proximity to the Sphinx, and are both over 3,000 feet high. In among the Sentinel Group, a series of cascades called the Sentinel Cascades, leap and play in wild confusion, making a fall of 2,000 feet. Bear Cascades, the succeeding strip of falling water, fall a greater distance than the Sentinel Cascades, but are less wild and turbulent.

The whole succession of exquisitely modeled rocks, from Cathedral Rocks to Leaning Dome, is, perhaps, the most imposing and awe-inspiring feature of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. But when the head of the valley is reached, a bold, impressive structure confronts us—the loftiest, most magnificent of all. Glacier Monument, standing like a gigantic statue as the terminal point of the valley and guardian of its treasures, looms to a height of over a mile, and is symmetrically outlined.

At Glacier Monument the river di-





MERCANTILE BLOCK.

\$500,000—the stock-  
g the most influen-  
ake. The city was  
a village, but the  
ere many and the  
ted. Money was  
s of necessity were  
ublic-spirited men  
ething had to be  
e pressure upon the  
ided themselves and  
her and paid half a  
establish the enter-  
ds. By this means  
ere purchased at a  
ould be obtained on  
and the consumer  
efit of low prices.  
this institution has

Inch by inch, and  
as ascended the lad-  
fame, until it now  
\$1,250,000, and the  
between three and  
rs. In addition to  
ment in Salt Lake  
reached out its pow-  
ocated branches at

from the main establishment and is  
filled with the largest and best selected  
stock to be found anywhere in the  
country. The establishment supplies  
nearly, if not all the necessities of  
life, and a majority of the luxuries  
also. In this vast institution 300 men  
and women are employed, and the  
pay-roll amounts annually to nearly  
\$250,000. The twenty-fourth annual  
statement of April 1st, 1893, set forth  
by this corporation, shows its re-  
sources to be \$2,126,156.92, with total  
cash receipts for the year of \$3,100,-  
232.76. A dividend of three per cent.  
is paid to the stockholders.

Prominent among the leading hotels  
is the "Knutsford," a magnificent  
granite seven-story building which  
occupies something less than half a  
block, at the intersection of State and  
Third South Streets, and is under the  
able management of G. S. Holmes.  
This hotel was opened for the recep-  
tion of guests, June 3d, 1891, and rep-  
resents an actual outlay of \$750,000.  
Centrally located, with both of the  
important street car lines passing the

Ogden, Provo, Logan,  
Utah, and Idaho Falls,  
Id., ail of which trans-  
act an enormous busi-  
ness annually. The  
institution is located in  
a large and magnificent  
iron and stone front  
building, with 165 feet  
frontage on Main street,  
and containing in all  
something over 153,000  
square feet of floor space.  
The factory is a four-  
story and basement  
structure 50 by 165,  
provided with four boil-  
ers of eighty-horse  
power each, and two  
engines of 100-horse  
power. The factory  
turns out 500 pair of  
boots and shoes, and  
seventy-five dozen over-  
alls daily. The drug  
department is separate

a fine view of snowy, Mt. Baker, which stands majestic in the strength of heart.

Given the reader an imperfect, of the wonder-tractions of the Puget let us consider its sources they present themselves

McLoughlin, the chief Hudson's Bay Company, leader of the great North-west settlement of the Columbia between the United States and the British possessions, and that the territory in not worth a war," he did not not what he thought. Well the capabilities of the Columbia to the Puget Sound, but at the foresight held up to him the future and made that war would not issue; that the contest in the result that the which had been his home become a portion of the

er his political views ever high appreciation he entertained as to its value, if he were alive to-day astonished at the riches lightened development. The story is told that on of the British navy, next to McLoughlin's, when he found that could not rise at the fly, away to England without consulting with his admiral, on the worthlessness of the region.

Forests above ground, in the bowels of the unpassed surface-yields of the forest, constitute the resources of the country. Among these is the great which extends northward to the Columbia River westward of the range of mountains, until

it reaches the climax of its excellence in the Puget Sound District. From the shores of those waters, far up the slopes of the mountains, impenetrable phalanxes of Douglas fir (known as Oregon pine), white cedar and other valuable trees, await the woodman's ax to contribute to the requirements of an advanced stage of civilization; to supply the material for the construction of ocean-traversing ships, and for the erection alike of the poor man's hut and the palace of the millionaire.

No one who has not visited this region can form an idea of the denseness of growth of those magnificent trees—the Douglas fir and the spruce. So close together do they thrive in places, packed in supporting contact, that the explorer has difficulty in making his way between them, and the lumberman is often nonplussed as to which giant he shall first attack. Rising often to a height of 300 feet, with a diameter of from twelve to fifteen feet, these monarchs of the forest show clean, perpendicular shafts, over one hundred feet high, and so straight that a plumb-line, if it could be passed through their centers, would detect no deviation from the vertical. The timber of the Douglas fir is unsurpassed by that of any other of its kind on earth, and is only equaled by the world-renowned Norwegian pine.

It must not be supposed that the Douglas fir and spruce are without contestants for the soil. In those magnificent forests of the Puget Sound District there is variety. The hemlock and cedar, each claim a possessory right and grow in profusion, while white oak, maple, cottonwood, ash, alder and other varieties assert their lien on the land and are found in abundance.

Unless we appeal to statistics and reliable estimates that have been made by competent authorities, we are unable to realize the magnitude of the present and future lumber business in this region. During the last thirty-five years the aggregate cut has not



the Bellingham Bay and Group.

A portion of the output worked in these groups is sent to outside markets. In 1890, the average output through that port was 1,000 tons, and they have increased since then. Take the production of coal at Grays Harbor. In 1890, it shipped 196,500 tons; in 1891, the output, 53,931 tons; and the shipments amounted to 1,000 tons. The output of the Carbon of coal fields is shipped through that port last year. The output of the Carbon River, tributaries of the Grays Harbor River. Three collieries in this group, one of the Carbonado mine, is owned by the Pacific Railroad Company. The Grays Harbor mine, worked in the

Wenatchie Group, is worked by the Northern Pacific Railroad. Railroad extension has provided facilities for opening up the Bellingham Bay area. It is enormous in extent. It is remarked that the output of coal from Washington is not a great deal from the Sehome Bay.

Washington is not a great agricultural country as is its twin, Oregon. Oats, raised in abundance, and all fruits grow so luxuriantly that many varieties of them can be surpassed by California. To the Puget Sound, the goddess of fruit is specially benign. Apples, plums, cherries, apricots of all kinds are produced with marvellous success, the fruits being exquisite. However, they would fare badly if the vines die out after four or five years of existence. The average yield from the Puget Sound would wish himself back

in the gardens of the Hesperides; for the grapevine does not thrive about Puget Sound.

But there is a plant, that Bacchus probably knew not of; a plant that contributes to the production of a beverage which, in quantity as regards demand and consumption, far exceeds that of the numerous palate-tempting nectars manufactured from the juice of the grape; and that plant is the hop vine.

The first attempt at hop raising in Washington was made in 1866. In that year less than an acre was planted to the vine by Ezra Meeker near Puyallup. So large was the yield, and so remunerative were the proceeds that in the following year other agricultural experimenters in the new country followed Meeker as their guide to a new industry. Since then the cultivation of hops in Washington has assumed immense proportions. The hop crop in fact is the most valuable agricultural product of Western Washington. The hops of Washington are equal in quality to those of England and superior to those of any other country. About forty miles east of Seattle is situated the Snoqualmie Hop Ranch which may be regarded as the largest hop farm in the United States. It consists of 1,500 acres of rich alluvial soil, over 300 of which are planted in the hop vine. It is an ascertained fact that all the lowlands bordering on the Sound were at one time under water, and that they consist of vast alluvial deposits of unknown depths, well-drillers having found that they were still in surface soil 144 feet below the top. This soil is of the richest character and enables the plant to produce enormous crops, and at the same time assures it great length of life. Some vines that have been planted twenty-five years are as healthy and vigorous as ever, while in other districts where the soil is thin the vines die out after four or five years of existence. The average yield under the circumstances is greater than that of any other country, while the

d cities large wholesale  
e been established, the  
ness of some of which  
l into the millions. The  
e merchants of Western  
extends from the Pacific  
the base of the Rocky  
and from the Columbia  
ne Yukon. Nor is the  
nerce behindhand, and it  
ting too much in prophe-  
uget Sound is destined to  
of the great commercial  
e world. To show how

favorable the balance of foreign trade  
is to Washington, we quote the figures  
for the exports and imports of the  
Puget Sound Customs District for the  
first eleven months of last year. They  
were: exports \$4,527,958, imports  
\$679,847.

Looking, then, through a vista of  
these shades, we see the conquering  
hand of civilization coming—surely  
coming—when

“This fine overplus of might,  
No longer sullen, slow and dumb,  
Shall leap to music and to light.”

## STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY H. VAN ALLEN FERGUSON.

The storm sits at the organ,  
Whose dusky pipes are trees,  
And sweeps the leafy keyboard  
As players sweep the keys  
When groin'd roofs of cathedrals  
Shake with the harmonies.

Play on, O wild musician ;  
Touch the responsive keys,  
And make the huge pipes tremble  
With ravishing melodies !  
I feel the zealot's rapture,  
I know his ecstasies !

Boom, bronze bells of the thunder,  
As when the Host invites  
Man's kneeling adoration  
Before the altar lights—  
The mystic, waxen planets,  
That wink in perfum'd nights !

What are the fanes and altars  
That bow before Time's rod ?  
This is the grandest temple  
That Levite ever trod—  
This vast psalm best expresses  
The majesty of God !

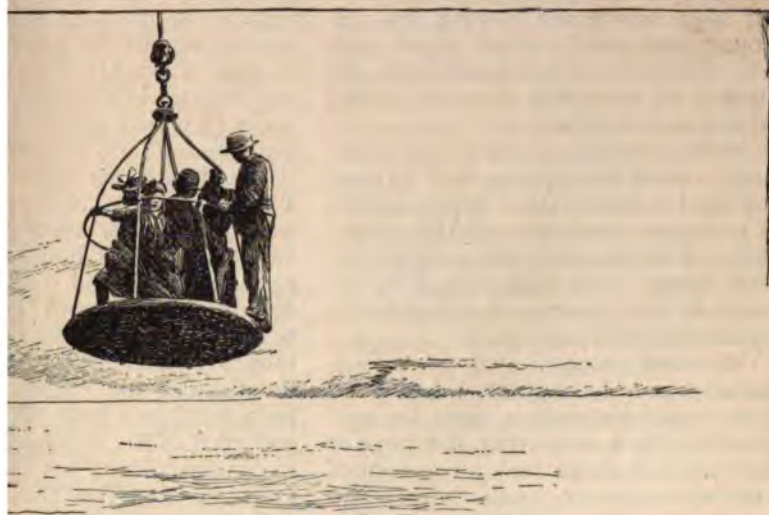


ong pull and a strong pull  
ached our destination, and  
ne was afforded us to in-  
e contents of the barge.

we certainly were. Be-  
mericans of our own par-  
r, there were well-dressed  
n and women; Guatema-  
varieties of costume—the  
ith lighted cigarettes be-  
lips or fingers; there were  
egroes and Indians with  
cient clothing for their

pable of holding a half-dozen people,  
was swung out from the wharf by a  
derrick, where it hung above us like  
some huge monster ready to swoop  
down at any moment and bear us away.

Meanwhile the ocean rolled in with  
tremendous force. Each advancing  
wave bore us high upon its crest, so  
that one moment our heavily freighted  
craft rose to a level with the floor of  
the wharf, giving us just time enough  
to exchange glances with the crowd in  
waiting when down we fell for forty



"ONE MOMENT, PLEASE; LOOK PLEASANT!"

e were carrying pet mon-  
rorets; there were a num-  
en delighted or frightened  
might be; there were  
unks and provisions and  
bundles filling in every  
able space. In short, we  
a crew who had saved  
ould in a hurried escape  
eck.

at the wharf the boat  
e to a forest of iron girders  
h the giant waves dashed  
l were churned into masses  
n. With great difficulty  
as made fast to the wharf.  
i crate much like a canary  
on a large scale, and ca-

feet or more. This performance was  
repeated several times; then a cry of  
warning was heard and the iron cage  
dropped into the boat upon a pile of  
merchandise.

A scramble now ensued among the  
passengers and in a very short space  
of time six of them entered the cage,  
were borne aloft and deposited in  
safety upon the wharf. As the waves  
surged back and forth the taut hawser  
—that one of the two by which the boat  
was secured to the wharf—shivered  
and groaned as it tightened under the  
severe strain, while the other wet and  
dripping squirmed among the miscella-  
neous cargo like a sea-serpent; and  
when its turn came to hold us in check,

the man stared at us in  
ment. Then when he  
full extent of the task we  
to impose upon him his  
ked, and he sank down  
s hammock, a picture of  
ry. After a while he  
s voice and insisted over  
ain that there wasn't a  
n the whole house. For  
case appeared hopeless.  
lly hit upon the happy  
ing over various articles  
rately, and pinning the  
o a positive *si* or *no* as to  
had, or had not, that  
ar commodity about the  
he poor fellow fairly  
ler this severe cross-  
but in every instance  
the affirmative; and so,  
last that there was no  
ape he set about his  
ask.

ing for breakfast some of  
en played billiards on a  
table, while the rest of  
amused themselves by  
e-ade and watching the  
pider monkey which ran  
a long rope that was sus-  
the ceiling of the veranda.  
an hour breakfast was  
is is our bill of fare :

without butter).  
Eggs and Cheese.  
Beef with Lime Juice.  
Ham,  
s.  
r Pears.  
nanas.  
ggs.  
e with Vegetables.  
ine).  
heese.

meal was ended we vis-  
et. This is one of the  
upon arriving at a coast  
e products of the country  
re for sale at the mar-  
vas always a delight to  
ring sun and heat out-  
p into these low-roofed  
h their cool pavements

and shadowy corners, and wander  
among the queer people and queerer  
merchandise with which the places  
are crowded. The market at San José  
was no exception to the rule. Of  
course we bought some shells, and  
odd-looking fans, which the natives  
used to blow their fires with; some  
dolls and *tulanios*—curious carved  
utensils employed in making froth on  
cups of chocolate; some miniature  
water-jars, and then we wandered out  
upon the main plaza.

The plaza was bordered with some  
of the tallest cocoanut trees we had  
ever seen, while in the center of the  
square was an immense tree known as  
the ceiba. Attracted by some music,  
we walked in its direction, and stopped  
in front of the house from which the  
sound proceeded. A man saw us  
coming and very cordially invited us  
in. He wore a white garment which  
was very short in the arms and legs,  
and might have been taken for a  
bathing suit, except for the very  
apparent fact that it had not been near  
the water for a long, long time.

Once inside the house we found a  
number of people assembled. They  
nodded and grinned at us familiarly,  
as though it was only a few years ago  
that we were all girls and boys  
together. Three men were playing  
upon a *marimba*. This instrument is  
like the zylophone, except that a series  
of wooden pipes, which produce a  
mellow, droning sound, are inserted  
beneath the keyboard. The performers  
beat upon the instrument with sticks  
which have heavy knobbed ends. The  
interior of the hut was picturesquely  
dirty. The furniture consisted of a  
bed (merely a long box filled with  
dirt), a cot, over which a piece of  
bright yellow matting had been  
thrown, and several canvas camp  
chairs, very much soiled, and laboring  
apparently under some organic trouble  
which prevented us from relying with  
too much confidence upon their sup-  
port. A canopy of cobwebs, prob-  
ably the accumulation of years, was  
suspended from the palm-leaf ceiling.



## A SILHOUETTE.

BY HELEN RACHEL ROBB.



FF SLAVES US BOANED FREE."

I war boaned free. I's proud o' dat fac'. Heap s'bout hyah 'sputes hit ey's jes' coveshus. Fah in', my brudder Ephum in' me, "Us ain't shu s boaned free; an' de wine ter sen' de Yeah n' us'll be de fus ter lage." An' when dad- telled us 'bout what de Noaf.

daddy! He hed pow'ful he's plumb woh out. s makin' him's easy's we rieves mightily. When ple comes in frum de fiel', n' he talks to 'em; an' he n airy preachah I eber yit. He reads out'n de ins hit ter us, an' many nced 'ligion in dis hyah in read writin' readin', n' readin', an' ef any o' eople gits lettahs, dey daddy ter read foh 'em mos'ly dat de gals gits t'arts.

Heap o' times he tells us 'bout dat big, good Noaf kentry whar us libed. Hit war in Fayette County, Illinois, an' dey was daddy an' mammy an' us chilluns—Ephum, him de biges', den Alex, an' den me (li'l Caleb me war den,) an' las' de baby li'l Lily Bell. Dat li'l gal war de puttes' ting ye eber laid eyes on, wif smooov skin, an' sof', curly har, an' big eyes shinin' like blackberries soon in de mawnin' when de jew's on 'em. She war jes' like a graven image. I kin shet my eyes now an' see de house us libed in's plain's I kin dis hyah cabin when dey's open,—jes' heah'n tell 'bout hit. Hit war painted white, shu nuff paint, none o'yer nigger whitewash 'bout dem times. Dey war a gallery in front, wif vines runnin' up, makin' hit cool an' shady in de hottes' day; an' a flowah yard in front o'dat whar de posies blowed putty much all de yeah, I reckon; an' a walnut tree 'longside de gate, whar us gethered nuts when de fros' come. Inside de house hit war all fixed nice like white folks'. Dey war a shu nuff kyarpet on de fron' room, an' dey was a big, sof', white bed, wif a li'l one under hit what dey call a trinnel bed dat dey pulled out at night an' de chilluns slep' in. 'Twixt de winders was a stan' wif a big Bible layin' on hit, an' de winders hed white curtains. Hit war a fine house, an' us war's happy's 'possums in 'simmon time.

Daddy hearni tell a heap 'bout a place what dey call Californy. De folks tells him hit war mos' like de New Jerusalem, wif streets o' shinin' gol' an' rocks o' gol' rollin' roun' in de roads, lookin' like dey war beggin' folks ter pick 'em up. An' dey say enybody 't hed a min' ter could go dar an' git 'em, kase nobody did n't claim 'em moh'n nobody else; so all ye hed

When he'd hev nuff ter  
e. Hit made him feel  
r think dat away. Ra-  
spenshus den, an' dey

But d'rectly hit begun  
y, an' de snow what'd  
on dem mount'ns, hit  
i'l branches was turned  
come tearin' down de  
e teams o' run-away  
' up ebery las' ting  
id rocks. All daddy's  
turrible wintah stood  
way o' one o' dem gal-  
n-up rivahs, an' arter  
goed by, better b'lieve  
great sight ob hit lef'.  
's much's fin' de spot  
aked an laid dem plans  
me. Dat war 'fliction,

r go ter diggin' agin,  
ed no luck ner no heart  
uv up an' got a job at  
an' woak at dat stiddy  
n. Den he ses ter his  
ar gwine ter start back  
at dezerd, ef he nevah  
en mile 'foh he died.  
e hearn tell on a white  
hirin' han's fer woak  
, an' he got a job at  
on hit. He war on de  
he hed to woak pow'ful,  
min' dat fer he war  
an' he war jes's happy  
e'd bin layin' in de sun  
ugar cane all de time.  
nar'ly wait fer de ship  
w Yawk. Dat was de  
n whar he lef' de ship  
t fer home. He kep'  
hilluns'd grewed much  
colec' him. Agin an'  
war trampin' acrost de  
n' a day now an' agin  
, he'd plan how he'd  
las' he struck de pike  
nigh home, an' look  
got ter run, an' he  
eat nuthin dat day.  
e'd git dar long in de  
nin' an' likely de chil-  
ayin' undah de walnut

tree by de gate, an' he kep' won'rin  
ef dey'd come runnin' ter meet him,  
an' ef Lily Bell warn't big nuff ter  
run wif de res'. Den he think how  
mammy'd come ter de doah, heahin'  
de chilluns a yellin', an' how glad  
she'd be, an' he'd say, "Keziah,  
hyah's yer ole man, but I aint brung  
no gol' back frum Californy; all I's  
brung's my ole bones, an' dar aint  
much meat lef' on 'em. I's hed pow'-  
ful bad luck, but I's gwine ter woak  
right long hyar at home, an' I kin  
make a livin' fer ye all, an' we aint  
neber gwine to part no moh." Den  
he think how dey'd all go in so  
happy, an' mammy'd git suppah, an'  
de neighbors'd come in moh'n likely,  
hearn tell how he'd come back, an'  
he'd tell 'em 'bout Californy an' what  
he'd 'sperienced dar.

When he lef' de pike an' struck  
'crost de fiels' he knowed ebery step  
o' de way, an' he soon come in sight  
o' de house. He could see de wal-  
nut tree, but dey warn't no chilluns  
playin' undah hit; but he ses to his  
se'f how meby de chilluns war down  
to de branch a fishin'. When he  
come nigh he neber see nobody roun',  
an' hit did n't look nohow like hit  
uster. Dey warn't no flowahs in de  
yard, an' de vines war broke down  
off'n de gallery, an' de gate war hang-  
ing on by one hinge. De place look  
mighty desolate, but he thinks how  
he'll fix hit all up nice agin. When  
he goed up de steps he war mighty  
frustrated, an' he stood a good bit  
tryin' ter sorter quiet down like. He  
ses how he would n't open de doah  
an' go in, fear o' skeerin' mammy, so  
he rap, an' look like his heart rap  
louder'n his han'. D'rec'ly a woman  
daddy neber seed 'foh opened de doah.  
He war so tuck back he jes' hed bref  
nuff lef' ter say, "Whar Kezia Merri-  
fiel?" De woman, she ses, "Kezia  
Merrifiel haint libed hyah fer a yeah  
come nex' month. Her an de chil-  
luns goed off, an' nobody haint neber  
hearn tell on 'em since."

My poo' daddy! He neber min'  
nuthin' moh arter dem words fer a



need 'em no way ; an' de  
all lef', gwine on a rivah  
an' de gen'l'man him on

Us li'l boys was so glad  
e somewhars, us war all  
in' an' cuttin' up shines,  
ot wif de tears a runnin'  
e mos' all de time, an'  
ing in her lap, still an'  
ar on de boat for a day

Den de gen'l'man he  
mmy an' telled her dat  
de gittin' off place. He  
foh mile back frum de  
nex' day he'd sen' a  
us out, an he tuck us ter  
vait till he sent for us.  
s' time useber seed him,  
a heap gooder fer us ef  
in no fus' time ! A man  
de nex' day. Dat orful  
in' dat time plain, but I  
uffin' else dat happen,  
foh or five days, for I  
but a li'l chap den, only  
Ephum ses. I min' de  
nin' in de doah an' tellin'  
in' git out o' dar, fer us  
m now, fer de man what  
done sol' us ter him.  
ollered out an' grabbed  
ose to her, an' den she  
in' at dat man like her  
ed in her head. De man  
in his han' an' he struck  
den mammy she jumped  
'What ye mean talkin'  
away? Don' ye tink I  
le free State o' Illinois,  
oaned an' brung up?''  
a big, loud laff an' he  
l nigger, don' ye know  
tate o' Missouri now?  
erty now, an' I's gwine  
own ter Mississippi an'  
er young uns.''' Mammy  
am an' held us all clost  
sayed ter dat low-down  
man he darsn't tech her  
chillun, fer us all boaned  
d hev de law on him.  
ruck her agin wif his big  
he struck me an' Alex  
foh him. Dey war some

men gwine 'long de road, an' mammy  
called tor 'em an' ax 'em warn't dis  
hyah Illinois, but dey laff an' say,  
''No, dis Missouri.''' Den she call  
ter 'em how us war free boaned, an'  
how dis hyah man sayed he'd buyed  
us, an' axed 'em in de name o' de  
Lawd ter help us. But dey jes laff  
an' goed on, an' de man kep' a hittin'  
us wif de whip eber time mammy  
made a noise like dat.

Arter while us got ter de rivah an'  
went on a boat whar dey war moh  
colahed people.' Us sot in de boat  
'long side o' mammy wif her arms  
roun' us all. I reckon she was tinkin'  
she could keep us dat way—poo'  
mammy ! She neber talk much  
'ceptin' ter tell us not ter be skeered  
fer dat man dasn't tech us. Den hit  
come night, an' us chilluns goed ter  
sleep, an' I waked an' cried kase  
mammy held me so tight. Must a'  
bin two or three days foh us got ter  
Mississippi, an' den us war sol'. Dey  
driv us ter a big town, to a wide place  
whar dey war heap moh folks, niggers  
an' white men, de niggers settin' on  
de groun' mos'ly an' de white men  
gwine amongst 'em 'zammin' 'em.  
Us war all sol' dat day, an' all ter one  
man, 'ceptin' Alex. A man buyed  
him fus', fer Ephum ses Alex war a  
likely boy an' de smartes' an' de  
bestes' lookin' o' any on us. Dey  
carried him away a hollerin' an'  
fightin' 'em, an' mammy yelled out  
an' tol' 'em dat us free boaned in de  
State o' Illinois, an' she hit de man  
what buyed Alex plumb in de face.  
Den dey beat her wif a big whip an'  
tuck Lily Bell frum her an' tied her  
han's 'hind her back. A man come  
'long (him Mars Henry's ovahseer)  
an' look at us fer a good bit, an' him  
an' de man what brung us quarreled  
about de price. At las' he say he'd  
take us all ef de man'd frow in Lily  
Bell fer nuffin', seein' she wassó puny  
she'd neber be no 'count no way.  
Arter quarrelin' fer a good bit moh' de  
man 'greed ter that. Mammy'd neber  
cried sence us got ter dat place till  
den, but de tears jes' poured down her

'l'man come hyah frum  
entry ter buy mules, an'  
job o' carryin' 'em to

Me an' dem goed in a  
broad, an' de gen'l'man  
my way back again. I  
appy gwine ter see dat  
I war fer a fac'! I telled  
'bout dat ar Fayette  
ois, an' he say how Chi-  
whar he libed in, warn't  
ar, an' I could stop dar  
omin' home. An' so I  
war de way I come ter  
Fus' I found de place  
lib. De house warn't  
ut I seed de walnut tree  
gate, an' de branch whar  
shin'. Den I come on a  
hat knowed daddy 'foh  
aliforny, an' he tol' me  
daid but livin' in de poo'  
lar in Fayette County.  
n't take me long ter git  
house an' fin' my daddy.  
lad ter see me—him as  
Caleb, so long back—he  
oy.

ole, broke-down man,  
n' fer his fambly. He'd  
bestes' part o' his life a  
frum place ter place  
tell on us, but he neber  
ter show him whar ter  
tells us how he'd git  
ars, an' meby stay fer a  
an' den he'd pull up an'  
whars else, allus askin'  
ey'd hearn tell on Kezia

Merrifiel' an' foh chilluns. He kep'  
on dat away fer twenty-five yeah, he  
ses, den he guv up an' woaked his  
way back ter Fayette County, hit  
bein' moh like home ter him'n any-  
whars else. He woak in a mill dar  
fer a yeah er two, an' den he was  
struck wif some sort o' fevahs dat  
giv' him a misery in his han's an'  
his legs, so dey sont him ter de poo'  
house.

I 'tarmined ter take him back home  
wif me ef I hed ter woak my fingers  
ter de bones ter git de money. Fer I  
knowed hit war mighty 'spenshus ter  
go so fur on de cars. But den I  
thinks how nufin war onpossible wif  
de good Lawd, an' He'd provide; an'  
dat He did, fer a fac'! Some good  
white gen'l'men raised de money  
amongst 'em, an' buyed daddy a ticket  
ter come on de cars 'long back hyah  
ter Mississippi wif me.

Sence I brung him back I's talked  
a heap 'bout gwine on de hunt fer  
mammy. But ye know Mars Henry  
died 'way back foh freedom come, an'  
ole Miss she neber kin min' whar it  
war he sol' mammy. So 'peers like  
de good God's hid her frum us, an'  
moh'n likely He's tuck her ter de  
bressed Kingdom Come long foh dis.  
But daddy keeps a prayin' dat de  
Lawd'll open up a paf fer her tired  
feet, an' lead 'em whar dey'll fin' de  
bes' res'; an' I reckon dats on de  
shinin' streets an' 'side de cool water.  
what daddy reads 'bout in de Good  
Book.





the country for their re forced to submit to other miseries, or else order to maintain life. to tions with their native r homes, and be driven n of our laws into an ile. We question the these friends of the question their sincerity uite labor.

of this Government to an labor against unjust competition, no mat- omes or what its form ; at will by its presence lar of labor that has ailed in this country, ntenance is demanded nterests of the land, permitted entrance, no hat country it comes. Coast, we have experi- of Chinese competition; at the bars be put up o that no more of these ter, and we are ready to eople on the Atlantic to om similar evils affect- e do not confine our e Mongolian race alone, at all other classes or ig similar consequences ed likewise.

differ as competitors people with whom we ght into competition. on of their country r four hundred millions arly all of these are the condition of the ns the statement that m are ready to emigrate es as will afford better for employment. In n unlimited abundance and how cheap!

Consul at Amoy, in his ary 1892, gives an in- of the earnings, cost ode of life of the Chi- n that report, he puts arnings of the Chinese as mechanic or laborer,

at five dollars per month, and states that this is ten per cent. above the average wages prevailing throughout China. The wages paid, according to his report, per month, to blacksmiths are \$7.25; carpenters, \$8.50; cabinet makers, \$9.00; glass-blowers, \$9.00, plasterers, \$6.25; plumbers, \$6.25; machinists, \$6.00; other classes of skilled labor are paid from \$7.25 to \$9.00 per month, while common laborers receive \$4.00 per month. In European houses, *in China* the average wages paid to servants are from \$5.00 to \$6.00 a month, without board. Clothing costs per year from 75 cents to \$1.50. Out of these incomes large families are maintained. On page 145, he says: *though they brought*

The daily fare of an Amoy workingman and its cost are about as follows:

1½ pounds of rice.....	3 cts.
1 ounce of meat, 1 ounce of fish, 2 ounces of shell fish	1 "
1 pound of cabbage or other vegetable.....	1 "
Fuel, salt and oil.....	1 "

Total..... 6 cts.

Here is a condition deserving of attention by all friends of this country, and by all who believe in the protection of our working classes. Is it fair to subject our laborer to a competitor who can measure his wants by an expenditure of six cents a day, and who can live on an income not exceeding five dollars a month? What will become of the boasted civilization of our country if our toilers are compelled to compete with this class of labor, with more competitors available than twice the entire population of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal and Spain?

The Chinese laborer brings here neither wife nor children, and his wants are limited to the immediate necessities of the individual, while the American is compelled to earn income sufficient to maintain the wife and babies. There can be but one end to this. If this immigration is permitted to continue, American labor must surely be reduced to the level of



There is nothing in trade, or rather in the loss to many American. We are left without any part of it.

In 1892, our imports from China amounted to \$20,488,291. Our exports to \$5,663,000, or a surplus of the Chinese of \$14,825,291 for the last year. The portion of the exports are raw products. The bulk are cotton, which we do not receive the portion from California made up from the Chinese labor here. California bears the burden of the Chinese and reaps none of the benefit.

Of the last year has been the loss of the last twenty-five years, which time we have lost more than \$134,000,000, an excess of the amount of coin imported therefrom, a diminution of the line of

that aside from cotton the bulk of the other products of those produced by this country, are sent to Europe for the use of Europe, and for the use of the Chinese. An examination of the records shows that much of the goods used by the Chinese in California, together with their goods, are imported from Europe and are not the labor in our country. This trade would not be

there is no possibility of us trading with us, so we are always a customer for \$100,000,000 of her products, and we take what she takes from

that if this law is enforced, the Chinese and the merchants will come from China. In the United States people have no such advantage as we accord her people, they have not the right to trade as they please in that country, or to indulge

in their missionary work, excepting in a few of the ports of China, and few of her cities, and if an American wishes to go into the interior of China he must do just what we ask the Chinaman to do here—obtain a certificate of his right, and be prepared to show it whenever called for.

We have to-day not exceeding twenty-five merchants in all of China. As a matter of fact, the American houses have withdrawn from that trade, being unable to compete with the other foreign houses. As to the missionaries, it would not be a national loss if they were required to return home. If the American missionary would only look about him in the large cities of the Union, he would find enough of misery, enough of suffering, enough people falling away from the Christian Churches, enough of darkness, enough of vice in all its conditions and all its grades, to furnish him missionary work for years to come.

The sympathy now exhibited by many for the Chinese in their present condition is misplaced. It should be the duty of all good citizens to advise submission to law, and to withhold their sympathy and encouragement from those who defy the laws of the country, no matter what their class, race or condition may be; because, unless there is voluntary obedience to law, or if the right of one race or class to defy the Government can be justified, a precedent is established for the future which will justify similar conduct on the part of other classes and races.

Since 1882, the laws of this country have prohibited the coming into it of Chinese laborers. This law was known in China, and was familiar to all of their people here; and yet year after year the law was violated, and large numbers of Chinese, as Mr. Choate, their attorney, in his argument says, came into the country in violation of our laws. Their coming was encouraged by the Chinese here and over our borders, and through frauds practiced





*J. J. Henry*

d of trades and pro-  
way and another, by  
n common and general  
the States, and nearly  
cities, physicians, den-  
ers of other callings are  
their applications, be-  
take out certificates  
right to follow their  
in default thereof, are  
ies for practicing with-  
atters not how able a  
ay be, nor from what  
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im, unless he complies  
s. These laws have  
the interest of public  
purpose of protecting  
against the injuries  
the pursuit of these  
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plumber and others,  
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tificates, that there is  
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omplying with these  
aim that it is an evi-  
sm, or has a tendency  
to degradation. In  
e States the American  
register his name, his  
and residence, and in  
escription of his per-  
permitted to exercise  
age, than which there  
valuable privilege be-  
American.  
are interferences with  
t of the American, and  
l with, deny him the  
most sacred privilege;  
says that they tend to  
or degrade him, or  
hardships. They are  
he right of the Gov-  
ect itself and its citi-  
commission of frauds  
ective franchise, and  
recognized facts that  
are attempted, and

have been made by some gov-  
ernments, it assumes that all citi-  
zens are liable to do the same, and re-  
quires registration of all. It is better  
that all such be subjected to the hard-  
ship attendant upon registration, and  
the imputation of fraud established by  
the law, than that a few should have  
the criminal privilege of fraudulently  
exercising the franchise. Such a law  
is recognized as reasonable and just  
by all good citizens.

In the case of the Chinese, year  
after year we have found frauds prac-  
ticed upon the Government, and the  
Government has been subjected to ex-  
penses to protect itself against them;  
and we apply to Chinamen the same  
rule that for years we have been apply-  
ing to our own citizens—a rule justified  
by the actions of these people, and  
made necessary by their own criminal  
behavior. If we had imposed a tax  
upon Chinamen, if we had made compli-  
ance with the law difficult or onerous,  
some modification of the law might be  
justifiable; but recognizing how widely  
they were scattered over the Union,  
and how difficult and inconvenient to  
them it might be to attend before offi-  
cers far removed from their residences,  
the law provided that the officers  
should go to the Chinaman, wherever  
he was, and afford him every facility  
for complying with the law without  
expense or burden to himself.

In the case of the American citizen  
desiring to vote, or to follow a legiti-  
mate calling, we compel him to go to  
the courthouse in his county, and file  
there a description of himself, bearing  
his own expenses and loss of time con-  
sequent upon the performance of this  
duty, before he can obtain his license  
or certificate. In the case of the  
Chinaman, with a regard for him we  
do not show to the citizen, we compel  
the officer to visit him, thus affording  
him no reasonable excuse for failing  
to comply with the requirements of  
the Act. Under these circumstances,  
the law was justified by the conditions  
that confronted us, by the desire to  
maintain and insure respect for the



s and evoked a roar. Another shot staggered and diverted his attention.

Now ran to my assistance, speaking at a lively grizzled was within ten paces, reared up on his hind legs, in a position continued to growl, flaming with rage, his back curled, his fangs bared, while his arms thrust forward and were ready for the shot. There was one chance. Taking as much time as I would permit, I waited, when, instead of the expected click, there was a sharp click, and the magazine of the gun was exhausted. At this I stepped backward, and, covering my head and ears with all the force I could, I fired.

The barrel struck the bear's mouth. As the gun recoiled, I drew my hunting knife, and the great shaggy bear crushed down upon my foot. A stunning report close by, and the bear sank down on his side, and then slowly toppled over.

I given him the finishing blow in time. After a short mountain king over the bear, I concluded that he weighed about 1,200 pounds. We let holes, some going to the body. I kept the skin for many years.

Weeks after the hunt, El Pelado and my only ones in camp, had gone to Venetia, and a supply of food was sent up our minds to go.

We laid our plans, and as we sat around the

river fell during the morning dawned bright and the sky fairly shining blue so peculiar to

California. Tying Cordero, our watch dog, to the front pole of our tent, we began our ascent of the mountain. The base of the mountain rested in deep shadows, but far out on the plain a flood of warm, bright sunshine was mellowing every tree and bush with its touch. Now and then a gentle breeze stirred the leaves, causing the scattered raindrops to flash and glimmer like jewels. In the mountains the scenery was grand beyond description. As the sun rose it tipped with gold the lofty peaks, then the light creeping lower seemed to rest for a moment on the divide of some great cañon as if loath to penetrate the dark depths; suddenly one golden shaft spanned the cool abyss, and finding a resting-place on the rocky wall, shone there—a bright beacon encouraging the rest to follow—then with a bound as it seemed the sun rose above the mountain rim, and what a moment before was chilly quiet gloom was filled with light welcomed by the song of birds.

El Pelado having no eyes for the beautiful and who had been ranging about, called to me. I found him looking at a large fresh bear track. Without loss of time we started in pursuit. The trail of the animal led us in a diagonal course along the face of the mountains, up and down through cañons and wet brush, and sometimes we were so near the bear that we could hear him shaking the water drops from his shaggy coat. The density of the brush, however, made it impossible to get a shot at him. El Pelado, being in the lead, had to force or break his way through the thick undergrowth, making it easy for me to follow; otherwise, I doubt if I could have kept up with him, for he was as tireless as a stag. The pursuit had lasted for hours, when fortunately the bear made a turn, heading in the direction of the camp. Encouraged by this fact, we redoubled our efforts and were exchanging congratulations when the trail turned again straight up the mountain. My com-

e citizens, to share our for-  
in in the country their ac-  
they are digestible and assim-  
kindred and acquaintances  
from Christian nations, and  
in our language and adopt  
customs. Yet we exclude  
them, and send them back  
hout hearing exclamations  
nunciation of our bad faith  
with which we have treaties,  
tional questions raised or  
sts made with a view of  
ecution of such laws. As  
hinese acted under bad ad-  
orant of the law which re-  
gister, in a spirit of extreme  
ay be best that Congress  
extension of the time for  
ugh those most in sympathy  
have not claimed that there  
ne given under the Geary

It is unfortunate that there is seeming  
hesitation on the part of the President in  
executing the statute. It will be a sorry  
day for the Republic should precedents be  
established, which indicate that the Chief  
Executive can inquire into the merits or  
wisdom of a law after it has been enacted.  
General Grant said that the faithful execu-  
tion of a bad law would make its objection-  
able features more apparent, and would  
sooner lead to its repeal or modification.  
A law of Congress must be regarded as the  
expressed will of the people, which is bind-  
ing upon the President whatever may be  
the circumstances. It is claimed in some  
quarters that there are defects which render  
the law inexecutable; if such be the case the  
President should take steps to have the fact  
judicially declared. If the money is wanting  
Congress should be immediately convened  
that it may be provided, or the law amended  
or repealed. Matters should not be per-  
mitted to remain in the present condition.







# BOOKS

## AND

# AUTHORS.

"When the time is ripe a moment does the work prepared by centuries."—*Grace Ellery Channing.*

**T**HE purposes and methods of authors in their work are subjects of unflagging interest to the reading public. They seem to be manifold and various. Some write for money, some for fame, others are actuated by a desire to bring such thoughts and information to their fellow men as will leave them better and wiser, and still others write as the birds sing, because they are full of an indefinable exuberance which demands an outlet. Of the first class named there are many who attempt to follow a literary career, few who succeed. The proper sphere of such as these is in the commercial world. Their literary matter, if it happens to possess any redeeming features, is valuable only from a mechanical standpoint, and perhaps for its information. Usually it does not possess even these qualifications. Those who write for fame alone seldom attain the object of their ambitions, for they are dazzled by the glittering goal and rarely realize the amount of labor that separates that goal from the present. When they do realize the obstacles with which they must contend, they are usually discouraged and relinquish their designs, unless they are possessed of an abnormal desire for fame, for it requires strength, determination and a deep purpose to cope with the difficulties of a literary career. The writers, whose purposes and talents enable them to put

into tangible form serious and beneficial thoughts and ideas, are much more liable to success, for they usually possess a rich fund of constantly increasing material, and they have based their ambitions upon a solid foundation. Those who write spontaneously are practically the only true literary authors, for they draw their material from deep fountains of wisdom and truth within and about them, and placing upon it the impress of their originality, which is in such cases genius, they give to the public the enduring monuments of ages. This class includes the real poets and any other writers whose metal has been tested and has proven itself true gold.

As to the methods of these writers they are also found to be many and various. Some write rapidly and easily, others slowly and laboriously. It is often the case that an author can write upon certain themes and by certain methods easily and fluently, while upon others and by other methods every word represents a painful effort. The facility and felicity of an author's productions also depend upon his mental condition. There are times when he is receptive and can absorb and express his ideas with clearness, simplicity and force, and others, when his ideas seem but dull reflections of his true conceptions. The best work is undoubtedly done under favorable conditions. Byron said, "I am like a tiger; if I fail to get the thought by my first spring, I go slinking back into the jungle, nor will try again."

Inspiration, or that condition of mentality when all the nerve force has reached a point of concentration, comes and goes irregularly and often inconveniently to writers, who, desiring to catch and hold these precious moments, often resort to means by which to produce an exaltation not far short of the exuberance of inspiration. Others so economize their vitality and regulate their

anyone who should wish to make a study of England's great poet, whose beautiful, refined, pure and ethereal nature taught him to say such words as these:

"My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life should live for evermore,  
Blue earth is darkness at the core  
And dust and ashes all that is."

Richard Hovey pays a tribute to the memory of William Parsons, poet, and one of the translators of Dante's "Inferno," in a little volume consisting of a poem of much merit entitled *Seaward*<sup>1</sup>, and a brief biographical sketch of Parsons himself. Hovey seems to consider this poet the best translator of Dante that has ever undertaken the interpretation of the great Italian writer. Parsons devoted most of his life and effort to the study of Dante's personality and productions, and did little work outside of their translation. What he has done gives evidence of some power, but only those who were associated with and understood him were able to feel and know his future possibilities. Hovey was a personal friend of Parsons who knew him well, and thus he speaks of him:

"The hermit thrush of singers, few might draw  
So near his ambush in the solitude  
As to be witness of the holy awe  
And passionate sweetness of his singing mood.  
Not off he sang, and then in ways apart,  
Where foppish ignorance might not intrude  
To mar the joy of his sufficing art."

*Dream of the Ages*,<sup>2</sup> a poem by Kate Brownlee Sherwood and *The Angel and the King and other Poems*,<sup>3</sup> by John Augustine Wilstach have been recently published. They are both tastefully bound volumes and commend themselves to the public.

The Addresses of Phillips Brooks have been gathered together in a book entitled "*Perfect Freedom*,"<sup>4</sup> with an introduction by Rev. Julius H. Ward. The strong but kindly face of Phillips Brooks looks forth from the opening page of the book, reflecting the truth and poetry of his soul and the earnest sweetness of his life. He leads his readers through the different paths of life, showing them that it is expedient to apply the principles of morality, nobility and truth to all transactions, whether in the home, at church, or in business, and in all the dealings and struggles with the world. He says that only where men have learned to control themselves will they enjoy perfect freedom. He speaks of the weight of sor-

row, shame and terror, men are laying upon themselves and others by staining each other's honor and virtue. A sin is a hydra-headed monster, for when one has personally reformed, the results of his sin committed long ago may have blighted many lives though it was only committed against one. The Rev. Phillips Brooks says, "The miserable talk about sowing wild oats, about getting through the necessary conditions of life before a man comes to solemnly Shame upon any man who, having passed through the sinful conditions and habits and dispositions of his earlier life, has carried out of them an absolute shame of them, that shall let him say to his boyhood word and by every utterance of his life 'Refrain, for they are abominable things'."

This man also values physical strength and beauty and says it is a duty to keep the body pure, healthful and vigorous.

*The Well-Dressed Woman*,<sup>5</sup> by Helen Gilbert Ecob, is one of the best volumes of this nature that has ever been written and should be owned by every woman, that she might learn what a sin she is committing against herself and future generations by adhering to the prevailing methods of dress. She is outraging all laws of health, art and morality, and is allowing herself to become hopelessly the inferior of the sterner sex. As Ecob says, she cannot hope to successfully compete with man mentally until she has made herself his equal physically until she has ceased to deform her body with corsets, tight shoes and various other instruments of torture, and become what God intended her to be, a strong, beautiful and intelligent creature. Let every woman who desires complete freedom, ponder well over these facts, and learn from Helen Ecob's little volume what the medical authorities have to say concerning the folly of women.

All women may acquire the grace that too many of them lack, the grace that develops the form of the beautiful Nourmahd the heroine of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem:—

"Oh Shape of blended fire and snow!  
Each clime to her some spell had lent—  
The North her cold, the South her glow,  
Her languors all the Orient;  
Her scarf was as the cloudy fleece  
The moon draws round its loveliness  
That so its beauty may increase  
The more in being seen the less.  
And as she moved and seemed to float—  
So floats a swan!—"

G. L. B.

<sup>1</sup> D. Lathrop & Co., Boston.

<sup>2</sup> The National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

<sup>3</sup> Chas. Wells Moulton, Buffalo.

<sup>4</sup> Chas. E. Brown & Co., Boston.

<sup>5</sup> Fowler & Wells Co., 27 E. 21st St., New York.







A CALIFORNIA TROUT POOL.



Fame smiles upon us from her sun-kissed hight,  
But frowns in shadows when we reach the goal.

Then were mine eyes fixed on that glittering goal,  
Dear to all sense-sunk souls beneath the skies.  
Gold tempts the artist from the lofty hight,  
Gold lures the maiden from the arms of Love,  
Gold buys the fresh ingenuous heart of youth,  
And Gold, I said, will show me Pleasure's way.

But oh! the soil and discord of that way  
Where savage throngs rushed headlong tow'rd the goal.  
Dead to the best impulses of their youth,  
Blind to the azure beauties of the skies,  
Dulled to the voice of Conscience and of Love,  
They wandered far from Truth's Eternal hight.

Then Truth spoke to me from that distant hight,  
Saying, "Thou didst pass Pleasure on the way:  
She with the yearning eyes so full of Love,  
Whom thou disdained, to seek for glory's goal.  
Two blending paths beneath God's watching skies  
Lead straight to Pleasure, oh, blind heart of youth.

*Envoi.*

Not up Fame's hight, not tow'rd the base god's goal,  
Doth Pleasure make her way, but 'neath calm skies  
Where Duty walks with Love in endless youth."





## THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

BY S. E. CARRINGTON.



IAM is always associated in one's mind with the White Elephant. This marvel of fiction is represented upon the national flag and upon the seals of the Government, and is so completely identified with the history of the country that it is not surprising that the impression has gone abroad that a purely white elephant is to be found in the courts of the country.

The white elephant is mentioned in the mythology of the land as associated with Buddha, but it exists only in the imagination—the animal being simply an elephant with reddish blotches, and rather lighter than the ordinary elephant.

"The white elephant," says Frank Vincent, the eminent traveler, "has been happily termed the Apis of the Buddhists. It is held to be sacred by all the Indo-Chinese nations except the Annamese. It is revered as a God, while living, and its death is regarded as a national calamity. \* \* \* Even at the present day the white elephant is

worshipped by the lower classes, but by the King and nobles it is revered and valued not so much for its divine character, being the abode of a transmigrating Buddha, as because it is believed to bring prosperity to the court in peace, and good fortune in war. The more there are of them, the more grand and powerful the state is supposed to be."

In the Ramazana, one of the sacred books of the Brahmins, there is reference to the white elephant as follows: "The sixty thousand descended to Patala, and there renewed their digging. There, O, chief of men, they saw the elephant of that quarter of the globe, in size resembling a mountain, with distorted eyes, supporting with his head this earth, with its mountains and forests, covered with various countries and adorned with numerous cities. When, for the sake of rest, O, Kakootstha! the great elephant, through distress, refreshes himself by moving his head, an earthquake is produced. Having respectfully circumambulated this mighty elephant, guardian of the quarter,



they, O, Rama, fearing him, penetrated into Patala.

"After they had thus penetrated the east quarter they opened their way to the south. Here they saw that great elephant, Muhapudma, equal to a huge mountain, sustaining the earth with his head. Beholding him, they were filled with surprise; and after the usual circumambulation, the sixty thousand sons of the great Sugura perforated the west quarter. In this, these mighty ones, saw the elephant Soumanuca, of equal size. Having respectfully saluted him, and inquired respecting his health, these valiant men, digging, arrived at the north. In this quarter, O chief of Ruzhoo! they saw the snow-white elephant Bhudra, supporting this earth with his beautiful body."

The order of the White Elephant is highly esteemed in Siam and few Europeans, among whom is Sir Edwin Arnold, have entered it. The following is a copy of the order:

Somleah Phra Paramindr Maha Chulaloukoru, Chula Chom Klao, King of Siam, fifth sovereign of the present dynasty, which founded and established its rules, Katana Mahindr Ayuddhya, Bangkok, the capital city of Siam, both northern and southern, and its dependencies, Suzerain, of the Laos, and Malays and Koreans, etc., etc. To all and singular to whom these presents come:

Know Ye, we deem it right and fitting, that Edwin Arnold, Esq., author of "The Light of Asia," should be appointed an officer of the most exalted Order of the White Elephant, to his honor henceforth.

May the Power which is highest in the universe keep and guard him, and grant him happiness and prosperity!

Given at our palace, Parania Raja Sthir Maholarm, on Tuesday, the 11th waning of the lunar month Migusira, the first month from the cold season of the year Toh Eksole, 1241 of the Siamese era, corresponding to the European date 9th of December, 1879 of the Christian era, being the 4046th day, or 12th year of our reign.

(Manu Regia.)

CHULALOUKORU, R. S.

The white or pink-splashed elephants are very rare, and in 1,352 years, between A. D. 515 and 1867, only twenty-four were captured, making about one in every fifty-six years. The last one was captured in 1885, and was conducted to the court of the King of Siam by His Royal Highness, Somdech Chowf Mahamalah Bamrahp Parapako, mid much parade. His Majesty accepted and made the fortunate finder, with his mother and son, all poor natives, a present of a sum of money. The Siamese officials who brought the elephant to Bangkok, were honored with an audience by His Majesty, and also given valuable presents.

In former days the ceremonies attending the capture of a white

elephant were very impressive. The discoverer, were he the humblest man in the kingdom, was immediately made a mandarin; he was exempted from taxation for the remainder of his life, and presented with large sums of money, the King himself giving him one thousand dollars. As soon as the capture was made, a special courier



CROWN PRINCE IN PARTY ROBES.





TEMPLE PHO, FROM THE RIVER.

was dispatched to the King, and a posse of nobles with gifts and robes started immediately for the scene of action. The ropes which the captors used in binding the royal victim were replaced by cords of scarlet silk. Mandarins attended to the slightest wants of the animal. Rich feather fans with gilt handles were used to keep the flies from it during the day, while a silk-embroidered mosquito net was provided at night. To remove it to the capital, a boat was built expressly for the purpose, and a magnificent canopy erected over it, ornamented and bedecked as were the King's palaces. Silk draperies, heavy with silver and gold, enclosed the royal prisoner; and in this state he floated down the river, receiving the acclamations of the people. When near the city, the animal was landed, the King and his court going out to meet him and escort him to the city, where a place had been built for him within the royal palace grounds. A large tract of land was set apart for his country place, chosen from the best the kingdom afforded. A cabinet of ministers was appointed, and a large retinue of nobles to attend to his wants.

The priest of the King was appointed to see to the elephant's spirit-

ual needs, and eminent physicians ministered to his physical requirements. Gold and silver dishes were supplied to feed him from, and every want was attended to as became one of the Royal family. The city devoted three days to festivities, and the rich Mandarin made it presents.

When a white elephant died the ceremonies were the same as those of a King or Queen. The body lay in state for several days, and then it was placed upon a funeral pyre and cremated. This pyre often cost thousands of dollars, being made

of the choicest sandal, sassafras, and other valuable woods. After the body had been thoroughly cremated, it was allowed to remain three days more; then the ashes were collected, placed



RUINS AT AYUTHIA, THE OLD CAPITAL OF SIAM.





land. The word Siam or Seam, is of Malay origin, meaning brow brown. Besides being known as "The Land of the White Elephant," it is also called "The Country of the Kings," "The Land of the Lotus," and the "Venice of the East," on account of the large number of intersecting canals. By its own people it is called "Muang Thai," meaning "free country."

Siam is an Asiatic kingdom inhabited by a quiet, peace-loving people of unique manners and customs which are peculiarly interesting and often picturesque, owing to their romantic surroundings and the influence of ages long since past. The natives, who are Buddhists, guard their religious beliefs jealously, and the priests render the most rigorous devotion to their temples, altars and idols, which are simply the material representa-

in costly urns, and buried in the royal cemetery, a magnificent mausoleum being erected over the spot.

Though this country is commonly known as Siam, it is seldom so called by the natives themselves, nor is the country so named in the annals of the history of the

tions of the characteristics they worship in their God. They relate curious tales and legends, handed down from time immemorial, and believe in and cherish the superstitions that have prevailed in their country for hundreds of years. Many believe the Siamese to be of Malay origin. Europeans regard them as Mongolian, but it is much more probable that they belong to that powerful Indo-European race, whose chief branches are the Hindoos. Their language is tonal, having forty-four letters and fourteen vowels, and it is appropriately called "The Italian of the East," on account of its resemblance in sound to that language. The people generally are somewhat below the average height, slight, of lighter complexion than the Chinese, with the notable absence of the almond eyes and flat noses.

The Siamese trace their genealogy up to the first disciples of Buddha, and commence their records at least five centuries before the Christian Era. But it is only since the establishment of Ayuthia as the capital of Siam in



SIAMESE ACTORS.



ing allegiance, and Song Kraut holidays, when the women draw water to wash the idols, indulging in the sportive amusement of throwing it upon each other. This holiday is the only one in which men and women throwing off all restraint become as boys and girls, and hiding behind corners wait for the unsuspecting to give him a ducking. The lad who loves the lassie delights to give his lady-love a chance to see how skillful he or she can be, with the use of the bucket or dipper.

The festival in commemoration of the birth and death of Buddha is kept up three days, during which there is alms-giving, praying and preaching, accompanied by a display of fireworks. On Raakna holiday (beginning of seed time) a Prince is chosen, who, as a representative of the King, scatters rice—he being the first one to plant the seed at the opening of the season. The various kinds of grain are exposed that the oxen may eat, and

whatever kind they eat the most of will be most abundant. Then there are the Kouwasa holidays—ordination of priests, who wish to be ordained for three months only—and the Ank Wasa holidays, when priests leave the temple presumably to get married. It is the universal custom that at some time a man must have been in the priesthood; it would be difficult to obtain a wife unless he had been a priest.

The temples, or Wats, of the Siamese priests are many and of great beauty, containing large idols of all sizes and being frequented at almost all times by many worshippers. One temple, known as Wat Pra Kaw, in which the emerald idol stands, attracts much attention, and would have been given more extensive description did time and space permit. Birthdays of the King and Crown Prince are celebrated with great pomp and display. Feasting, presents, and fireworks are in great profusion upon these occasions.

The manner of disposing of the dead is by cremation. The ceremonies attending death in the Royal family are conducted upon an extensive scale. For weeks and months men are busy gathering material for a building, which is especially prepared for the purpose, and after the ceremonies is torn down and cast aside. A stranger entering the



ROYAL TEMPLE GROUNDS, BANGKOK.





EXTERIOR OF PALACE, BANGKOK.

grounds or enclosure during funeral services would be led to think a fair or exhibition was in progress. There are booths, artistically decorated by each male member of the Royal family, consisting of very fine specimens of rare, curious and choice crockery, fine needle work brought from other countries, as well as some of the handy work of some of the ladies in the harem. Neither expense nor labor is stinted. The show connected with the ceremonies is usually unrivalled, continuing from three days to an entire week. The removing of the urn in which the body rests or rather sits, from the residence to the cremation building, occurs the first day. A grand procession follows. The building is made of bamboo and decorated with artistic taste, large bouquets with

the unrivalled Siamese flower-baskets, and other natural decorations abounding in great profusion. The electric lights shed their radiance and add brilliancy to the scene, while the noise and din of the theatricals spoil the effect to such an extent that one forgets he is at a funeral. Chanting priests, Chinese gongs and puppet shows attract crowds, and the noisy laughter about the grounds suggests a gala day, rather than the solemnity of death.

These shows generally begin at nine in the morning and last until midnight, at which hour the yellow-robed priests take their places around the golden urn and retain them until daybreak, after which they breakfast and receive presents of food or priestly robes. The third day the remains



are removed from the urn and placed in one made of sandalwood, in readiness to receive the fire. The urn is placed upon logs of wood that have gilded ends, and are laid one upon

the heavens. A lamp supposed to contain the "Chained Thunderbolt" is said to be seen burning in the royal temple, called Pra Keo.

The ceremonies of cremation in this



INTERIOR OF RAJA BO PIT, ROYAL TEMPLE.

another in the form of a pyramid. The King usually arrives about five in the evening, everything being in readiness to receive the fire from the King's hands. The fire is not supposed to be the ordinary fire of vulgar mortals, but is known as "Celestial Fire," caught from the lightning of

country, which are usually supposed to be under the superintendence of the King, are emanations of the Buddhist faith. The urn signifies a personage of high rank, and no official can use the urn without special permission. There is said to be but one pure gold urn, and this is the exclu-



have your bottle of water. So it is with our creed. We should do our best. If there is no future, we have in this case, in the life, the conviction of having done no harm, and if there is a future, the good we have done will follow us in the next life. There is no creed which we attack or condemn. I can believe in Christ—I even confess that I am a great admirer of Christ. I am a great admirer of the moral principles which He inculcated." This man has visited the principal cities of Europe, speaks English fluently, and mingles with the European residents.

"Love your enemies. Sacrifice your life for truth. Be gentle and tender. Avoid everything that may lead to vice. Reverence old age. Provide food and shelter for the poor and aged. Despise no man's religion. Persecute no man." These are some of the precepts of modern Buddhism. They are all good, but, as in many others, their votaries often fall short in practice. The King professes to have adopted this religion.

The Buddhists believe in the law of retribution, and many stages of development through which the soul may finally attain Nirvana, or loss of identity in the infinite spirit of perfection. Buddhism has here, as elsewhere, its priests who seclude themselves from the world and spend their days in devotion and poverty.

There are about 5,000 temples in Siam, where boys are taught to read and write. For many years this has been the only way a boy could attain an education. The women are not taught to read, although five out of every ten have learned to do so now. This shows that women are sharing the general progress of Siam; they are becoming more competent to influence and direct the education of their children, and they seem to attach more importance to it than do the sterner sex.

There is nothing that can be called good literature in Siam. A few plays make up most of the reading mat-

ter, but there are also some translations of the Bible. The distribution of the latter is now under the care of Mr. Carrington, a former pastor of a church in San Francisco, who is engaged in missionary work.

Siam has been found a fertile country when properly cultivated, and is able to export large quantities of her products. There are many steamers constantly plying from one point to another with large cargoes of rice, fish, teak work, ivory, betel-nut, hides, sugar and fruit. Many of the modern improvements of western countries are found in the cities, and they seem almost a mark of vandalism upon the picturesqueness of the ancient manners, customs and habits of life. There are telephones, telegraph systems, electric cars and tram cars in Bangkok; also gheries, carriages with liveried *syces* driving at breakneck speed through the crowded, narrow streets. The cars come and go with dangerous rapidity accompanied by the noise of a warning trumpeter, who blows sometimes simply to make a noise. The thoroughfares are crowded, and it is surprising that many are not killed and maimed, for the people walk along as indifferently as if they were on country roads.

The King of Siam resides in Bangkok. He is popular with his subjects, for he always seems anxious for the best welfare of the people. He is a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and long before he came to the throne he vowed his country should be Muang Thai—a free country. All children born in the year in which His Majesty was crowned, shall be free at the age of twenty-one—so says this gracious King. He wears a crown of solid gold, weighing many pounds, and carries the title of Para Bard Somdetch Phra Paramender Maha Mongkut Phra Cham Klau Chau Yu Hua, with a few additions which we have forgotten.

The Royal family is a large one. The custom of polygamy has always been practiced, and in consequence of

of the occupations; rolling the spicy clove-leaf, which is plastered over with lime, to be eaten with this nut, is another. They also prepare wax and put it into little gold boxes for lip-salve, to say nothing of the making of tea and dainty sweet-meats for the royal palate.

There are two Queens—the right hand and the left hand. These ladies do not appear on state occasions, and seldom participate in festivities. Now and then one of the Queens will visit a temple with her children, in a closely covered carriage and with a body guard. The first Queen is closely related by blood to the King. As there is no more honorable family, he must seek a wife from a family of equally honorable parentage. The King does not woo his own wives. If he sees a pretty girl of noble stock whom he desires, she is conducted to the royal palace and schooled and trained as a Nang ham. It is also quite common for the relations of a girl to make an offering of their hand-

is placed a throne on which the woman is to sit while bathing, and directly over the throne is a white canopy through which the water is to be showered. The consecrated water is so arranged above that by turning the stop, it shall neatly and delicately sprinkle the chosen Queen. There is nothing imposing in this ceremony, nor attractive in the lady's costume.

Bankok is a strange city, totally unlike other places one may have visited. The city wall is a turreted battlement fifteen feet high and twelve feet broad. Its many beautiful gates are guarded day and night by policemen. Most of the streets are narrow, but are kept in good order, being frequently watered and swept by Chinamen. The shops and houses are peculiarly interesting, and there are many palaces of great beauty and highly artistic architecture.

It is becoming generally understood now that Bankok is not a tiger-hunted jungle, but a healthy, thriving city,



SIAMESE RICE AND CARGO BOAT.

somest daughter, grandchild or niece, thinking it would be a great good to have the King for a family prop.

The crowning act of choosing a Queen, is the bathing of her whom the King delights to honor. The priests put into the water the leaves of a certain tree, which are thought to have a purifying and healthful influence. A platform is erected, ascending by three gradations to the height of six feet. At the top of this

and as time advances it is to be hoped there will be fewer Munchausen stories concerning it, penned by those whose only excuse is their ignorance. Bankok has now at least 300,000 inhabitants, while the whole Siamese population aggregates 1,200,000.

Siam, with its large forests, yielding mines, productive soil, largely intersected and irrigated canals, should be recognized among the most promi-



## FOREST FIRES ON MT. HAMILTON.

BY EDWARD S. HOLDEN, LL. D.



THE Observatory founded by Mr. James Lick differs from every other institution in the world, and that in many ways. Considered merely as an astronomical establishment it is of the highest class, and it has a battery of instruments and a corps of astronomers to use them, which would make it noteworthy, no matter where it was situated.

It was part of Mr. Lick's plan to provide not only the most powerful of existing telescopes, but to place it in the most favorable site; and the experience of several years has shown us that his choice of Mt. Hamilton in Santa Clara County was a wise one. His Observatory is perched on the summit of a mountain, 4,200 feet high, and surrounded by a wilderness of cañons (some 1,500 feet deep) and by other peaks of about its own elevation. The stage drive of twenty-six miles from San José takes the visitor into the very heart of the hills and to their very summits. The road is different from most mountain drives in that it does not choose the easiest and lowest grade, but, on the contrary, seeks to gain its elevation as quickly and as directly as possible.

When the summit is reached, the traveler finds a vast astronomical establishment, provided with every modern device, situated in the midst of a small village in which our colony of thirty to forty people lives. Every want which can be known in a city is felt here, beside many very special wants which arise from our very special occupation.

Many of these wants cannot be supplied nearer than the East or Europe, and we are frequently forced to provide for them by temporary

expedients which develop a feeling of independence of all the world. Give us a little brass and iron and we can usually make the apparatus we require, long before it can be ordered and obtained from instrument makers. While our wants are like those of everyone else in California, our experiences are decidedly different.

During our second winter at Mount Hamilton (1889-90) more than twelve feet of snow fell, and we were cut off from all communication with the outside for days at a time; and during the summer of 1892, we had exciting experiences with forest fires which seemed to complete the cycle. Inundations we do not fear, and there seems to be nothing left to expect, unless perhaps, an earthquake like the Lone Pine shock of 1872.

The Observatory is situated at the very summit of Mount Hamilton. It is surrounded on all sides with deep cañons, and beyond these by high peaks which are a mile or two miles away. Towards the west are slopes of the mountain, up which the stage road painfully climbs, and there are very few trees. To the north is a deep cañon—Cañon Negro—and beyond it a fine peak—Galileo. Beyond this again are wooded slopes reaching down to Isabel Creek, which runs in a semi-circle around the eastern side of our reservation.

The summit of Galileo is connected with that of Copernicus (4,300 feet high) by a saddle, and north of this saddle wooded slopes extend down to the Isabel Creek. At the northeast of Copernicus is a wild cañon and hills, all thickly covered with chapparal or scrub oak; further to the east and south is the Isabel valley, which is a cattle ranch. Mount Sar







## Types of Kentucky Beauty.

BY SARA H. HENTON.

IT is conceded by many that American women are the most beautiful in the world. This appears to be a reasonable hypothesis, owing, perhaps, to the fact that women in this country are free to a great extent from those restrictions to which women of other countries are subject, and enjoy greater opportunities to cope with the serious questions of life; a deeper character and a broader intelligence is thereby developed, which finds expression in their outward appearance. A wide diversity of type is thus created, and there is nothing more pleasing to an admirer of beauty than the absence of that insipidity and repetition of cast of countenance and form, that heretofore almost invariably characterized, and even now, in many classes, characterizes feminine beauty. A celebrated tourist says concerning our country women, "I have wandered in many lands and have seen the women of every country and nation, but nowhere have I found types to compare with our women of America. They comprise in themselves all that is noblest, brightest, sweetest and best in the feminine character."

The beauty of the Southern women has been particularly commented upon, and three generations ago they reigned in the world's society as rivals

of the crowned and coroneted beauties of foreign courts, and were noted for their cleverness and grace. Many foreign gentlemen of rank, wealth and title have sought wives amongst our women ever since our country was founded. Betsy Patterson of Baltimore captivated the brother of Napoleon and became his wife, and the three McFanish sisters married English noblemen and became well known throughout Europe for their many charms.

It is said of the Kentucky girls, who are acknowledged by many to be the fairest daughters of the republic, that they cannot be bought by money nor titles. It is probable that they realize their own worth as women and decline to have material prices set upon them.

One of the most brilliant and beautiful young women that graces Kentucky society is Elise Castleman, the eldest daughter of General John B. and Alice Barbee Castleman. Two years ago she was chosen from amongst the fairest women of all the Southern and Western States to be queen of the Rocky Mountain carnival. The festival is given by the carnival courts on the Pacific Slope, and this regency is considered one of the highest honors that can be bestowed upon any American woman. She was a debutante at the time, and on account of the notoriety accruing from such a position, General and Mrs. Castleman thought best not to allow her to accept. Last year she was chosen from



VIRGINIA SINGLETON BROWN.

they were, remarking at the same time that Evelyn, the second daughter, was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen. John Young Brown, now Governor of Kentucky, was elected to Congress before he was eligible to occupy the seat, and was re-elected several times. His eloquence and fine oratory have made him very popular. His wife is a daughter of Hon. Archibald Dixon, who was Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, and was afterwards elected Senator to fill the unexpired term of Henry Clay, and he performed his duties so well in this capacity, that he was elected to the Senate the following term.

Margaret Thornton, of Lexington, Kentucky, comes from a long line of handsome women and noted men, and she is a fair reproduction of her distinguished ancestors. Her face is full of expression, which varies with every passing thought and feeling. Her brown eyes are

veiled by long lashes that produce a peculiarly beautiful effect. Miss Thornton's grandfather, Gen. William Preston, married Miss Wicks of Kentucky, and they reared a family of sons and daughters of which Mr. Robert Thornton is one. Gen. Preston was Minister to Spain, a noted lawyer and a brave soldier. His widow still resides in their old ancestral home, from which Miss Thornton's mother was married. Her husband, Robert A. Thornton, belonged to an old Virginia family, but ever since his marriage he has lived in Lexington where he has provided his family an elegant home.

One of the season's debutants is Mary Bruce of Louisville, a tall, sweet girl with golden brown hair, a fair complexion and hazel eyes. She is exceedingly bright and witty.



MARGARET THORNTON.



Nettie Belle Smith, the daughter of the railroad president, Milton H. Smith, is also a type of Kentucky beauty. She is a very handsome girl and is exceedingly bright and witty. While traveling abroad with her teacher, she stored her mind with all sorts of useful knowledge, and is conversant upon a variety of interesting topics.

May Field is also a Kentucky girl, and is considered by many the most beautiful woman in Louisville.

Another Louisville belle is Lily Lindenger, whose rare beauty and charming personality are sources of delight to those who are so fortunate as to be numbered among her friends.

Among those of Kentucky's fair daughters who are studying abroad is

Mary Currie Duke, daughter of Basil Duke of Louisville. Her performance on the violin at twelve of age led many to consider her a prodigy, and her parents finally sent her abroad, where she has been studying music for four years. In a letter describing the enthusiasm with which her teacher greeted her performance, Miss Barbour Bruce says, "To me, to Burch; his first violin concert was considered a perfect gem, and made particularly interesting to us on other evening, from the fact that Mary Currie Duke played, accompanied by the composer himself. When she finished, old Burch wild with enthusiasm, jumped up from the piano, embraced her and said she was a real artist, a real artist, a great artist."



ELENORA GRAVES.



LILY LINDENBERGER.

She is one of Joachim's idols, and he promises her a great future. All Americans are proud of her. She wins both musical and social distinctions wherever she goes. She is wrapped up in her music and has turned her back on the world almost completely, for fear of spending that precious strength dedicated to her violin."

Truly admirable is that woman who, able to win great social distinction, gives up all the pleasure and honor accruing therefrom, for the sake of devoting her life to some cherished profession or art. Such a course not only fails to detract from her womanly qualities, but invests her personality with a new interest, and is an additional charm and crown to her life.





## A MODERN HESPERIDES.\*

BY D. B. WEIR.



KITE-SHAPED RACE-TRACK, LOS ANGELES CITRUS FAIR.

**O**RANGE groves call to mind bright, warm summers and spring-like winters, as the genial seasons of those climes in which the tree finds its happiest home.

The orange was first planted in Southern California by the San Franciscan fathers, soon after they established their first mission in the State at San Diego, in 1769. Under their care it thrived. As they established their chain of missions up the coast to the north they carried the orange tree with them beyond Point Conception, where the warm coast climate south of that point suddenly ends owing to geographical configuration, to the cool, summer climate found on the sea-board northward, until they reached what is now Santa Clara County. Here they planted it successfully with fair success. To-day, on its foothills or thermal belt, Santa Clara Valley has regular crops of us

fine oranges as are grown anywhere.

Into the unknown interior of California at that early date no missionary father had penetrated, carrying thither the symbol of salvation and introducing pastoral and agricultural industry among the savage, native tribes; consequently, no orange groves were planted there until more recent days. As time advanced the sphere of mission influence and enterprise expanded, and when the United States took possession of the province, Southern California had become a vast grazing ground, over which roamed thousands of horses and myriads of cattle and sheep. The pasturage, however, was so sparse that acres were required to feed a sheep, while a cow, if she procured a bountiful supply of provision during the day, might be regarded as having fairly earned it by the exertion required to obtain it.

This state of affairs continued down to within twenty years ago. Around Los Angeles the golden fruit was abundant, and a few outside orange

\*See also article on "The Orange in California," in this magazine for April, 1881.

ated, and was naturally followed by a collapse of corresponding intensity, accompanied with dire results. But the orange groves still bore their fruit; they still furnished money, and the country quickly recovered from the shock.

It was the orange, therefore, that made the sunny south what it is to-day. What was desert, is desert no longer. A thousand crystal streams flowing from lofty snow-capped mountains, or from the bowels of the earth, are diverted and utilized, decking the land with greenery, and infusing life and scattering wealth around in a hundred beautiful valleys. Great dams have been built, impounding vast quantities of the life-giving fluid. For miles and miles water is conveyed in pipes and ditches over foot-hills and plains. This water supply for the foothills and uplands is the newest and grandest feature of all.

Formerly, it was thought that only the richest alluvial soil of the valleys would produce oranges. Modern experiment, good "common sense," and better horticultural knowledge has led to the irrigation and planting of the foot-hills, and the result is proving a grand success. In these localities the best oranges of the future will be produced; the crops will be full and regular, and the trees, with proper care and attention on the owner's part, healthy and long-lived.

In explanation of this, it is well to

say that all around the valleys of the State, on the coast as well as in the interior, there is a warm belt, usually frostless in winter, ranging from 1,000 to 1,200 feet above the floors of the valleys, and appropriately termed the "thermal belt." These belts, ridges and hills, in broad valleys of white altitude, are California's best garden lands for fruit, both as to soil and climate, and naturally most highly prized.

Our common rus fruit trees and bushes are broad-leaved evergreens, which are injured by the cold temperature if for a dozen degrees below the freezing point. Therefore the growth of the fruits in the open ground is limited to regions where the cold of winter never registers lower than twenty degrees above zero. Injury from frost, however, is greatly dependent on the conditions of the atmosphere at the time. If the tree is wet, the weather is cloudy, and the frost leaves the tree—that is, that while those conditions remain—



CLUSTER OF ORANGES.

(Photographed from nature.)

neither tree nor fruit will be injured. Indeed, it is not an uncommon sight to see orange and lemon trees breaking down with the weight of damp snow on fruit and foliage, and yet the trees come out uninjured by cold. Such a sight could have been seen in Cal Hooper's orange and lemon grove on the east slope of Sonoma Mountain in the winter of 89-90. Both the fruit and tree, however, are often injured by a light frost only a few degrees below the freezing point, if suddenly





IRRIGATION ON LEVEL GROUND.

aroma, and the more sterling are their shipping and keeping qualities. The second important consideration is that like the winter apple, it is not possible to grow citrus fruits to perfection, or to keep the trees in health and vigor on this coast, without an abundance of good water with which to irrigate. For this reason citrus trees, like those of the winter apple, have to grow and mature their fruits in late summer and autumn, at which season this climate does not furnish sufficient moisture to enable them to do this without too great a strain on their vitality. Hence the growth and maturity of the fruit is retarded; it is small, insipid and poor from being forced by lack of moisture to mature in mid-winter or later. For this

reason the citrus fruits of Florida, where the rains are abundant in late summer and autumn, are much earlier, more juicy and of finer flavor, though less handsome than most of our California fruit.

This indicates that our trees should have a full supply of water for both their roots and foliage during the dry period extending from June to the advent of the winter rains, their foliage being often sprayed with water in the evenings. Nor should the trees be grown on too rich a soil, but rather on a light, loose, well-drained loam, which must not be too highly stimulated with manure. The almost pure sand of Florida, with plenty of water, produces fine oranges, and would produce much finer ones if given a constant and right supply of water. Now if we have the water, we can give that constant regular



GROVE OF THE SEEDLING ORANGE.



observations we shall find most beautiful and thrifty young groves by the acre. And so on northward as far as Ukiah or even farther, there are thousands of acres of first-class orange land, blessed with a genial climate and only lacking the application to

the orange planted for both ornamental and fruit.

If those who are not familiar with the geography of the State of California will consult the map, they will observe that at about one-fourth the way it is cut in twain by a great



ORANGE EXHIBIT, LOS ANGELES CITRUS FAIR.

irrigating purposes of the water which is everywhere abundant.

On our return to San Diego from Redding and Ukiah we shall not fail to notice that every mile of latitude between these three points contains in a superlative degree, as regards soil and climate, the requisites for successful orange culture. Even on the floors of the great interior valleys—at Fresno, Merced, Sacramento, Marysville and Chico, and in coast valleys at Santa Rosa and San Jose, we find

range of mountains lying north of its southern boundary. In fact one might start from the eastern line of the State and travel westward nearly to the Pacific Ocean, and at no place on the journey be less than 3,000 feet above sea level. This great dividing range of mountains is traversed through Tehachapi Pass by the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Reaching the divide at this pass, as we go northward we mark how the railroad winds its sinuous way through



tunnels, along zig-zags, and often overlooking itself, down into the head of the great San Joaquin Valley, which only a few years ago was an arid desert, giving scanty forage to immense herds of cattle for a few months of the year. Now many thousands of acres of it are gorgeous with green and gold where irrigation has waved its magic wand of productivity. Still pursuing our way northward, we find that the foothills on either hand, but more especially those on the eastern side, possess both soil and climate most suitable for the cultivation of citrus fruit trees. And so on up the great Sacramento Valley to Redding. Resting on the lower foothills on the eastern side of that great inland basin which extends from Redding to the foot of Tehachapi Pass, we find Visalia, surrounded by lands than which none are richer. Though young in fruit planting, Visalia and its vicinity could get up a very respectable Citrus Fair with exhibits of her own growing. Many miles still farther south, we find Porterville, also in her juvenile days of horticulture, but fully able to hold her own at any citrus show with fruits of unsurpassable beauty, size and quality.

At Merced, far out on the plain, we find thriving orange trees, and thence deduce our estimate of the great capabilities of her warm foothill slopes to the east. North of Sacramento lies the oldest developed portion of the interior, and here we are constantly reminded of the golden days of '49, and the few following years, when thousands from every portion of the globe were busy washing from the river sands and gravel the yellow gold. A few of those engaged in that mad struggle for wealth bought oranges at fabulous prices, and having cooled their fevered palates with the juicy fruit, planted the seeds, and settling down, carefully watched over them until they grew into trees and bore bounteous crops. The trees themselves were beautiful and their fruit was a rare luxury.

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The example set by those pioneers was followed, with the result that to-day there is scarcely a homestead from Sacramento to Redding, or on the mountain slopes to the east, that has not the orange tree among its arboreal treasures. At Marysville, Smartsville, Oroville, Chico and Red Bluff, we find them freely planted in door-yards for shade and ornament, glowing throughout the first half of winter with their golden globes and making the air redolent in early spring with sweetest perfumes from their bridal blossoms.

In Marysville, hundreds of orange trees can be seen growing and fruiting in dooryards, under all degrees of neglect, and without either cultivation or irrigation; and Marysville is not only on the lower floor but in the very trough of the valley. For all that, the trees sustain but little injury from frost either there or at Chico, which is also very low. Even in the remarkably cold winter of 1887-88; the injury inflicted was slight, and at Oroville, higher up on the foothills it was very much less.

These old pioneer orange trees, and especially the success of those at Oroville, were the influencing causes which induced many persons to plant orange groves in that vicinity with a view to producing marketable crops. A water supply for irrigation was obtained, and the beautiful young groves of Thermalito, Palermo, Smartsville, etc., proclaim the success of the enterprise.

Such is a slight sketch of the citrus fruit culture of the past. It gives the reader some idea of the immense area in the State whereon the trees can be successfully cultivated, and of the soil, elevation and climate most suitable for their healthy growth. It is generally known that the planting has been enormous, and that Southern California has for the last few years been marketing thousands of carloads of the fruit, and this with only about one-fourth of her trees as yet in full bearing.

Without entering into a description

of the method of propagating the young trees in the nursery, we may make the general statement that the plants now usually offered for sale by the nurserymen are from one to two years old, produced from grafts or buds set in orange seedlings, two or three years old. The young trees are nearly all grown with from two to four feet of smooth straight stem, with a little broom-shaped top of branchlets. The tallest of such trees are those which the average man calls for, and for which he will pay the highest price, in defiance of the advice of all the best and most successful horticultural experts of the world. The nurserymen must grow such trees as he can sell, although from those high-headed ones which he produces, it is impossible to grow a vigorous, healthy, fruitful and long-lived orchard unless the planter cuts them back as soon as planted to within one foot of the ground. The right way to grow young citrus trees of all species is to cause them to form branches from the ground. The reasons will be given farther on.

The planting of an orange or lemon grove may be conducted exactly in the same way as that of other orchard fruits. The first thing, of course, is to select the right soil and climate; which being done the land is plowed as deeply as possible—not less than ten inches deep, while sixteen or even twenty inches would be better. On deep, loose, sandy loams, without hard-pan or bed rock, deep plowing is not necessary, but on such soils as are fine-grained, close and retentive of water, it is most necessary. The ground is then laid off in rows, forming squares, the sides of which are twenty feet apart; holes, not quite so deep as the ground was plowed, being dug at the corners, and wide enough to take in the roots when spread out. Having packed the soil very firmly among and over the roots, the surface should be covered with mellow unpacked soil. The roots of the young trees should never be allowed

to become dry in the least degree, be exposed to sun, heat or frost out of the ground.\*

When our little trees are planted or while planting them, if the tall, with straight, branchless stems, we cut them back—to them in fact—to a height of one foot from the ground, and make start anew. It will be much, however, if we can find trees grown; that is, with branches the ground up. In this case the branches are shortened to from four inches in length; those above left somewhat longer, while the center shoot should have a length about a foot. During the first year the young trees are left to grow in random; thorough cultivation, however, and as much water as may be given them.

In the following spring, just as growth starts, we prune again. We find that our little trees have grown shoot, or several shoots, at the extremity of each branch where it was cut back. Beginning with the lowest if it has made more than two shoots we prune all but one, cutting the other one of these back to three inches, the next to six, and so on up; at the shoots of each successive branch a little longer than those immediately below, so that when we reach shoots on the upper lateral branch we may cut the lower shoot back ten inches, and the upper one ten inches—the main upright shoot being also cut back to ten inches, and so on each successive year.

This is all the pruning the trees need. Any other pruning, except shortening back to from two to ten inches any shoots that have made vigorous growth on the inside of

\*I am not writing for criticism, but simply the facts of modern expert horticulture—the opinions of the best, practical and most observing. Therefore, wherever my statements differ from modes, they approach nearer to the right. This account is modern orcharding intensified. This explanation, proofs, and facts may be seen. The man who plants an orchard and follows the plan given here, will have the best orchard in every particular.



l of the tree is harmful. On no  
 out should either twig or branch  
 ever cut clean out. Any other  
 thing than this has a tendency to  
 l both trees and plan. This sys-  
 builds up a tree that comes quick-  
 to bearing, supplies it with vigor  
 enables it to hold up a great load  
 fruit without the branches bending  
 reaking. Nor will the latter curve  
 n so as to be in the way of the  
 vman, who can cultivate without  
 ruption up to the boles. A tree  
 nitted to this process will bear fine  
 and foliage all through its head.  
 fruit is near the ground and easily  
 ured, while the operation of spray-  
 is readily performed if needed.  
 en the tree thus pruned has nearly  
 hed the height and spread we wish  
 attain, we cut back and thin out  
 outer and upper growth. It was  
 that twenty feet apart each way  
 ld give ample room, and so it does,  
 rees trained in this way. When  
 have reached the size of fourteen  
 diameter through the head and  
 same in height, they are about as  
 e as they should ever be allowed  
 e, and should be held to that size  
 utting back and thinning out the  
 ace of their heads from the out-  
 inwards and from above down-  
 ds. They should be thinned  
 igh on the outside to admit plenty  
 ght and air into the center of  
 r heads. If such thinning is  
 ciently done, fine fruit and foliage  
 constantly be found throughout  
 whole head even to the very  
 er.  
 he great exhibition of Citrus Fruits  
 orthern California at the Pavilion  
 e Mechanics' Institute, San Fran-  
 o, in January and February last,  
 a surprise to many, and proved  
 lusively that not only can these  
 s be grown in commercial quanti-  
 over a great area of the northern  
 e-fourths of California, but also  
 they possess as fine quality and  
 ty as are to be found in such  
 s grown in any part of the  
 d.

The writer has attended five of these  
 great Citrus Fruit Shows in the north-  
 ern part of the State, three in the  
 southern portion, two at New Orleans,  
 one at Mobile, and one in Florida ex-  
 hibiting the Atlantic Coast fruits;  
 and can say, without fear of contra-  
 diction by experts, that the Northern  
 California fruits in the lines of size and  
 beauty are the peer of any grown—  
 fully equalling those of Southern Cali-  
 fornia in these points. They are not  
 quite so choice in flavor and thinness  
 of skin as the best Florida fruits; but  
 in cleanness of color are superior to  
 them.

In order that an approximate idea  
 may be formed of the importance of  
 this industry and the progress that it  
 is making in Southern California, it  
 will be necessary to introduce a few  
 statistics.

For the season of 1890-91 the ship-  
 ments amounted to 2,849 carloads,  
 divided as follows:

	Carloads.
San Bernardino County.....	1,705
Los Angeles ".....	781
Orange ".....	307
Ventura ".....	33
San Diego ".....	23
Total.....	2,849

The crop for the season 1891-92 fell  
 short of the expectations, there being  
 every promise of an output of from  
 5,500 to 6,000 carloads. Owing to  
 untimely frosts and unusually heavy  
 winds at the end of December, this  
 estimation was greatly in excess of  
 the season's product, only 4,593 car-  
 loads being sent East. This total  
 was distributed as follows:

	Carloads.
Los Angeles County.....	2,212
San Bernardino ".....	1,708
Orange ".....	516
Ventura ".....	68
San Diego ".....	66
Santa Barbara ".....	23
Total.....	4,593

Comparing this list with the pre-  
 ceding one, it will be observed that  
 the great increase was mainly due to  
 the output in Los Angeles County,



where a great area had been planted to the orange, and was beginning to be productive. It will be noticed also that Santa Barbara put in an appearance with twenty-three carloads.

As the shipping season extends from the middle of January to the middle of June, it is impossible at the time of writing to state what the total shipments will be for the present season; but careful estimates put the crop at 7,000 carloads as a minimum, and 7,500 carloads as a maximum. This estimate, however, is not confined to Southern California, since Butte County will ship twenty-five carloads, a pertinent fact pointing to

the satisfactory progress which Northern counties are making in horticultural industry.

The profits of an orange orchard naturally depend upon its age. budded trees begin to bear the year, but can hardly be said to expenses. At four years of age, ever, the navel variety will generally yield a box of oranges to the tree. at five years of age, prices and transportation charges being favorable, will net \$300 to the acre. From time forward the profits increase. seedling orchard at Highlands, Bernardino County, has netted \$1, per acre.



## EDWIN BOOTH.

BY INA COOLBRITH.

In vision, I beheld by Avon's side  
 The mighty Shakespeare, and a wondrous train—  
 The vast creations of that matchless brain—  
 Walked with him through the dusk of eventide.  
 Slowly the dim procession, solemn-eyed,  
 There with the tawny Moor, and Cawdor's thane,  
 And, soul most beautiful, the princely Dane,  
 Passed, and re-passed into the shadows wide.  
 Then, with a sense of overmastering awe,  
 And listening heart, that scarcely seemed to stir,  
 I woke,—to lapsing centuries of time,  
 To thronged walls, and blaze of lights, and saw—  
 Not Shakespeare—but his grand Interpreter,  
 Than thought's great master only less sublime.



father had been lost to her. Oh, yes, she must stay! She could run down to Paula every day; she was but half a mile away; she could see her by morning and by night, and there would be long, precious hours of her darling anyway. And sometimes, when he was gone on his journeys, his hunting excursions, his outside pleasures, she could bring Paula home, and there would be the dear, sweet nights together then with that soft, deep breath upon her cheek, with that dear warm weight upon her arm, with that sense of invaluable possession—oh yes, she would stay!

But she had looked so beautiful as he strode through the door, with the tears just brimming her great blue eyes, her soft appealing tender face with the hair dropping about it—the Correggio face—he had half a mind to turn back, to grant her her wish; only then that beautiful grief might turn to weak rapture, and yes, that Swibert needed oiling badly; it was receding out of sight; he must see some restorer; Paul certainly let things go; there was that old armor of the first Colonel French falling to pieces for the want of a rivet or two. A child working havoc among this old china, this old hammered silver, these tapestries—and Paul's child at that, the faithless scoundrel! Pshaw!

But that was a beautiful face. In the old times he had lain awake, dimming its beauty on the dark, let the old times go. They had nearly been the ruin of him. It was the manner of a young queen, the mother of this lovely creature. Whether he would or not, the thought of her haunted him. How well she became the head of the table at dinner—the face over that throat rising from the parting crapes, was like a lily on a stem. Paul always has good fortune set his way—and suddenly it flashed over him with a new meaning that he had fallen heir to Paul.

Heir to Paul! Houses—lands, pictures—why not this chiefest picture of

all? Colonel French did not get any spur to his resolve that he would marry that white sweet woman; to resolve is one thing; to carry the resolve is quite another. Was he going to marry a woman whose heart was in the grave? Marry as like to people walking in the hall of Eblis, with their hands over their eyes where their hearts should be? There was only a smothered life where there was only a smothered life. She hardly seemed to be alive; she had but one link to earth—Paul. It was difficult for Colonel French to be gentle to anyone; it was difficult for anyone to be ungentle to this woman. Perhaps the resolution of forces in him an unusual quality which still lifted her eyes. Beautiful great eyes they were. There was something in his that made her drop her head swiftly; she knew not why.

But Colonel French did not want to please her. He understood that that would be impossible. He simply demanded her attention. He had work for her to do at his dictation: the library, cataloguing, lettering, copying of old papers—working every hour of the day, leaving her no chance before dark to hurry to Paula, and sometimes more than then. At other times he had gone in the house and required her to be the spot, although perhaps not call her into their presence; or he was having a garden made, and was for her advice regarding beds of shrubs and hedges and lines and gables, all day long. He contrived innumerable contrivances to claim companionship from dawn to dusk and then, when on the watch among the thicker trees he saw the sleek shape flitting, swift with a thousand fears, down the avenue and across fields, he could only set his teeth and expend himself in oaths.

"I must go to Paula," she said, as the day waned.

"Is not Paula in safe hands?" he replied.

"Oh, I hope so!" she exclaimed.

"Because if she is not she can't

cheek of this woman as she went and came. One night he parted the curtain and went in, pausing beside the mantel-shelf and leaning an arm upon it. She started to her feet and began twisting the long mass of hair that kept escaping her, the blush going and coming.

"You are very happy," he said, looking down at her.

For answer she snatched the child and held her up to him. "It is your dear uncle," she cried to the little girl. "He is so kind! He is so generous! Kiss him, love him!" But Paula turned before that lowering gaze with a truer instinct, and hid her sweet face in her mother's neck.

"You would be happy if you had her always with you?" he asked.

"Oh!" she cried, "Oh, so happy!"

"There is one way in which she could always be here," he said slowly, in order that she might gather his meaning. "If it were her mother's home. If you were my wife."

She turned quickly to look at him—uncertain, bewildered, amazed, half stunned, dropping the child at her feet.

He repeated his words. "Her mother's house would be Paula's home. If she were my wife that would go without saying. You do not seem to understand me," he continued, his heart beating in his temples through the riot in his veins, but with no wooing tone in his words. "I ask you to become my wife."

"Paul!" she cried. "Paul!" turning to the portrait on the wall as if begging for protection, with such an agonized cry that she heard its agony herself.

"There is no Paul," said Colonel Ffrench.

"Oh, Paul!" she cried again to that immovable semblance, where as the eyes met hers the smile should have flashed into angry lightning.

"There is no Paul," said Colonel Ffrench again. Truly there could be no Paul. Had he been in the farthest universe of the universes he

must have heard this cry of his wife she thought. She stooped to pick up the child—all there was—and the world to her became suddenly vacant.

She was in Colonel's Ffrench's room when she awoke; he was holding her, adjuring her passionately, hardly breathed till she could command her movement; then she slipped away, caught up the silent and frightened child, and hurried from the room.

"I am going away for a week," said Colonel Ffrench when he saw her, his dark eyes lingering over her with a strange spark in their depths. "If, on my return I find Paula here—the western wing can be set off for her use, and that of nurse, of her governess, her mother too. If, on my return I find Paula here, I shall understand that because it is to be her home, her mother's house." And then he laid his hand on her head and bent it down and left upon her forehead what seemed the indelible stain of his love and was gone.

A week, and what a week of misery it was! No Paul in all the dark wide unknown; no help, robbed of hope. It had seemed to her, before that behind a barrier ever so firm even if impregnable, Paul awaited her; but the consoling sense of his presence was gone. Paul would have been there, would have come to her. The man had seemed to magnetize her by the strength of his will and assertion. If it had not been for that she might have found it possible to slip out of this life and find her Paul. She dare not think; she dared not look forward or remember; it was blank suffering—except for the moments when Paula's arms were at her neck, when Paula's little cheek at night lay close on hers, and the home-som-breath fanned her lips. And could she give that up?

Day followed day, and she had not the strength to send the child away against the child out of whom Paul's



have no heart in your body!" he cried. "No," she thought, "it is in the grave;" but she did not say so. Her very silence irritated him. But yet, such is nature, such is feminine nature, she leaned towards him, she wished to fulfill the task she had undertaken, she wished to please him, to be a good wife to him; she had a faint warmth at her heart when she heard his step; she had a certain pride in him; he was her husband; she would even have been glad to love him had it been possible.

But after the first she had seemed only to displease him. She had learned early that it was not best to have Paula too much in evidence; but the time she spent alone with Paula was always the time when he particularly wished for her society. As surely as she sat with the child, he wanted her to go and drive with him; the one hour of joy in the twenty-four when Paula was put to bed, was exactly the one when she should be reading him the evening news; in the forenoon he wanted her to go over papers and accounts with him, to walk in the gardens, to mount the black mare and be off with him for a gallop; and in the afternoon he insisted that she should lie down; it was the way to preserve her bloom, and her bloom belonged to him; and later there were calls to pay or receive, and it ended in making all her interviews with the child, stolen ones. For it seemed as if he were determined to keep them apart to a point of alienation, were that possible. But mothers can circumvent even the evil Principle; and Mrs. Ffrench saw a great deal of Paula in spite of him; and every time she realized the unkindness to the innocent, orphaned child, it became an outrage upon her, and she gave her a double quantity of mother's love to atone, if might be. But the fact of the child's existence was poisonous to Colonel Ffrench; it met and darkened every relation of life.

He had sent once for some diamonds for his wife—a band for the hair and

for the throat; he brought them to her when she was making ready for guest and himself had them clasped about her throat and in her shining hair with a thrill and bound of pride in her beauty that they made doubly radiant. But of course he would not have been himself had he told her so; it; and she felt as she saw his eyes glowering over her, that he was only decking out his own possession. She went into the western wing before going down stairs, and the little girl cried out with joy at the splendid vision. Colonel Ffrench heard her for he had followed and paused at the first door. And then like a red lightning flash in the midnight, he saw that Paula would inherit those diamonds if there were no children of her own, and he took them that night and locked them away, and she never saw them again.

And there were no children of his own. And when one year after another had gone, and the thing he had wished for was not his, his brow darkened if the little Paula came in his presence. "Take her away!" he said, at last, to the maid who had her in charge. "I loathe the sight of her."

"She is your own flesh and blood," said the angry woman.

Of course the maid went that day. But that was by no means the end of it. For day in and day out Mr. Ffrench was given to understand that he had been insulted in his own house by the servant whom he paid to wait on her child.

"Is she not your own flesh and blood?" she asked, all the sleeping life of the outraged mother rising to length from its lair.

"She is the child of the man who stood between me and everything I wanted in life, who had the best of my mother's love, the best of my father's money, who married the woman—"

"The woman you make wretched!" she cried.

"On account of that child!" he thundered. "Then send her away!"

"No, no, no!" cried the mother.

then Paula and her mother took great ease together; and darkness shut down again on the mother when, her husband returning, she felt the wrongfulness that required all to be as before.

The child, however, was perhaps not so unhappy as the mother had reason to think her. The circumstances of her birth had given her a grave and serious temperament. At first she was happy with a flower, it was a live thing, another baby; a doll was a companion; she put out her little hand to it in the night with gentle hushing touches; she went to sleep, singing the doll to sleep; she awoke to make to it her little confidences; when she cried for her mother she ran to her doll and clasped it and assured the doll that she was there, as if she would not have the doll suffer what she was suffering. And later, a book took her into the world of its own; she had no particular aptitude with her pencil, but her paint-box and brushes gave her something more than pleasure; she could never do much with music, but she sang like the birds in the morning, and sang as they did, because she could not help it, and at twilight she dreamed over her piano. But she had a talent for loving, she loved the beautiful old place which she knew was her birthplace and the home of her ancestors, the only home she could remember; the long green meadow sparkling with sunlight and veiled in violet vapors as the east wind met the sun upon it, the black shadows of the woodland sharply cut in moonlight, the brook that ran a thread of sapphire through the deep gardens, the great branch of pale pink roses that climbed across the balcony between her and the dazzle of blue sky—all these things filled her with poetic dreams and were precious to her. And she adored her mother; and as she slowly began to comprehend that she was entreated unlike other children, with her adorations was mingled a strange and aching wonder if it could be possible that her mother was indifferent to her; if that was why she was not sent for in

the drawing-room, was rarely taken: other houses, had no young girl brought to her, was hastened out of the way when Colonel Ffrench's voice or step was heard, had no pleasures made for her, was suppressed, and hushed, and perhaps but just tolerated. And as her mother divined her thoughts, a new misery was added to all the rest that mother had endured.

"I suppose," said Paula to her one day,—Paula slender, tall, dark, pale, growing into the beauty that had been her father's, "I suppose you would be happier, mamma, if I were not here to give you trouble."

"Oh, Paula! Paula!" cried her mother, laying down her silken skeins, and letting her heart out at once. "You are all the joy I have! To see you, to hear you, to know you are alive, to think of you when I am away from you, I have no other thought. To wake up in the night and think how innocent you are, how pretty you are,—it seems to me that you are very pretty, Paula—oh, I never can tell you for how much that repays me! There are reasons—I have been compelled—we will not talk of that—it is not best to speak—but if I seem like a clay-cold image to you it is because the fire burning in my heart has turned me to a stone."

"Mamma, he would not treat you badly if it were not for me!"

"How do you know—what makes you say"—the mother faltered breathlessly.

"I have heard the servants—they do not care if I hear them or not."

Every day a new degradation, thought Mrs. Ffrench bitterly, blow after blow rising across her memory. But she gave no sign. "Oh, Paula, you must not say so! Treat me badly! Oh, no—he was—he is—you comprehend, Paula, dearest, he is my husband!"

"But you do not love him, mamma!"

"A woman loves only once in her life, you know," she said, the delicate color swimming over her wistful face.



"But perhaps, dearest, you will understand better by and by. There is a bond"—

"Mamma, you say you think I am pretty. I hear others say I am going to be pretty, more than pretty. They do not mean me to hear that, I suppose; and that I shall marry—very well, maybe. And if that should be, then—then you can leave him, you can come and live with me, and we can be happy together all the time!"

"Leave him," cried Mrs. Ffrench. "I would never do that. Oh, how can you dream of such a thing! It makes me shudder to think of it when I remember the speech of people."

"You are so timid, mamma. I do not care for the speech of people."

"And then I do not know what he would do without me."

"He would do very well without you," said Paula.

"Besides—there is another life, Paula. One can bear so much with that in mind. Your father must be somewhere—it is impossible that he should have ceased—and we were one soul. And there I shall be with him. And he will forgive me, because he knows it was for you, and these things will not matter then."

"Yes they will, mamma dear, they will have made you perfect through suffering." And then they glanced up and said Colonel Ffrench coming down the avenue with Mr. Parcell, the old lawyer; and all the rose and sparkle fell out of the mother's face, and she was a white and half-lifeless image moving automatically, and getting into her own rooms before her husband should demand her.

"I have brought you," said her husband, when a few minutes afterward he sent for her to come to the library. "a paper that you are to sign, relinquishing your right of dower in consideration of the provision that I shall make for you in my will."

"My right"—she said, with a little gasp.

"I thought I should have trouble with you," he responded. "Your right. Such right as you have. You were a beggar when I married you. And so I suppose you will insist upon your full price"—

"I will sign any paper you give me to sign," she said.

"There must be witnesses," he replied, after a moment's survey of her. "Mr. Parcell is in the dining-room." And the lawyer and John, the inside man, witnessed her signature, Paula being summoned for a third. And Colonel Ffrench went about the place with something like boyish jubilation the rest of the day, and ordered up for dinner the Chateau Yquem that he bought himself in France.

"I have made my will," Colonel Ffrench said to his wife a few days later. "I have made for you a suitable provision, in a way that would have been affluence for you before I married you. But I have so arranged it that Paula can never share it. I have always said she was to provide for herself. And she has been educated to do so."

It was the last of many burdens. The burden-carrier rebelled. "Are you not afraid of what people may say of so cruel a disposition towards your brother's child?" she exclaimed.

"I never care for what people say," he answered. "They will say it after I am gone, too, and I shall not hear them. But I should rise in my grave if this accursed child who has stood between me and the joy of my life were one penny the better for my death!"

"Then," said Mrs. Ffrench, with a strange new decision born of desperation, "Paula will come into the drawing-room with me, and will sit at the table when there are guests and when there are not, and will be properly dressed, and shall have her chance to make a fit marriage"—

"Paula!"

"Or I will go away with her and she shall earn my livelihood too!"

"Do you know what you are saying, my—wife?"

"I think you are insane concerning your brother's child and always have been, and that I have been in error in giving way to you. And moreover, I have my doubts if the entail did not end with her father, and if the whole property is not hers anyway. I have thought this for a long time; but I thought also that you would do justice to her in the end. Now I have said it. And you can but kill me. You do worse than that every day."

"By heaven!" cried he; "I ought to kill you!"

And after this volcanic outburst, Mrs. Ffrench spent the rest of the day fainting in bed, and Colonel Ffrench drank himself stupid for several evenings in succession.

As week after week crept by now, he spoke to her only to insult her in the presence of the servants or to outrage her to her innermost soul. It was during this period that she found he had made the headstone of Paul's grave in the family burial-place a target for his pistol-shots, till he had shattered every letter of the name upon it. He spent little of his time at home; gossip reached his wife concerning other allurements that made her shudder, but gave her no closer pain than the sense of disgrace; and there were card and wine-parties following days of hard riding after the hunt. Nothing she cared for any of it; it affected her no further than to deepen that silent abhorrence which lay within her like lead. And she had long sweet days with Paula in consequence, that could they but continue, she felt, would compensate her for it all. Affairs equalized themselves, however, when he took a notion to stay at home, to demand her constant presence, to have her read to him in the morning, and he growled at for her want of comprehension, to have her play picquet or zonzon in the evening, and he sneered at for her stupidity, to have her orders to the servants reversed before her face, to have her little charities called back, her

dress criticised, her manners reprobated, to keep quiet and wear a cheerful face through it all, to long, every day of her life of repression to die, and to have the longing stifled by the thought of Paula. Colonel Ffrench had always loved horses and riding, sparring, and all the physical sports. Nothing had ever given him such pleasure as breaking a spirited horse. He had begun with some such sensation in the treatment of his wife.

One day, training a splendid black stallion that looked like Satan embodied, he lost his temper and the horse knocked him down. He was brought in trodden to death.

He was buried as became his name. And such was the inconsistency of this feeble little woman that she grieved and grieved again. She forgave his misdeeds with a divine forgiveness; she forgot all she could forget; she blamed herself for the rest; and she spent her soul in pity. She was, in truth, like a tree that long sheltered by another, withers if that tower of strength is removed. She needed some shock to make her see the truth again, to call her powers to use.

The shock came some days after the funeral when Mr. Parcell, who had been ill at the time, made his appearance. Mrs. Ffrench in her black gown and widow's cap, sat beside the fire in the library; for although it was a summer's day and the sun was beating down outside till leaf and tree shone back in green splendor, there was always a low fire in the great damp shadows of the gloomy library. Now and then a tongue of flame leaped out and lighted up the face of one of the old Ffrench's on the wall with a sort of demoniac glow, that more than once before made this little dove, all unfit to mate with hawks, shiver as she looked. But perhaps a dove could not dwell among hawks, if it could dwell among them at all, without attaining some hawk-like quality; and Mrs. Ffrench called on herself for all she was worth when Mr. Parcell was announced.



"Perfectly. You see what I have done."

"You have committed a felony!"

"I—who says I have committed a felony?" asked Paula's mother, straightening herself superior to law and lawyers.

"I do."

"Have a care what you say. For you—you are an interested party, you know."

"Mrs. Ffrench, you appall me!"

"What are you going to do about it?" she said.

"To denounce you."

"You mean you will say I have destroyed that paper. Well, then, I shall say, if you drive me to it, that I did nothing of the kind. Do you suppose your word is any better than mine? I am willing to bring it to the proof. Who that has known me all my life will believe such a thing of me? I should advise you to let the matter rest."

"There are witnesses," gasped Mr. Parcell.

"Servants; who knew nothing of the contents of the paper they signed; who will make no question; and who will take it for granted that the law has had its way—people who can be made quite uncertain as to whether the paper they witnessed was a will or the one about my dower-rights."

"That, too. There is the agreement concerning the right of dower."

"Bring it forward, if you wish. It can be of no use if there is no will."

"Mrs. Ffrench, what sort of a woman are you?"

"I am a mother defending her child," cries Mrs. Ffrench, "as a bird defends her young against eagle or against snake. I am a wife resenting an outrage. I am an individual claiming what is my right! Now," she continued, rising, after a few minutes of stillness in which the old law-

yer heard his heart beat, "is it to peace or war?"

"I suppose it must be peace," said presently, and with a slow effort, "I do not see my way clear to anything else, under the circumstances."

"I shall need counsel, Paula will need it, in the management of the estate. Give us your best service; and make your conscience easy by remembering that if law has been violated justice has been vindicated," said Mr. Ffrench, and she looked at the eagle watching Ffrench faces on the wall as if they must thank her for saving to one of their own that for which they had wrought and fought; and she sailed out of the room like justice herself in the robes of a lady-abbess expecting to sink on gaining her own room, and finding her heart, instead bubbling with new life and strength and the consciousness of victory.

I saw her a few years later. Mrs. Paul Ffrench was the name on her visiting-cards. She had plainly no idea she had done anything to regret, nor should I have known of the fate of her life but for Mr. Parcell's death, which came into my possession. I saw a tranquil and rather stately woman whose unsmiling face wore no scars of trouble, yet looked as if lighted from within by an interior joy. Whether she was a tall girl whose serene beauty, exquisite in modelling, perfected in contour and curve, was heightened by the severe simplicity of her dress of white satin that seemed to surround her with lustre. An Italian priest and an English baron were in the train, but I understood that she was going home to marry a young minister and to realize with him certain ideas concerning a charity of large proportions, ideas belonging to her mother. And I saw that Mrs. Ffrench was still carrying out the habits of a lifetime of compromise.



BLANKET OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

## A NAVAJO BLANKET.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

**T**HE Navajos, main stock of the Athapascan branch of Indians which spread southward to Northern Mexico, have retained anthropological qualities distinct, in a marked degree, from their warlike and unsettled offshoots, the Apaches and kindred tribes. The latter, from the earliest historical records, have ever been the cruel scourge of the regions they invaded until their reduction by force of arms within the last decade. In scattered bands and with no permanent homes, they gained their means of living by plunder obtained by predatory expeditions covering a large area of the northern possessions of the Spaniards in the country. These savage branches of the Navajos can hardly be placed in the catalogue of Indian tribes which pursued industrial occupations, under the modern acceptance of the term.

With the Navajos proper — the parent stock which peopled the region now including the northwestern corner of Arizona — the contrary may be said. They made the mountains and the fertile valleys watered by the affluents of the Rio San Juan, whither their primitive ancestors had been led by

divine interposition, their permanent home. It is true that they constantly sent out small war parties to harass the Pueblo Indians, destroying crops and impeding the agriculture of those sedentary and industrious people, yet their persistency and home love are proved by the fact that when the Spaniards reached their remote territory, they were found to be great land-tillers, "living in dwellings underground and having sheds for their crops and stores."

After their contact with the European they acquired flocks and herds, probably through the Pueblo Indians; the first effort to introduce domesticated animals into the Northern Spanish domains being made by the Church about the third decade of the seventeenth century. As soon as the Navajos recognized the utility of sheep, cattle and horses as a fertile source of supply in meat and clothing, they became too impatient to wait for the slow process (as they regarded it) of natural increase, and began to pry upon their old victims, the Pueblo Indians. Thereupon the Spaniards took up the defense of the latter, became objects of sincere and lasting hatred, and were driven out of the



country by the Navajos. During the close of the seventeenth century, Spanish settlements were re-established by another so-called conquest, but the subjection of the Navajos was never accomplished. They not only retained possession of their mountain home, but became assailants, and carried on aggressive warfare down to, and even after the annexation of New Mexico and Arizona to the United States.

In 1865, the tribe was removed from its long successfully defended mountain region—a region cool and bracing, covered with snow until late in spring—into the hot, level district of Bosque Redondo. There the Navajos languished. Their agricultural industry was handicapped, and their tendency to self-improvement checked. Three years later the government very wisely reinstated them in their old domain. Since that time they have lived peaceably, and, though molested by the ubiquitous squatter on other people's property, long displayed a forbearance of retaliation, and a manliness in appeal for protection of their rights that might classify them as a people on the same platform of humanity with that which, in the words of Tennyson, cried out: "Let us alone!"

But they are no lotus eaters. They have been rapidly progressive, and to-day their irrigation ditches, their fertile fields and their well-managed flocks, proclaim their systematic industry—though the majority of them do live in the log-cabin, half dugout, known by the name of *ho-gan*.

It might be supposed that this primitive race, whose offshoots have left their records printed in human blood, stamped in broad type, in assertion of their claim against the encroachments of civilization, would have no taste for art or tendency in the direction of intellectual expansion. No greater mistake could be made. The Navajos are conspicuous for their inventive faculty, their ingenuity, and their ready power of adaptation to self-improvement of extraneous suggestions.

Nothing points more directly to the proof of this assertion than their reputation as manufacturers of textile fabrics.

There is evidence that among the Navajos the art of weaving antedates the time when any skill was imparted to them therein through the Pueblo Indians by the Spaniards. Today they are pre-eminent in the art among the native tribes north of Mexico, and their advancement in the industry is due more to their own intelligence and artistic inclination than to the influence of European instruction. The wonderful variety of designs displayed in their fabrics, and the innumerable combinations of colors, are witnesses to the fertility of imagination which the Navajo weaver's mind is gifted with; while the fact that in a thousand Navajo blankets no two patterns can be found exactly alike proclaims that each designer scorns imitation or repetition. Our artists might take a lesson from them.

Nevertheless, their savage instincts have not been thoroughly eliminated by their internal peaceable occupations for many years. They still retain their ancient customs; the Mountain Chant—the *quañil*—their sacred song or chant is still heard; and the *fire-dance* is still practiced. The Shaman and the arrow-swallower still pretend to cure the sick.

The following narrative will illustrate one latent trait of character common alike to Indian and white man. It is a long time since the events occurred, but none the same do they hold up the finger of instruction.

Seated on a blanket spread upon the ground beneath a tree whose foliage affords protection from the rays of the sun, an Indian woman is engaged in spinning woolen yarn. She is a type of the comely women of the Navajo race. In breadth of shoulders and in the size and muscular development of her arms and hands she is almost masculine; the most casual observer would willingly admit that

in a personal struggle she would prove a formidable antagonist to most city-bred men of our times, while the dude would be a plaything and shuttlecock to her in a test of strength. Her hair parted in the middle, is gathered back and tied behind her head in a complicated knot, which is held to-

girdle round the waist secures the dress to the body; as no sleeves are attached the arms are left bare, while the upper part of the robe is folded down from the shoulders over the breast, one shoulder being generally left exposed. These dresses of the Navajo women are very picturesque, dis-



NAVAJO WOMAN SPINNING.

gether by the insertion of a rude hair-pin passed through a loop of the twist, thus preventing the strands from disentangling themselves. Pendant from her ears are silver bangles, and on occasions she may be seen to wear a necklace of colored beads or turquoise gems. She is clad in the costume of her primitive race. This consists of a robe formed by sewing two of the smaller sized blankets together at the sides, armholes being left at about one-third of the distance from the upper border of the garment to the lower edge of the skirt. A

playing an endless variety of designs in colors of black and dark blue with stripes of red. Her lower limbs are swathed in rather broad bands of cloth wound spirally from the ankles to just below the knees, where they are secured by buttons so adjusted as to meet the corresponding button-holes at the end of each band. On her feet she wears moccasins, though not unfrequently both these and the above described leggings are discarded. The blanket on which she sits is one of the coarser kind, the pattern consisting of angular stripes running length-





the handsomest in design and combination of colors, woven in her day. It will be the admiration of a multitude and the cause of jealous hatred on the part of many a sister weaver in her tribe, and will place her in imminent peril of her life.

In the forks of two tree branches, growing conveniently for her purpose, she has placed and securely bound a



BRINGING DOWN THE BATTEN.\*

horizontal bar, to which she has suspended a straight pole by lashing it to the supporting beam with a rope applied in spiral volutions, leaving a sufficiency of unused rope to admit of it being lowered when necessary. To this pole she has attached by means of loops the upper beam of her loom, the distance between the two being about three inches. This upper beam is at an elevation from the ground corresponding to the length of the blanket she is going to weave, and which will be nearly seven feet long with a width of five feet six inches.

She has already constructed her

warp by means of a framework composed of four poles raised a few inches from the ground, in the form of a rectangular parallelogram, of dimensions adapted to the size of the blanket which she intends to weave. The poles at the ends being straight, smoothly rounded and of equal diameter from end to end, are not unfrequently used as the upper and lower beams of the loom. The weaver now proceeds to tie her yarn to one of the end poles winding it over and under in a continuous string, the thread after passing over the upper portion of the circumference of one pole being passed under the opposite pole. Two sheds are thus formed—the upper and lower—the sectional view of the warp presenting a figure similar to that of an elongated eight. A thin rod is placed in each shed, near the angle, through the entire width of the warp, to keep it open and the threads in place. The next thing done is to quilt the terminal loops of the warp together so as to form a firm, stiff border. Tying three strings together and sitting with one of the end poles in front of her, she fastens them to the lateral pole, on her left, and passing one of the cords under the first turn of the warp

takes a second string and twilling it once or twice with the other two, takes in with it the second turn of the warp. Then with the third cord, twilled with the other two as before, she gathers in the third bend of the warp. Thus she continues, each string being taken in turn, until she has secured the loops of the entire warp. She now stretches this three-stranded cord—which it has become—to its full extent, thereby separating the threads of the warp sufficiently to allow the passage of the woof. The same method is applied to the opposite end of the warp. It must be understood that the weaver has been working along the outside surfaces of the poles.

\* The batten should be held horizontally instead of obliquely, as shown in the cut.



The warp can now be detached from the framework, care being taken to keep the rods in the apexes of the sheds in place. Attachment of the warp to the loom is accomplished by lashing the ends to the beams, it having been already remarked that the smooth, uniform end poles on which it has been constructed are sometimes used as the upper and lower beams.

When the warp has been fixed in its vertical position, the upper shed-rod is allowed to remain in place, but to the anterior threads of the lower shed, heddles, or healds, are applied, and the shed-rod is then withdrawn. The heddles are applied in this way: Seated in front of the loom, the weaver having placed on her right side a ball of yarn passes the end of the string through the shed, and having tied a loop, passes through it the end of her heald-rod—a slender stick which she holds in her left hand horizontally, and in such a position that its right end touches the left edge of the warp. The heald-rod having been passed through the loop from left to right until its point is even with the second anterior thread from the left, the weaver deftly inserts her fingers in between the first and second threads of the anterior line of warp, and draws through them a heald-string; this she twists so as to form a loop into which she pushes the point of the heald-rod held in her left hand. Between every space that separates the following threads she forms a loop and passes the heald-rod through it until she has worked from left to right of the warp, each alternate thread of the lower shed being captured in a loop of the heald. When the last loop is made she ties the end of

her heald-string to the rod, cuts and withdraws the shed-rod.

In weaving the blanket the weaver sits on the ground with the loom hanging perpendicularly in front of her. As she maintains this position during the whole process, it is evident that the web will attain a length beyond which it will be impossible for her to continue her work unless it can be lowered. This is accomplished by loosening the spiral rope which holds the yard-beam to the support-beam. The yard-beam is then let down to the desired distance, and loosened web folded and sewed down to the cloth-beam.

In weaving, the Navajo uses no shuttle strictly speaking; the nearest approach to it being a twig on which the yarn is placed; when the pattern is such that the wool has to be passed through many inches or more of the shed, the pattern is intricate and the



NAVAJO WOMAN WEAVING A BELT.



SECTION OF NAVAJO BELT.

passed through only a few inches of the shed, the yarn is wound into small balls and pushed through with the finger of the operator. The shed is opened by means of the batten, a flat piece of wood about three feet long and three inches wide, and used to strike home or close the threads of the loom. It is by the vigorous use of this implement that Navajo blankets are rendered waterproof. (See page 81.)

Beginning to weave in the lower shed, the operator draws a portion of the healds toward her, bringing forward the front threads of the shed which is thereby opened about one inch. She now inserts the batten edgewise, then, turning it so that its broad surfaces lie horizontally, by this means opens the shed about three inches and passes the weft through. When the weft is in, it is pushed down into its proper place by means of a wooden fork and the batten is then applied edgewise with firm blows on it. The lower shed having received its thread of the woof, the upper is opened. This is done by releasing the healds and shoving the shed rod down until it comes in contact with the healds, which process opens the upper shed down to the web. The weft is here inserted as before and the wooden

fork and the batten are applied. Thus the weaver proceeds alternately with each shed until the web is finished.

In fine and handsome blankets a main object of the weaver is to have both ends uniform, and to accomplish this, most operators weave a small portion of the upper end before they finish the middle. This process is accomplished either by weaving from above downwards, or turning the loom upside down and working from below upwards in the ordinary manner.

It has been already mentioned that the ends of the warp are quilted firmly together with a strong three-ply string; the lateral edges of the best blankets are similarly bordered and strengthened by cords applied to the weft. The way in which these are interwoven is this: Two stout cords of yarn, tied together are secured to each end of the cloth-beam, just outside the warp, and then carried upward and loosely tied to the yard beam. Every time the weft-thread is turned at the edge of the warp, these two strings are twisted, the web being passed through the twist. As this border thread is always twisted in the same direction, it is plain that a counter-twist keeps forming above the web, which in time would stay the process of passing the weft through the twisted cords; when, therefore, the upper portions of the cords become inconveniently twisted they are untied from the upper beam, to which they have been only loosely fastened, and are straightened out.

The weaving of the last two or three inches of the web is the most difficult part of the process and the most tedious. Some time before this distance from the finish has been reached, the weaver has been compelled to discard the batten, being no longer able to insert it in the warp. At this stage slender rods are placed in the sheds, and the web is passed with ever increasing difficulty on the end of a fine splinter, while the wooden fork can only be used to press down the woof. Finally both the rod and the shed itself have to be removed,





NAVAJO BLANKETS FOR WEDDINGS AND CHILDREN.

when, while weaving, and I was under-  
stood that each competitor was to  
weave into her fabric a private mark or  
device to aid the identification of her  
own work. It was the production of  
her own exhibit at the important  
competition that Teles engaged as we  
watched her with retrospective sight.

Teles was the daughter of a principal chief, and was skillful in the  
loom, in design and excellence of fab-  
ric. In her own tribe, as Penelope was  
among the Greeks. But unlike Pen-  
elope, though she had many suitors,  
she did not have recourse to the Greek  
woman's artifice in order to defer her  
choice, which had been made before  
the trial of skill was proposed; and  
she knew that before many moons  
were passed the production of her  
looms would reveal her husband's  
form. Aided by her sister, who spun  
the fine and even company yarns, and  
with the help of her slaves, she worked  
day and night, the loom and her  
whirl were never idle. The finished  
serape was a masterpiece of art, and  
was the pride of the village. It was  
the work of many months, and was  
the result of much labor and skill.

The women of the village were  
all busy with their looms, and the  
air was filled with the sound of the  
loom. The men were also busy, and  
the village was a scene of activity.  
The women were all dressed in their  
best, and the men were all dressed  
in their best. The village was a  
scene of peace and harmony, and  
the people were all happy and content.  
The women were all busy with their  
looms, and the air was filled with  
the sound of the loom. The men  
were also busy, and the village was  
a scene of activity. The women  
were all dressed in their best, and  
the men were all dressed in their  
best. The village was a scene of  
peace and harmony, and the people  
were all happy and content.

After the usual ceremonies the men  
of merit proceeded to examine the  
fabrics and pronounce upon their  
relative qualities. It is a grand  
art exhibition. The judges do not  
know who is the manufacturer of the  
blanket, though possibly a slight  
tincture in design and style of  
may suggest to the Pueblo connoisseur  
the village from which some of  
serapes came. There are many be-  
tiful exhibits, gorgeous in color,  
fine in texture, and the judges care-  
fully examine the most conspicuous  
them, turning each one over to  
both sides—as it should be—and  
paring the ends as to uniformity.  
They patiently and taciturnly per-  
form their duties, and when they  
pass judgment, not only is the  
serape pronounced to be the best  
in point of number, these were  
the women of her village were in-  
cessantly represented by the men  
of the village. The village  
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and the people were all happy and  
content.





th are all different in character  
ours. The first are tributary to  
Francisco and the second to Los  
eles. We have a rapidly dwin-  
g sheep industry, while that of the  
th is a factor in the world's wool  
ut. Some feel almost like Ran-  
h of Virginia, and would go a mile  
tick a sheep. We do not want  
p ranches nor sheep to destroy our  
ntain verdure. The wish with us  
been father to the act. The sheep  
hes are nearly all broken up and  
only county affected by mountain  
p pasturing has passed stringent  
measures that are expected to be  
ibitory.

ar game season is different from  
of the North, and rules suitable  
the reasonable preservation of  
e in the North are unsuitable in  
South. So also in kinds of game—  
e are desirable in the one section  
destructive in the other. The  
te for instance, though not ex-  
r game, has probably been a  
fit in Southern California by  
ing down rabbits and other pests.  
have no interest in paying a bounty  
oyote scalps, while the central  
on, and especially sheep districts,  
ly have. From Fresno south,  
ation is the life of the country.  
ne great railroad problem is quite  
rent in the two sections. In the  
h the commerce of the State and  
transportation has been in the  
ls of or under the control of one  
oration. It is only recently that  
hing has been done to alter this  
tion, and that only in sea compe-  
n. The interior is still in the fet-

The railroad question with us  
ry different. We have two trans-  
continental lines. We also have sev-  
independent roads running to  
wharves and there connecting  
ocean traffic, and we are not  
inated by anybody. Besides this  
other lines are building toward  
t, one from Goffs and the other  
Mojave. The Mojave one is  
under contract at this writing  
may go nowhere.

We are far from satisfied with a  
Northern and a Southern citrus fair.  
We have no interest whatever in  
spending State money on a Northern  
citrus fair. We have our hands more  
than full to market our fast increasing  
Southern crop. It may be said that  
seven or eight thousand carloads of  
oranges have little to fear from a hun-  
dred cars, but the answer to this is  
that a tax fund raised for the orange  
industry and divided in equal parts,  
half going to a small Northern pro-  
ducing area that ships but a minute  
proportion of the citrus crop, and the  
other half going to the great produc-  
ing area of the South is not a fair  
division. It is, in fact, the official  
robbery of the South to create artifi-  
cially a Northern competitor. If the  
South had control of this matter, it  
would probably say—"Gentlemen,  
pay for this commendable project out  
of your own pockets."

We do not want any State Citrus  
Fair at all on such terms. I do not  
wish to touch on the merits of the  
quarrel between the Horticultural  
Commissioners and the Southern  
counties. I have a high respect and  
friendship for Mr. Cooper, of Santa  
Barbara, but it is illustrative of the  
general conflict of interest between the  
sections that this State Board is at  
open war with the Horticultural offi-  
cers of the South. We maintain  
many State institutions that we derive  
no benefit from. One such is the  
expensive mining bureau. Whatever  
value this department may have for  
the North it is of no earthly account to  
us. The Fish Commission is another  
similarly useless expense for us. On  
the other hand, a commission compe-  
tent to serve our interests greatly, and  
that has done so in introducing suit-  
able trees for difficult places, etc., is  
knocked on the head at the first ex-  
cuse.

This division of interest always  
has existed. In 1810, the Franciscan  
friars suggested a division of the Mis-  
sions at the line of Santa Ynez to be  
Northern and Southern. Under the



Mexican Government there was an almost constant conflict between the two sections. For the North there were Alvarado, Vallejo, the Castros, Haro and Munras, for the South the Picos, Carrillos, Echandía, Bandini, and Stearns.

In 1832, there were for about a year two political governments in California, one under Echandía at Los Angeles and one under Zamorano at Monterey. In 1836, when the Californians revolted against Mexican centralization the State was divided into two cantons, one with the capital at Monterey, the other with the capital at Los Angeles. After the return to Mexican allegiance, it was again divided by Alvarado into two districts, the line being at El Buchon in San Luis Obispo County. Again at the occupation of the Americans, California was divided into two military departments on the same old lines.

The capital alternated, as the one side or the other triumphed, between Monterey and San Diego. For many years before the American occupation it was fixed at Los Angeles. The Government order to make Los Angeles the capital was issued from Mexico in 1835. The great gold invasion changed the balance of power, and the first constitutional convention under our flag met at Monterey in 1849. The Southern delegation to that body was solid for a separate government.

From the debate over the question of the State boundary we can cull with instruction the following:

Hon. L. W. Hastings, as Chairman of the Committee on State Boundary, reported:

" \* \* \* Your committee is of the opinion that the present boundary of California comprehends a tract of country entirely too extensive for one State. \* \* \* The country within the boundary of this territory as now established must ultimately be divided into several different States."

Hon. W. M. Gwin said: "If we include territory enough for several

States, it is competent for the people and the State of California to do it hereafter. \* \* \* And the history of our country, sir, develops the fact that we will have States here—probably as many as on the Atlantic side—and as we accumulate States we accumulate strength; our institutions become more powerful to do good and not to do evil. I have no doubt that the time will come when we will have twenty States this side of the Rocky Mountains. I want power, sir, and the population. When the population comes they will recognize that this State shall be divided. Here the proposal was made that a little later, not one, but many States would be created out of California, therein constituted.

Now that the conditions for division prophesied by the distinguished Gwin exist, now that the wealth, resources and population are here, we find that there are those who oppose the fulfillment of the promise of the convention of '49. The cases of both Maine and Tennessee were cited in the convention to prove that new States could be formed when the population was sufficient. The Southern delegates were opposed to the movement for a State Government and favored a territorial one. They were outvoted. The South, however, did not rest at this defeat but held separate conventions in 1850 and 1851 at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Diego.

Amongst the resolutions passed by the Los Angeles Convention of 1850-51 were these:

*Resolved*, That the diversity of interests between Northern and Southern California is such that they ought not to be united in the same political compact.

*Resolved*, That there is more than sufficient territory for two large States, and a parallel of 36° 30' would be a proper line of division between the two.

Strong protests were forwarded to Congress. This also failed, although Henry Clay, chairman of the Committee on Compromise Measures, said that the coast line of California was

long for one State. The reason for the Congressional action in this is stated by the committee to have been a lack of information on the capabilities of the southern part of the State to form a State Government. The ground then taken was probably correct, but it indicates the differences between the sections to be of long standing. From 1854 to 1856 there was an agitation to divide the State. Two division bills were introduced in the Legislature during this time. In 1859 a bill was passed by the Legislature setting off the then counties of Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino and part of Buena Vista (Kern) for a new State. The bill was approved by Governor Weller; it was submitted to the vote of the people in the county-named and was ratified by a two-thirds vote. Mr. B. A. C. Stephens, who is our best authority on these matters, says that "The certified returns were duly forwarded to Congress and were swallowed by some occult force." The excitement of civil war doubtless played a part in this result. After the affair the State still recognized the identity of Southern California by the ever pleasant cognomen of "Cow Counties." This is changed now by an insensible growth of common consent to "Southern California."

In 1880, a division convention was called in Los Angeles by such men as J. F. Spence, J. P. Widney, J. G. Widney, J. G. Estudillo and many others. A mass-meeting was held in January, '81, at which resolutions favoring State Division were passed and a legal committee appointed. This committee consisted of our leading lawyers, including Albert Stephens, George H. Smith, A. Brunson, C. E. Smith, H. T. Hazard and others. The committee recommended that a constitutional convention should be called, and reported that in their opinion the act of 1859 was still in full force and effect, and that it only remained for Congress to admit the new State. A call for a general meeting

of Southern California delegates was sent out. The meeting was held in September, '81. The sentiment was for State Division, and it was only because the movement was considered inopportune that no further action was taken. In 1888, another State Division meeting was held and strong resolutions were passed. The signers of the call for this meeting comprised nearly all the leading men of the community. Amongst the signers was the Los Angeles Furniture Company, of which Governor H. H. Markham was then president.

This division question commenced with the old padres, has continued ever since and will continue until the division takes place.

Some Northern Californians say that State Division is a mere political move fostered by politicians for office. The fact is that the leading politicians here deny any such sentiment. They are afraid to say a word about it. Since we have had Waterman, Markham and White, every prominent politician of the South is going to be a supreme judge, a governor or a senator. The bee is in their bonnets—they want State office. For a long time the South held no important State office and had no State institutions. Now the wedge has been put in. We have a normal school, a reform school and an insane asylum, together with the governor, the memory of a governor and a senator. This is nothing on our long back account. The Southern politicians really must have everything in sight for the next ten years at least to even up the old account. The balance for our millions of taxes and long exclusion from office and influence is heavily against the North. It will require a long time to square the account—if we stay in. The Northern politician may consider some things.

For a long time he has been eating turkey, nominally on shares, with his Southern brother. The South furnished the turkey and the North furnished the feeders. Now comes the South rustling and rudely elbowing



things political. The Southern politician with every increase of voting strength is growing bolder. Should he gain the power it would be his duty to square the account. The North then would doubtless be glad to furnish the turkey and smile, while the South gorged to make up for the past. Is it not a better Northern policy to divide now before the settlement is demanded?

To be more serious, the plan of State Governments in the West is not suitable to extended territory or diverse interests. It is inherently weak. The Governor is executive chief more in name than in fact. His cabinet is independent of him. The Attorney General, the Surveyor General, the Secretary of State and all the important officers are elected as well as he, and are usually of different parties or of different factions in the same party. There is as little expectation of unity of action, economy and efficiency under such a system as there is realization of such results. Such a government is incapable in its nature, and with every mile of distance loses the little force it ever had. The State policy to this far away section has been the "How not to do it." For this policy in most cases we are truly thankful. But it may well be surmised that a yearly tax toll greater than that of five important States sent from the South for such a result is unsatisfactory.

Thinkers would do well to consider the contrast between the plan of the Federal Government with only one elective executive officer and our cumbersome muddle in California. Our State Government in contrast may be termed hydra-headed. The fault of the Federal Government is a subordinate staff appointed by no rule of fitness, with no examination and with no tenure of merit; appointed, indeed, on grounds entirely foreign to their competence for any office of trust. The holding of technical, routine and clerical office under the U. S. Government is the only career in this country which is

not prepared for, and in which steady and conscientious work is not a means of success and promotion. Our Government has this fault in a worse form than the Federal Government. Here no one is responsible to anyone. The Governor is, indeed, in public sight, but the majority of his officers with their patronage, are responsible to him, and only come into view through some phenomenal badness. But all this is another story.

Southern California had by census of 1890 over 200,000 inhabitants. Its area is 60,000 square miles and its taxable property is at \$200,000,000. This is ample for a State Government and in excess of the resources of a considerable number of existing States. A line of division drawn across the State at the middle line of Fresno would give the Southern portion between 350,000 and 400,000 people.

When California was admitted to the Union, her population was 920,000 and the taxable property \$57,600,000, considerably less in both than the present population and property in the County of Los Angeles alone. There can be no doubt that taxes sent to Sacramento would give us a more satisfactory return than they do there.

It will be interesting to note the cost of a few State Governments

	Cost per Year.	Population.
Alabama	\$700,000	1,500,000
Arkansas	640,000	1,120,000
Delaware	120,000	120,000
Florida	300,000	350,000
Mississippi	600,000	1,200,000
New Hampshire	488,000	350,000
North Carolina	1,015,000	1,100,000
Rhode Island	637,000	250,000
Vermont	325,000	120,000
West Virginia	943,000	700,000

Our contribution to the State expenses exceeded any of these as late as 1880. It is absurd to suppose that a reasonably planned State Government could not do large public service for our section on a revenue similar to that required for great States of over a million population, and

less State taxation than we pay. We certainly would not set for a new State the present constitution of California, and there is probably sense enough here to get a reasonable tax system, leaving out of the unsatisfactory personal



HON. ABBOT KINNEY.

erty taxes so costly in collection. The thing we might get rid of the ships, and thus honestly encourage commercial competition and arise, instead of choking it to or driving it to tricks of flag

er. The Pacific Coast has only three Governments with six Senators. The Atlantic Coast has fourteen State Governments and twenty-eight Senators. To these fourteen should be added the great State of Pennsylvania. The State has indeed no coast line, but does a large maritime business through the Delaware, and should be added with her Senators with the others, making fifteen States and fifteen Senators. Anyone can see the difference in influence and

consideration such a condition must create. Of our Pacific Coast, excluding Alaska, California governs more than half. If we take a straight line running from the Oregon line to San Diego, and compare it with a straight line run south from Eastport, Maine, on the Atlantic, we will find that the California coast line equals that of ten Atlantic States and part of another. California's straight line would extend from Eastport, Maine, to Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. Or taking another comparison, it would extend from New York City to Jacksonville, Florida.

If the territory now comprising California was to-day seeking admission to the Federal Union, there can be little doubt that at least two States would be asked for. A reasonable person free from the old State associations considering this division question from all sides, considering the perhaps wise weakness of our State Governments compared to the Federal organization, considering California's great size, its long coast line, its diversity of interests and the proper influence of the Pacific Coast in the Federal Senate, could only advise division.

There is a State sentiment, a pride and a glory in California as a unit. A sentiment by no means confined to the North, but one in which we of the South share—at least the older settlers who have been here six months or so.

Although convinced that State division is for the best interests of both Northern and Southern California, and for the whole Pacific Coast, I still must confess to a pride in California as a unit, and a sentiment for the name as it stands. I have been over the State from the Oregon line to Tia Juana in Mexico, and know something of its attraction and charms, something of its vast interests, its glorious climate and its splendid scenery. If I were guaranteed to-day an income and congenial occupation suited in each case to the standard of





the North, it may well turn out to be who will struggle for a division.

He cannot but surmise that the dominant, will not consider will not be considered in the North, dominant in its turn. No great impression concerning the wishes of the still inchoate wish of the North for a State Government should be held in the North. It does not follow from the fact that Mr. White is the first Federal Senator resident in Santa Clara, not from the fact that for so long we have had so little personality in the Executive or on the Supreme bench, not from the fact of sending so much money North and getting so little in return, not from the fact that Del Valle's Normal School was our first State institution in so many years of neglect. The fault is due to the real reason of these many other cumulative causes of complaint. The trouble is that we are too far from the life, and too much isolated from the interests centering in San Francisco and Sacramento.

We appreciate the superiorities of the North. We know that Napa is a claret with which we cannot compete. We know that our grapes are naturally productive of port and heavy types and not of the lighter table wines. We know that in fruits the North excels us in cherries and in grapes, just as we excel in the lemon, guava and orange. We know too that in many products both of us are equally fortunate. Amongst them may be named barley, the grains (except oats) prunes, peaches, etc.

We in the South are glad of the movements of the North. But all appreciation and respect does not enable us to look forward to an eternal delay and government from a distance far from us in time and distance, and in which we know from a painful experience our concerns are imperfectly understood, our interests heeded more on compromise than on intelligent approval. Northern California must have a

complete set of State institutions. Take for instance that unhappy necessity, a penitentiary. At present we are obliged to send our criminals and officers with them to San Quentin or Folsom. This entails upon us a vexatious expense. I cite this illustration because it may possibly strike the Northern statesman that it is no great gain to that section to have all our malefactors colonized on that community. Thus he may more readily recognize that if we are ready to bear our own burdens in this and other things, it cannot be a bad policy to give us the freedom to do it without taxing the North to share the expense.

Very few Northern Californians ever visit Southern California. An examination of our hotel registers show them to be in an infinite minority amongst our tourists. A few come down from San Francisco, hardly any one from any other part of the State. The real fact is that the great mass of people in Northern California do not know Southern California and cannot understand its needs. We are too far off and neither in the line of its business or its travel. Our growth is largely deemed a sort of gas-bag affair with a consumptive playing acrobat on the trapeze. In this the North is as much mistaken as the sport at one of the great Saratoga boat-races. In that event, amongst the dainty and dressy Eastern crews, competed a rough but earnest Western one from Michigan. Their looks and splashy stroke excluded them from sporting consideration. But in the great three-mile race, their energy and endurance vanquished the old favorites.

After the contest the sport, with the deference and respect given to success, went down to the Michigan boat-house, and after many compliments on the crews' splendid performance, admiringly asked the captain what name he gave to this new and conquering stroke. "Wall," said the captain, "I don't know much about the name, but I guess you might call it





to our enterprise. Our great are great plains. They hold possibilities for us. Their economic condition will be *sui generis* and be dealt with here. It is no light of fancy to prophesy for deserts a greater population and per product than that of Pharaohland.

The Division is no new thing in California. It is not exact to say that the lands formerly held in the West and old States formed an integral part of these. But the lands held, say Connecticut and Virginia in Ohio, so after a fashion, and were added into that great State. Besides, however, we have the formation of Kentucky out of Virginia, Massachusetts out of North Carolina, and Alabama out of Georgia, and West Virginia out of New York, and West Virginia out of Virginia. In none of these cases were the conditions more favorable than those of our two great States in California. There is no doubt that any of these regret their secession, nor is there an intimate hope that they desire, or have ever intended to merge again into the old Union.

The desire for a local self-government in Southern California arises from jealousies, no antagonisms to Northern California, and least of all from political place-hunting. It is the result of economic and political necessities.

We need a State Government of our own. In Federal affairs we

have our own separate officers, courts, military department, etc., just as Oregon has; we have our own financial and industrial independence as much as Oregon has, and we have a new population quite as distinct from that of Northern California as is that of the State of Washington.

The interests of Southern California as far as Federal affairs are concerned, are those of California and the whole Pacific Slope. These united interests can best be served by a new State adding to our general strength at the National Capital. Our interests locally are diverse all over the coast. Those of Southern California have from the very first been at odds with those of Northern California. Northern California was never satisfied with the Capital at Los Angeles, nor are we with the Capital at Sacramento, and would not be any more so with the Capital at San José.

Our federal system is a happy combination of a strong union with full provision for local management of local affairs. It is our ambition to secure the full benefit of this condition. Northern and Southern California are brothers—not one person. At present we are united by an abnormal political ligature that prevents the full development and full satisfaction of either. Both should unite to sever the hampering bond. We wish to be a Siamese twin with you no longer; we prefer to remain always your devoted American brother.

## THE DIVISION OF A STATE.

### WHY IT IS IMPOSSIBLE.

BY HON. MORRIS M. ESTEE.

UNTIL the writer was informed that Mr. Abbot Kinney of Los Angeles had prepared an article for a number of the CALIFORNIAN regarding State Division, it was not before the subject was being generally discussed by our Southern friends;

nor is it now believed that the people of Southern California favor it. Since, however, those supporting the movement are seeking the public ear, some of the reasons why State Division is not feasible, are submitted, that the argument in favor of it may not go forth



unchallenged. There are business, political and social reasons why the division of California would be unwise. There are legal reasons why it is impossible. The business objections to division apply with great force to all sections of the State. The annual cost of maintaining the State Government of California is nearly \$5,000,000, while the assessed value of all the property of the State for the year 1892 was \$1,275,816.22. Of this amount \$1,086,399.858 was assessed upon property in Northern and Central California, and \$189,416,370 was assessed on property in the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, San Diego, Ventura, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, the so-called Southern counties. San Luis Obispo is not in fact a Southern county.

The total *county* indebtedness of the State in 1892 amounted to \$6,256,301.77; the total indebtedness of the seven Southern counties above named was \$1,548,487.15. The census of 1890 placed the total population of the State at 1,208,132. Of this number 217,424 were in Southern California, and 990,706 in Central and Northern California. It will thus be seen that less than one-fifth of the population of the State is in Southern California, and less than one-sixth of its wealth, while one-fourth of the county indebtedness is chargeable to the South. These statistics show the relative wealth and population of the two sections, and they show also how necessary each section is to the other. It goes without saying that if the State was divided taxation would be largely increased. Two State governments would cost more to maintain than one, and State Division would more than double the expense, for the reason that new State buildings would have to be erected, thus incurring additional expenditures and causing higher taxation. The increase of taxes decreases the net income of property and necessarily lowers its value. State Division would therefore be a serious business experi-

ment to all the people of the State. That it would materially affect the value of property, there can be no question. California is now prosperous. Is it business wisdom to attempt to do anything which may unfavorably affect this universal prosperity? An attempt at State Division and failure would be bad; an attempt if successful, would be far worse. And it would be worse not alone for the business reasons given, but because it would tear down a fabric which has been forty-three years in the course of construction; it would sever the business and social ties which for so long a time have held us together; it would inspire sectional strife which would greatly retard the growth of both sections and benefit neither. Note the factional struggle, the discord and the corruption which the mere division of a county causes, and then calmly ask, what would be the result in a contest for State Division?



HON. MORRIS M. ESTEE.

Nor do we find any reason for State Division in the argument that one section of the State is a restraint upon the prosperity of the other, because this is not true. The people of California are prosperous. There is no more striking illustration of the financial

condition of California than the amount and character of the deposits in our saving banks. California shows the highest average deposits to each depositor of any State in the Union, namely \$750.32. The next highest is Rhode Island, amounting to \$485.01 to each depositor. And this condition does not apply to one part of the State of California, but to all of it.

The political questions involved in State Division would be new and experimental. With two States, there would not only be twice the number of public officers, with no more people in both States than are now in one, and no more property to tax to pay the salaries of these officers than we now have, but there would be undivided public property; there would be new boundaries to establish; new laws to pass; a new constitution to adopt; new courts to create and new rights of property to adjust; the financial structure of both sections would be torn asunder, and the continuous and remunerative pursuits of the people would be very largely imperilled—and for what good purpose? Merely to give a few ambitious men a chance, which they would not otherwise have, to hold office. We see no other reason, because State Division would not increase our products, encourage our foreign or improve our domestic markets; nor would it attract to us a better class of immigration, or advance our financial or social condition.

The Southern counties have always had their full share of the public offices; they have been justly treated by the State. That section now has one United States Senator, two Congressmen and the Governor. If divided, under the recent Congressional apportionment, it would only be entitled to one Congressman. It has been justly taxed and taxed exactly as the rest of the State has been taxed; public institutions have been erected there by the State and a fair share of public expenditures has been made there. No marked differences exist

between the people of the two localities; substantially the same industries are carried on all over the State; good fellowship prevails; local contentions, strife and political unrest do not exist. Indeed, there is no more reason to-day, for State Division, than there has been at any previous period since the State was admitted into the Union. Southern California may want the State Capital. Other sections of the State want it. But the answer to this desire is, that the majority of the people located the Capital where it now is, and a majority alone can remove it. Do our Southern brethren think a minority of the people can remove the Capital, or even divide the State itself? It must be remembered that in free governments, under the long established theory of the greatest good to the greatest number, the majority rules. It might be added in this connection, that each citizen cannot have a Capital at his own door. Our State is more than 3,000 miles from the Capital of the Nation, and yet we have not on that account seceded from the Union. Nearness to the Capital of a State or Nation is not always an unmixed blessing.

It is contended with peculiar force that California is divided by a natural boundary, and that such natural boundary is the Tehachipi mountains. This is not true, except that the Tehachipi mountains separate a part of Los Angeles County from Kern County, while along all of the northern imaginary line of Southern California so-called, which separates San Bernardino and Inyo Counties, San Bernardino and Kern Counties, and San Luis Obispo from Monterey County, no high elevations or ranges of mountains form or can form a conspicuous boundary. The fact is, however, that California is a mountainous State, and nearly every county, except the few in the great valleys is divided and subdivided by high hills or ranges of mountains. For instance, Inyo, Alpine, Mono, Lassen, Plumas and Modoc are separated from the



rest of the State by the Sierra Nevada range, which reaches to an average altitude of from 9,000 to 10,000 feet. The counties of Del Norte, Humboldt, Mendocino and Lake are separated from the valley portions of the State by what is known as the Coast Range, which has an average altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet; and even the eastern portion of San Bernardino County is separated from the western part of the same county by the San Bernardino range of mountains, whose altitude reaches fully 11,000 feet, while the eastern and northern parts of Los Angeles are separated from the western and southern portions of the same county by the San Gabriel Range, which has an average altitude of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet.

It will thus be seen there is no such thing as great natural boundaries separating distinctive portions of the State of California, unless we admit that all of the hills and mountain ranges in this State are natural boundaries. If they are, California is divided, and so are many of the counties of the State divided, into small divisions — too small to form States.

And further, be it added in this connection, that the argument would be more potential if the Tehachipi Range was inaccessible; but the fact is, the only railroad now uniting Southern and Central California goes over the Tehachipi mountains, while a railroad is being built between Southern and Central California through the coast counties, which will not, at any point, reach an altitude exceeding 2,500 feet, and this road will soon be completed, thus forming two great railroad lines between Central, Northern and Southern California. To those who do not wish to build a wall between Northern, Central and Southern California, none exists. But suppose there were ranges of mountains separating Eastern and Western California, or Northern and Southern California, would that be any reason for State Division, if the different sections were accessible? And if not accessible,

then of course they should be separate nations.

It is also the contention of those who favor State Division that the territorial extent of California is too large for one State, and they compare California with the States of New England and the smaller and older of the Union. It need but be replied, that one hundred years ago it consumed more time to travel from Albany to New York or from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, than it does to go from San Bernardino, California, to Portland, Oregon. The railroad has revolutionized transport and has brought the remote parts of a country near to the great centers, thus the question of distance is no longer a vital or material issue. New States are larger than for instance, Montana has 110,000 square miles of territory, Nevada 110,000, Texas has 265,000, Oregon has 103,000 and California 100,000 square miles. California is no larger now than when admitted into the Union. All the Western States are mountainous. The topography of California is peculiar—all mountain peaks and valleys. We have no great plain rolling lands, as in the Middle Eastern States. Less of the land on the Pacific slope is arable than on the central or eastern side of the continent, so we have more lands that are arid in their character and more territory, and so it is that the inter-montane and Pacific States are all large. California was the first of the large States.

The matter of State Division should not be left alone to California. It should be noted that the Congress of the United States acts a conspicuous part in the admission of new States, and especially when such new States are formed out of old ones. There must be some overshadowing and impelling such a movement. If any new States will be admitted, the whole country has to be appealed to, and it becomes a national issue. Congress stands at the gateway to

which these new applicants for Statehood must pass. No political question has in the past so disturbed the public mind as the admission of new States into the Union. Three times in the history of the Republic has this subject sounded an alarm which took whole decades of years to silence.

The admission of Missouri, California and Kansas, were disturbing elements in national politics for forty years. At that time the monetary and industrial institutions of our country were less potential than now; but as wealth and population have increased, American politics are more closely interwoven with the business of the nation; and thus, whatever disturbs the one injures the other. Indeed, State Division would now cause political unrest all over the country, and like the threat of war it would affect State and national credit, decrease production, limit employments, lower prices, disturb public confidence, and, in a word, be a political sin for the commission of which there can be no adequate excuse or sufficient punishment.

The legal objections to State Division are found first, in Section 3, Article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, which reads as follows:

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union, *but no new States shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State*, nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislature of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress."

This constitutional provision was framed by the founders of our Government, first, because it was then believed that upon the harmony and unity of the States of the Union, would depend the harmony and peace of the nation, and that a change in the relations of any one or two of the States would interfere with the peace and good order of all of them; second,

to avoid strife among the people of the different parts of the same State, or among the different States; and third, to maintain a stable, perpetual and equal division of political power among all the States, the object being to avoid the temptation of political majorities to increase, for political purposes, senatorial representation by means of an undue increase of the States of the Union.

Under this section of the Constitution, by the most favorable construction given to it, the State Legislature of California would first have to pass a resolution favoring State Division; second, the Congress of the United States would have to give its consent by a majority vote of both houses, before two new States could be carved out of one old one.

Possibly the most striking illustration of the danger and folly of State Division is found in an article written by Mr. James Sullivan, published in the Massachusetts "Gazette" of December 2d, 1787, and recently republished in Ford's "Essays on the Constitution" (page 42), which article refers to Section 3, Article 4 of the National Constitution above quoted, where the author says:—

"This section can be opposed by none who have the power and happiness of the State at heart, for by this section the designs of those who wish to effect the disunion of the States in order to get themselves established in posts of honor and profit, are entirely defeated."

State Divisionists point to the admission of West Virginia as an instance where the Constitutional rule was not followed. But they are clearly in error. The State of Virginia had seceded from the Union; the Capital of that State had become the Capital of the Southern Confederacy, which was then in open arms and making war against our country. The western part of old Virginia, consisting of forty-eight counties, opposed secession; and on November 26th, 1861, held a convention, and after denounc-



ing the secession of the State of Virginia, petitioned the United States to be admitted into the Union, and by Act of Congress passed December 31st, 1862, West Virginia was so admitted. But this was done in time of war—was a war measure. It was not claimed then, nor is it claimed now, by any student of Constitutional law, that under the Constitution of the United States, two or more States may be carved out of one, and those two States admitted into the Union, unless they follow both the spirit and the letter of the section of the Constitution of the United States above quoted.

The admission of the Republic of Texas is not a precedent. That territory was *annexed* to the Union. It had not previously formed an American territory or any part of a State. When it was admitted into the Union a proviso was made to the effect that four more States might be carved out of it. This was done to avoid the very Constitutional objections referred to; and yet no effort has since been made to make any additional States therefrom. Texas was a vast territory, and the creation of more slave States was then a vital issue—an issue however, which happily, is now forever settled.

Second. Nor do our friends of Southern California find any legal authority for State Division in the Act of Congress admitting California into the Union. Happily, the law of Congress giving political autonomy to the State did not provide for the dismemberment of the very political organization it created, nor did it indicate any means by which its withdrawal from the Union or the division of the State might safely be accomplished. Congress fixed the boundaries of the State, and the people have no legal power to change those boundaries, except in the manner indicated by the Constitution. Indeed, the admission of California into the American Union formed one of the great political epochs of our country's history. It was the second national contest between freedom and

slavery. The first was made the admission of Missouri. So conspicuous was the effort made by every leading Californian to get into the Union, that, north and south, people were practically unanimous in admission, and the greatest nation took part in christening the golden child of the Pacific and dedicating it to freedom. These acts, Northern and Southern, bore a conspicuous and patriotic

To the pioneers, State Division would be a bereavement, because State pride of those who helped build it, is boundless. They were here when our civilization was in infancy, our population sparsely and widely disseminated, our wealth limited, our industries few in number, opportunities for communication with the rest of the country slow and uncertain. Their very isolation drew them more closely to the new civilization which they were creating. Their commendable pride they have witnessed the marvelous growth of the State, progress in every line of a better civilization, the building of its schools, churches and colleges, and their of improved social conditions, they have learned to cherish for the State all the affection which a citizen can have for the object of his affection. They are proud of every part of the State. They love it all. No Californian who participated in the stirring events of its early Statehood could do less, and they will willingly consent to its division.

In this connection, it must be admitted that those who came here in recent times, whose youth and manhood were spent elsewhere, do not and cannot appreciate the rooted affection which the pioneer Californians have for the State. The newcomer is only attached to the State in which he lives, the old Californian knows but one California—the whole State.

We need but cast one glance at the great State of California to see what we would lose by State Division.

and the little we would gain by it. Remember that within the last forty years, great cities have grown up in our midst, orchards and vineyards have been planted and now beautify and adorn every landscape, while peace and prosperity and contentment is the lot of our people. We may look in vain for a country favored as ours has been favored, for opportunities as abundant as those we possess, for a climate as balmy, soil as gener-

ous, skies as bright or people more kindly and hospitable, more generous and charitable than the people of our great State. Then let us never change or separate while these conditions continue, and they ought to and will continue so long as the teachings of the early Californians, and the experience and practices of their children and children's children shall be felt and enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Pacific Slope.



## ARTEMUS WARD IN NEVADA.

BY DAN DE QUILLE.

**I**N 1863, the Comstock mines of Nevada were in the full swing of their youthful prosperity. Already Virginia City contained about 12,000 inhabitants when, staging it over the mountains by the old Placerville route, Artemus Ward arrived under an engagement to deliver his famous lecture entitled the "Babes in the Wood"—a lecture in which not the slightest reference was made to the "poor innocents" that wandered in the wood "till death did end their grief."

Artemus had been lecturing in San Francisco, and other places in California, and expectation was on tip-toe when he arrived in Virginia City. He was "hail, fellow, well met" with every one the moment he reached

town. All had so often read and laughed over the letters and sketches of the proprietor of the Great Moral Show that when he appeared on the Comstock he was greeted as an old acquaintance.

Ward was then in fine health and spirits. Everything he saw called forth a joke or a quaint saying. His drollery was without effort. His fun like the quality of mercy was not strained. It was natural to him to see the comical side of everything. He teemed with waggery which on the slightest provocation expanded into a surprising flow of facetiousness—into a merry, sportive string of pleasantries. There was nothing malicious in his fun, and he harbored no feeling of





of the queer words and expressions I hear in different regions. These I shall sometimes use in sketches located in those places where heard." He told me that he had one book filled with notes of queer things he picked up among the boatmen about the wharves of the towns on the great lakes. He also contemplated altering his style as regarded spelling, except in letters in which he appeared as the "wax figger" showman. Had he not died at the early age of thirty-two he would doubtless have worked into stories and sketches much material that he had accumulated.

Although Artemus made no pretension to a knowledge of fine points of art, he frequently made hasty pencil sketches of places and persons that struck his fancy. In a letter he wrote me from Austin, Nevada, he sent me on the back of a programme a sketch of a brush-roofed saloon in which he lectured at Big Creek. That sketch has disappeared, but I still have two small ones made, I think, in New York at the water-front. I am of the opinion that he made most of his rude pencil drawings as hints for artists in making illustrations for his sketches.

As I said above, he did not take extended notes. He wanted only a few words. "Let me get that," he would say, and down went the expression that had struck him, with the name of the place. For the rest he trusted to his memory. In a few words he was able to give the local color of a place. In leaving Aspinwall it is—"Adios, Americanos!"

On the Panama Railroad—"There are huts all along the route, and half-naked savages gaze patronizingly upon us from their doorways."

Central America—"The Central American is lazy. The only exercise he ever takes is to occasionally produce a revolution."

Acapulco—"The pretty peasant girls peddle necklaces made of shells."

Arriving at San Francisco it "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!"

Stockton—"A vivacious man vites me to ride in a chariot drawn by eight lions and a rhinoceros."

Carson City—"I hain't killed for over two weeks! What'll you poison yourself with?"

Virginia City—"It's splendid paved with silver."

Artemus Ward was fond of teals and theatrical people. He was full of scraps of plays, which he constantly quoted in a comical way. While in Virginia City he blacked his face one night and appeared as "end man" in a minstrel show. He was performing at Niagara Hall street. He happened to be acquainted with some of the leading members of the company and good-naturedly volunteered in order to help them. Also he probably wished to see how he could do in that line. He was a good deal of fun, and of a kind that was fresh and droll. Though he appeared among them but once, Artemus gave the company many telling and funny little stories.

Artemus at times contemplated going to the stage as a comedian, but he feared he was too old. He was of the opinion that he ought to have begun at the beginning when he was about nine or twenty years of age. Yet at the time of his visit to the Comstock he thought quite seriously of writing a play for himself; one that could be performed by a small company in which he would have appeared as his great character of showman. The play would have introduced "Jane" and other "Baldinville" characters, also some of the "wax figgers." The play, with the characters he intended using, would undoubtedly have been a success on the stage, as it had been thoroughly advertised throughout the country by his letters and sketches, and would have added new lustre to the career of the gifted humorist.



# Among the Wild Grasses

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.

OR beauty we turn most readily to those forms of plant life that bear luxurious flowers, of such size and variegated hues that they demand attention and homage. But even as the greatest intellects and souls often conceal themselves beneath the most unassuming exteriors, so amongst the most humble surroundings may be found some of nature's greatest wonders and rarest beauties. If we should go forth in the fields with as keen susceptibilities as little children, but with our maturer discrimination and knowledge, and examine those well-known forms of plant life, whose very familiarity has rendered them worthless in estimation, we would be rewarded by many surprising discoveries.

Account of the great diversities of climate, altitude, soil, and geological formations there are in our country many varieties of interesting and beautiful ones, whose artistic value does not seem to be thoroughly appreciated. In life we seldom realize or understand beauty save in its concentrated essence. The Japanese have a higher and more artistic conception of floral beauty. They do not value it for the individual attraction of a flower alone, or the rarity of a plant, but for its artistic aspects and in its relation to the plant which bears the flower. They thereby get the benefit of a continuous successive grace and beauty of a higher order than that possessed by the flower alone, for in connection with the stems and leaves it is capable of freer expression. The wild grasses possess this grace and beauty, which render them fit subjects for house decorations and artistic decorative designs.

But in their native homes they are even more interesting and effective, both for their artistic value and their habits and manner of growth. When they are widely scattered over a meadow or bank they display to advantage the individuality of each plant, the grace and texture of the stems, leaves and flower-stalks, while growing close together, a habit of many of the grasses, they often form masses of effective beauty, which varies according to the kind of grass, the angle at which the light strikes it. The writer has often watched great fields of tall grasses and noted how they sometimes produce brilliant, at others, cool and restful effects in relation to the surrounding landscape. When a light wind passes over them, there is a continuous undulatory motion as they bend before it, unlike that of the bosom of the ocean, while during a storm one could almost imagine there were angry waves racing on, and losing themselves beyond the distant limits of the field. Such a field of grass bending in the breeze,



SORREL.

flashing back the rays of the summer sun, is a world in itself, and as the stalks bow and bend, chameleon like, the entire mass changes tint and hue—shades of green following one another in bewildering confusion over the surface.

Lying among the grasses, their delicate forms take on a deeper meaning; every blade has its beauties; every leaf is a masterpiece of coloring. The wild oat, rich in yellow, dangles from its delicate stem a fairy bell that jangles music so soft that it is scarcely heard save by the quickened sensibility of the imagination, and it is at intervals rudely interrupted by the more realistic sounds produced, mayhap, by the bees that dash here and there in the Lilliputian forest. Overhead, swing forms of a delicate feathery appearance, others are crowned with sharp spines, each seed armed *cap a pie*, while away against the sky the parachutes of the dandelion sail, wafted from their light beds at the whispering of the mildest breeze, catching an ethereal silver glow from the sunlight, which, as it floods the openings in the grass, discloses wonders yet untold. From where we lie a broad band of light illumines a little vale, and above the grass-tops unnumbered insect forms are brought into strong relief, moving in some mysterious dance. They apparently float on the beams of light, rising and falling in unison as it to the measure of the cricket's chirp beneath the leaves, or the shrill clarion of the grasshopper. The very grass makes music, the rustling and clashing of the leaves, the sensuous murmur of the wind appeals to the poetic and æsthetic senses, and here, in complete touch with the very simplest and lowest of God's creatures, one feels that ineffable longing to know all the secrets of nature and to rise above the limitations of human life.

Presently a grass blade is seen to bend as though under some unusual weight, and turning we see a spider standing in the attitude of a gymnast,

the rear part of his body and elevated in the air. A tiny thread is being industriously which gradually lengthens as it extends about a foot above the spider, swaying and curving in the sunshine. Suddenly a breeze catches it, and away it flies, carrying the aeronaut. This is his vehicular locomotion. Whether he has order by which to steer his course has not been ascertained, but he

alights somewhere between threads gathered into a little raft upon which he comfortably ensconces himself.

The attention is

startled quick and a hoppe by, so toward arms



point of one of the tall grasses. He rashly dashes upon it, and before he realizes what has happened, the sharp spear has pierced his head, and to his horror he finds himself hopelessly impaled, his wings and legs vainly waving and struggling in the air. He has made his last journey. There is no one to mourn your tragic fate, little rover. The insect and plant life is just as full of joyous life and color as it was a moment ago, and the sun shines just as brightly. The butterflies, unmindful, flit about



COMMON  
DANDELION.

they sit and talk through the long August afternoons, or lie with the bending stalks lightly touching their faces, half asleep, listening to the droning of the bees and locusts, until the piping of the tree frog warns them that evening is approaching, and they return home with flushed and happy faces and hands full of the long slender flower tipped stalks that have shaded and cooled them during the heat of the day.

Nature must have had some hidden scheme which we are unable to understand in constructing so many of her creations on almost parallel lines, the slight divergence of which the purely poetic or artistic temperament, that absorbs great things with a fine disregard of details, fails to discern, but which the scientific mind will at once discover, for it is his nature to investigate and dissect. Perhaps if the scientist were to trace the lineage of some of these plants, so like in appearance, but of distinctly different families, he would be rewarded by some interesting discoveries. There is never anything unreasonable in nature—her laws are invariable, though sometimes incomprehensible.

Grasses, scientifically speaking, con-

stitute the family *inacæ*. They are all plants, having one lobe or semi-lobed leaves. The roots are generally spreading and shallow, the roots being well de-

a delight only known to childhood when they are completely hidden by the tall grass stalks, or make little nests where

sturdy and far-reaching. This is characterized by an almost variable uniformity. Below the family are the many cereals, wheat, barley, rye, also the lesser plants forming the principal factor of turf of nature. The rice, maize, millet, sorghum, sugar cane of warmer climates, also the bamboo are less types, but they all constitute of this indispensable species of vegetation.

A common form is the *Elymus perenne* or Perennial rye grass, which was cultivated in the 7th century, which is now cultivated extensively throughout our country. In its habits of growth it is interesting. There are several varieties, alike in general construction, but differing in some particulars. It is generally heavy and strong and coarse, often attaining great height, growing in clumps on the banks of rivers and creeks and moist prairies. The plant *Elymus tricoideus* differs from the other varieties in its strong runners and manner of growth, which is in thick masses, but scattered singly.

The *Lolium perenne* or rye grass, which was introduced into Europe is quite graceful, the masses growing solitary on each side of the simple spike. The plant is from two to three feet high, leafy, and terminate in a loose panicle about six inches long. The Poison Dandelion is of the same family. On account of its tendencies it is usually exterminated from fields. It is to be regretted among species of plants that are supposed to be the embodiment of

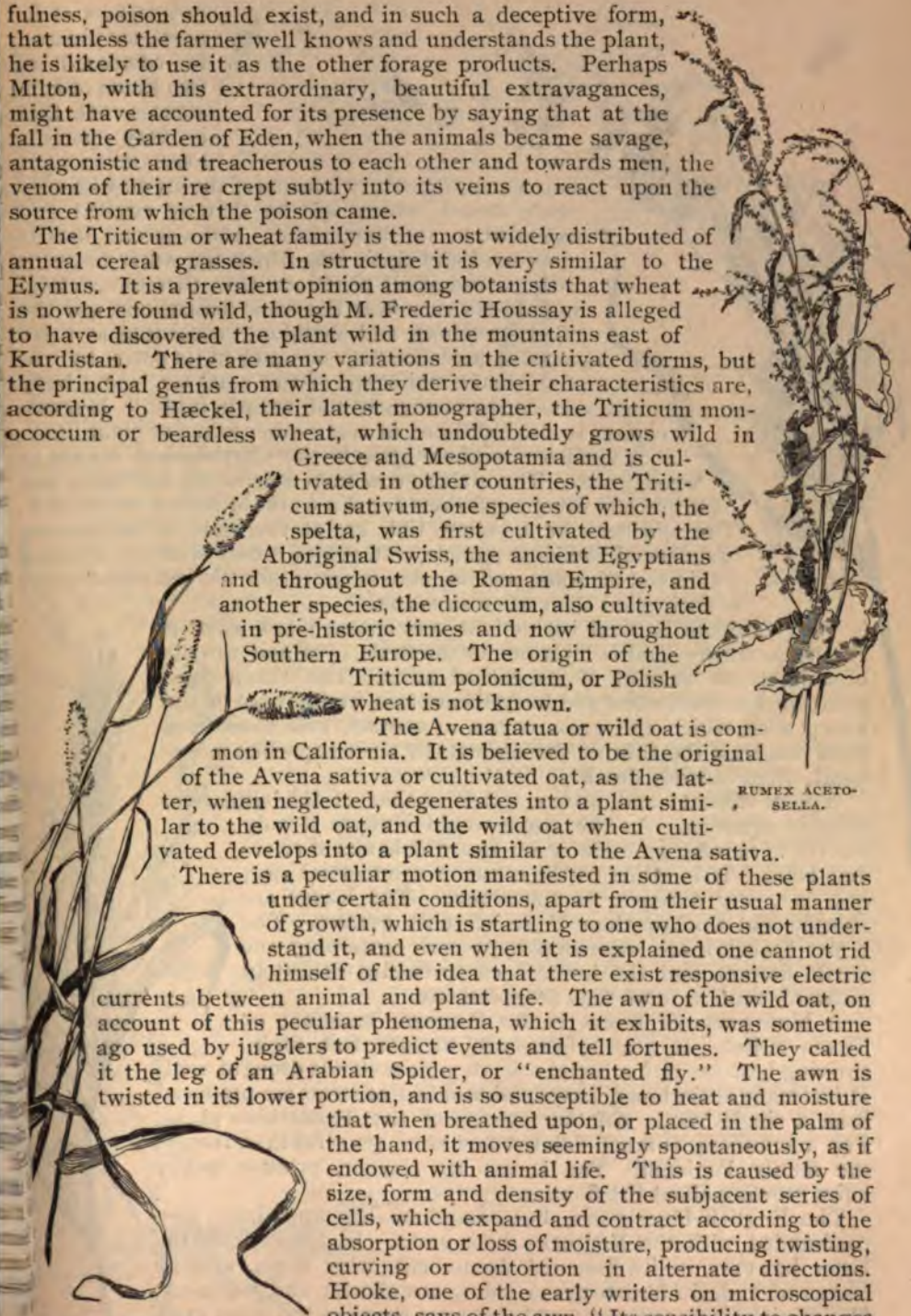
fulness, poison should exist, and in such a deceptive form, that unless the farmer well knows and understands the plant, he is likely to use it as the other forage products. Perhaps Milton, with his extraordinary, beautiful extravagances, might have accounted for its presence by saying that at the fall in the Garden of Eden, when the animals became savage, antagonistic and treacherous to each other and towards men, the venom of their ire crept subtly into its veins to react upon the source from which the poison came.

The Triticum or wheat family is the most widely distributed of annual cereal grasses. In structure it is very similar to the Elymus. It is a prevalent opinion among botanists that wheat is nowhere found wild, though M. Frederic Houssay is alleged to have discovered the plant wild in the mountains east of Kurdistan. There are many variations in the cultivated forms, but the principal genus from which they derive their characteristics are, according to Hæckel, their latest monographer, the Triticum monococcum or beardless wheat, which undoubtedly grows wild in

Greece and Mesopotamia and is cultivated in other countries, the Triticum sativum, one species of which, the spelta, was first cultivated by the Aboriginal Swiss, the ancient Egyptians and throughout the Roman Empire, and another species, the dicoccum, also cultivated in pre-historic times and now throughout Southern Europe. The origin of the Triticum polonicum, or Polish wheat is not known.

The Avena fatua or wild oat is common in California. It is believed to be the original of the Avena sativa or cultivated oat, as the latter, when neglected, degenerates into a plant similar to the wild oat, and the wild oat when cultivated develops into a plant similar to the Avena sativa.

There is a peculiar motion manifested in some of these plants under certain conditions, apart from their usual manner of growth, which is startling to one who does not understand it, and even when it is explained one cannot rid himself of the idea that there exist responsive electric currents between animal and plant life. The awn of the wild oat, on account of this peculiar phenomena, which it exhibits, was sometime ago used by jugglers to predict events and tell fortunes. They called it the leg of an Arabian Spider, or "enchanted fly." The awn is twisted in its lower portion, and is so susceptible to heat and moisture that when breathed upon, or placed in the palm of the hand, it moves seemingly spontaneously, as if endowed with animal life. This is caused by the size, form and density of the subjacent series of cells, which expand and contract according to the absorption or loss of moisture, producing twisting, curving or contortion in alternate directions. Hooke, one of the early writers on microscopical objects, says of the awn, "Its sensibility to changes in the atmosphere seems to depend on the different



TIMOTHY-GRASS.

RUMEX ACETO-  
SELLA.





WILD OATS.

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into which the watery streams of the air may easily be forced, which will be thereby swelled in its dimensions; and a second more hard and close, into which the water little, or not at all penetrate, this, therefore, always very near the same dimensions, other stretching and shrinking, according to more or less moisture or water in its portion of the make and shape of the parts the whole must necessarily unwreath and wreath itself. Copism is also exhibited in many other forms of plants.

A species of wild oat grass is the *Chrysopogon* wood grass. The stalks grow from four to six feet high; the graceful drooping flowers are of a warm brownish tint. The spikelets, of a yellow tint, are at the ends of the branches of the loose panicle. It grows rather sparsely in a thin bed of grass, and is more beautiful for the individual of each plant than when *en masse*.

The *Hordeum* or wild barley is a very coarse plant when it reaches maturity, and is injurious to the flesh, eyes and throats of animals on account of its barbed awns. The sharp rigid points of the seeds enter and bury themselves in the wool of the sheep with which the grass comes in contact, and sometimes even penetrate the skin of the animals by their screwlike movement, often causing death.

A very delicate and artistic grass is that of the wild rice, *Zizania aquatica*. As the name would indicate it only thrives in marshy grounds or on the wet banks of rivers and lakes. It is allied to the common commercial rice, but, is vastly different in appearance. The leaves are shorter and thicker than those of most grasses. The upper branches are somewhat oppressed, containing the fertile flowers, and the lower ones, spreading delicately outward, contain those that are staminate.

A blue grass of Texas is the *Panicum texanum* or Texas millet. It grows from two to four feet high, thriving best on rich alluvial soil, though it stands drought well. It has many short broad leaves and numbers of stems are produced from a single root. Another species of the Texas blue grass, *Poa arachnifera*, is much daintier and more graceful than that of the family *Panicum*. The leaves are slender, profuse webby hairs growing about the flowers.

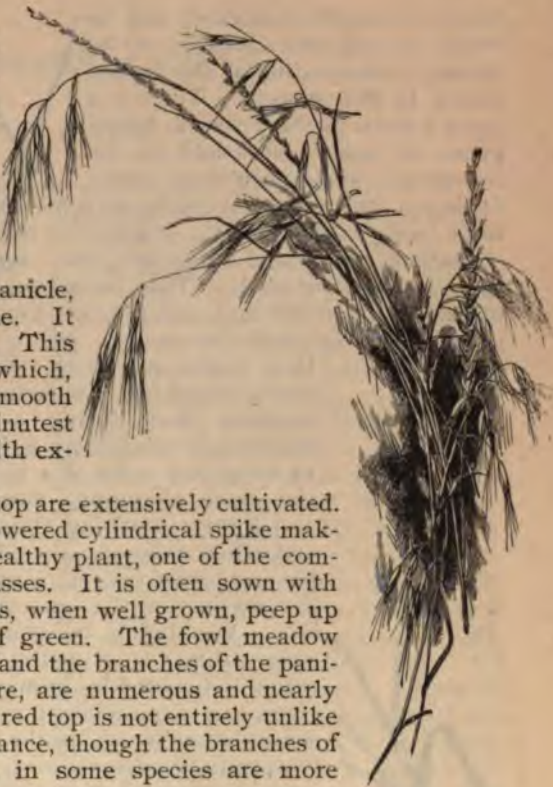
The English blue grass, *Poa compressa* has sometimes been confounded with the Kentucky blue grass. It differs from the latter however, in its flattened, decumbent, wiry stems, and its leaves of a dark bluish green color, are shorter and narrower. The panicle, is more scanty, and the outer stems of the plant grow diagonally outward from the root.

The real Kentucky blue grass, *Poa Pratensis*, also called June grass, and spear grass, is indigenous to the mountainous regions of this country as well as of Europe, and has been introduced into cultivation in many countries. It grows from one and a half to two feet high with a luxurious profusion of long, soft radical leaves. It is of a rich, soft color, and the panicle, pyramidal, or oblong in outline. It bears but one flower stem a year. This is the grass that produces lawns, which, when closely mown, are like smooth green velvet upon which the minutest shadow is faithfully reproduced with exquisite softness.

Timothy, fowl meadow, and red top are extensively cultivated. The timothy is stiff, its thickly flowered cylindrical spike making it seem top-heavy. It is a healthy plant, one of the commonest and best known of grasses. It is often sown with clover, whose round pink heads, when well grown, peep up at intervals through the sea of green. The fowl meadow grass has narrow linear leaves, and the branches of the panicle, mostly in fives or more, are numerous and nearly erect. The red top is not entirely unlike it in appearance, though the branches of the panicle in some species are more spreading.

A peculiar plant known as pin-clover or pin-grass, but not properly belonging to either family, is the *Alfileria* or *Alfilerilla*. It is really a member of the geranium family. The plant is very healthy and need never be re-sown, as it reproduces itself. It throws out its carcles, which, by means of the sharp points and twisted beaks bury themselves in the soil, and spring up thickly the following year. Many of the grasses have a similar method of reproducing themselves, throwing out their little sharp arrows, that snuggle down closely into the warm earth for protection and nourishment. Nature does not seem to forget one of her newborn children, for she provides them all with a nurse as well as a mother.

There are still other plants that have been commonly classed among grasses, but which are not of the same family, and there are also many other varieties outside of those that have been named and described, differing infinitely in details of habit and development. Volumes could be filled with descriptions of them in their different phases,





which, if closely examined, will be found of sufficient variation to be almost as interesting as the human family in this respect. There is a grass known as the Tussock, which grows in sandy places and on the sea-shore. It is peculiarly useful during a storm in preventing, to some extent, the sand from being blown about. It grows in clumps which are sometimes set closely together and sometimes stray sparsely over the sands. They have long supple blades with pointed ends, and are very tough and pliant, bending easily before the heavy winds

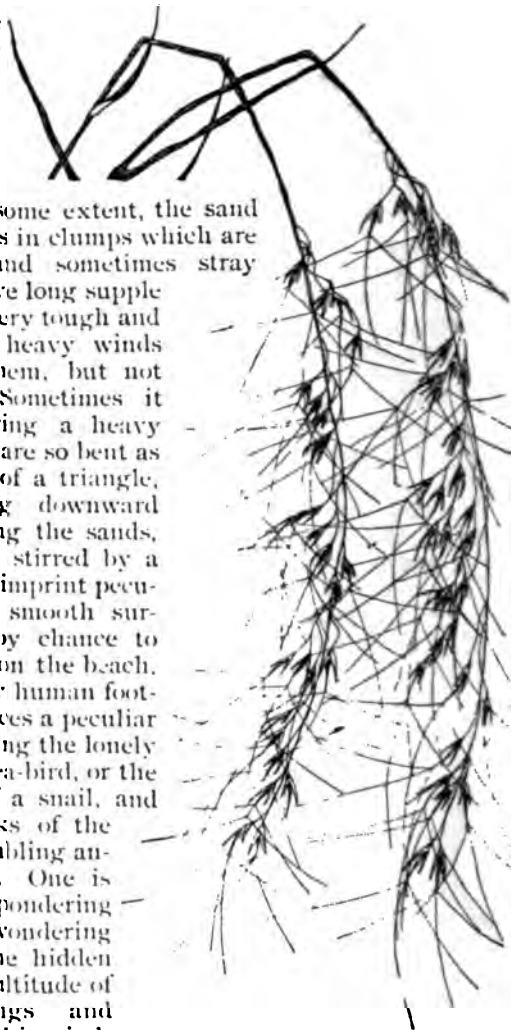
that sweep over them, but not easily breaking. Sometimes it happens that during a heavy storm their blades are so bent as to form two sides of a triangle, the point hanging downward and lightly touching the sands, and when they are stirred by a passing breeze they imprint peculiar marks on the smooth surface. Wandering by chance to some solitary spot on the beach, rarely frequented by human footsteps, one experiences a peculiar sensation upon seeing the lonely footprints of some sea-bird, or the long weary trail of a snail, and these curious marks of the grasses, often resembling ancient hieroglyphics. One is apt to find himself pondering over them, and wondering if they possess some hidden meaning, and a multitude of fantastic imaginings and speculations throng his mind.

Animals have their means of communication with each other and even with mankind, and it seems but just that plants should be endowed with the same privilege. If it is not so, of what avail are the sweet and sensuous song and odor of the pines, the lightening phosphorescent interchanges of the

nasturtium, the double marigold, the red poppy, and also all the infinite variations of form and color and the subtle power and insinuation of other plants and flowers? And perhaps these humble sand-grasses, that do not seem to be well endowed with the attractions and powers possessed by other forms of plant life, are mutely communicating with one another, or even seeking to convey their meaning to human kind through their writings on the sand.



AWNED BUNCH-GRASS.



tribes, and so on until there was almost ceaseless war in the valley that was then known as Anahuac. In time came the Olmecs, those shadowy people whose very history is known only by the dimmest traditions; then the Toltecs, who either faded away or were amalgamated with succeeding races; then came the great empire of the Montezumas, and then the Great Conquest, and the sway of the white-skinned men. The tale I shall tell you is a tale of the present, but it also goes back far before the time of the *Conquistadores*, or even the time of the Aztec supremacy. It is a strange tale, and by many will be called a lie, but I say to you, Señor, that it is a true tale, and it tells almost all of sorrow or of joy that has been in my life.

"As you see, I am a Mexican. Of Mexicans there are many kinds: the Castilians, the *peons*, the pure-blooded Indians. I am a *mestizo*—a creole, you might call it. In my blood are strains of the purest Castilian Spanish and also strains of Indian blood. When the *Conquistadores* came, many of them took wives from the native women. My first male Castilian ancestor did this, taking his wife from a small tribe known as the Ulo, of whom there were not two hundred all told, and of whose descendants I am the only one, except the people of whom I will tell you. In this way the blood of my ancestors became mixed, and it was mixed often after that by marriage. My mother seemed more Indian than Castilian, for while she was a devout Catholic, she practised old Ulo tribal rites in secret. My father was a wise man for the place where he lived; he saw to it that I was started in the way of being educated, and then he died. My mother died soon after my father, and when she lay on her bed of death she sent for me and said to me:

"My son, you may live to be an honored man among the people of this country, and you should, for there was a time when the Ulos, who are your

ancestors, were counted among the rulers of this great valley, and they held sway over tribes far more numerous than their own. The old words that have come down to me from my mother and from my mother's mother and from all the women of my line tell that in an olden time the tribe of the Ulo came to this valley from the North; came to the valley and conquered it, although the Ulos were but a small tribe. They ruled in the valley until the Toltecs came, that great tribe whose numbers were as the numbers of the birds of the air. The Toltecs were conquerors, and as the Ulos would serve no masters, they gathered together and sought out a new land far to the southwest of this. All did not go, and the ones of the Ulos who remained in the valley have all faded from the earth since the time of the Conquest—all but you and me, and now you will be the only one. The Ulos are the chosen people of Those Above; they were promised that on the earth there should always be a land for them, and that a prophet should always dwell with them to keep them faithful to the true creed of the olden time. The descendants of the tribe that left the valley are upon the earth to-day; I know not where, but upon the earth I know they are, for so it was promised. When I was young, I longed to go forth and seek out the dwelling-place of this tribe of my people, but a woman is but a weak thing; I loved your father, and I abode with him. But because of my longing to dwell with my own people I have always cherished memories of them; I have taught you, my only child, the language of this people, which language is now forgotten in the valley of Anahuac. And upon your arm I have placed the sacred mark of the Ulo, the writing that reads:

*In this body flows the blood of Ulo!*

"Now, my son, when my body has been again returned to the earth,



go thou and seek the descendants of your forefathers; seek them and learn truth from them, and by dwelling among them, be numbered among the chosen people of the world.'

"Then my mother died, and I was greatly impressed by what she had told me. It was true that she had taught me the language of the Ulo, and on my arm was tattooing that read as she had said. I was a young man, eager for adventure, and I desired greatly to find the dwelling place of this strange tribe. I went to the schools, to the heads of government departments, to travelers—everywhere inquiring for a tribe known as the Ulo. No one knew anything of such a tribe, but as I believed the tribe existed I traveled to the remote parts of Mexico, seeking it. I did not find anyone, however, who had even heard of the tribe, and in time I almost abandoned hope of ever finding it. My desire to seek out this people was founded only on a desire for adventure and not on account of the belief of my mother; but for all that I was very loth to give up my hope of discovering them.

"After I had ceased to look for the Ulos, I became engaged as a minor officer upon a small ship that sailed from the port of Mazatlan up and down the west coast of Mexico. On one cruise we passed a barren coast where high rock walls rose up sheer at the water's edge, so steep that it seemed impossible for any living thing to scale them. The place had a charm for me on account of its being a locality destined apparently never to come under the control of man.

"The wall of rocky cliffs ran for several miles along the coast, and it chanced that as we were passing it I had a violent quarrel with my superior officer. In the heat of anger I struck him in the face, knocking him senseless. He was a vindictive man, and I knew that as soon as we reached a port he would have me arrested for mutiny. So I determined to escape, and some of the common sailors, who

were friends of mine, assisted me. I took a small boat, rigged it with both sails and oars and provisioned it, taking a few belongings, such as a revolver, photographic camera and a supply of tobacco; and embarked, getting safely put off before the officer could prevent. The ship sailed on down the coast, and before it went out of sight I saw the officer I had struck looking back at me through a glass. No doubt he was pleased, for it must have seemed to him that there were chances that I might never reach a place where I could land.

"I was very well content in my small boat. I always loved adventure and I was happy as I sat in the boat and smoked, and looked out over the blue waves of the calm Pacific Ocean. I felt free from all the cares that beset men in the common walks of life, and it seemed to me that I would be content to drift forever, alone on that beautiful expanse of water that seemed to stretch from the world to eternity.

"As I was near the rock cliffs that had excited my curiosity I determined to sail as close to them as I could. As I was sailing along I noticed an opening in the cliffs, looking like the mouth of a cave. I sailed to this opening and was greatly surprised to find that it was large enough for my boat to enter. I took the oars and rowed directly into the mouth of this opening, and was more surprised to find that it led under a mass of overhanging rock into a perfect little bay, that was completely shut off from sight of the ocean. The bay was very small, containing an area of not more than forty acres, and the rock walls rose sheer from it on every side, extending upward hundreds of feet.

"I moored the little boat to a crag of rock, and prepared to spend the night in the bay. The next day I explored the bay, and discovered the mouth of a cave or passage that led directly into the rock on the side of the bay that was toward the mainland. I took candles with me to give light, and set out walking to explore this

passage. It was a passage wide enough for a carriage to have passed through, and was about ten feet from the floor to the roof. Water dripped from its sides, and stalactites and stalagmites projected from the rocks. The passage was straight for a long distance, when suddenly I left the straight path and plunged into a perfect maze of passages that ran in every direction. It was not long until I was completely lost, and I became greatly frightened. It is not pleasant for one to think he may have to wander alone in tortuous underground passages until he dies from starvation.

"Has the Señor a match? Thank you; I had allowed my cigar to go out."

"I wandered up and down the mazes of the winding tunnels for long hours, probably crossing and recrossing my own path numbers of times. When I was almost exhausted I came to a set of rude stairs made out of rocks piled one above another. The stairway seemed somewhat as though it had been built by human hands, and I wondered if some other man, lost and hopeless like myself, had builded it in order that the work might prevent him from becoming insane. I climbed up the stairs and found that they led to a large platform that lay under a part of the caverns that rose much higher than the roof of the passages I had been in. A soft light came into this cavern from a crevice high above my head, and when my eyes had become accustomed to this light I looked around me, and the sight that met my eyes was so strange that at first I almost feared I had lost my reason. In all parts of the cavern were human figures, some seated, some reclining, some lying flat upon the floor, some standing by rocks. At first I thought they were the figures of living humans, as each was fully dressed and all were in such life-like positions, but I soon discovered that the things before me were the bodies of dead men. I cannot tell you the feel-

ing of horror that ran over me. I found myself in that ghastly company. Every figure seemed as if none seemed wasted or decayed. They were clothed, and over the face of each one was a strange white mask that closely fitted the face and hid the nose, the mouth, in fact the contour of all the features. The light came down through the rifts in the rocks gave a weird effect to the picture of silent death that was before me, and the deathly silence that reigned in the cave was almost unbearable.

"I tried to tear myself away from the grim fascination of the place, but found that it was impossible to leave. Then I went close to the bodies and examined some of them. I found them to be clothed in garments made of buckskin, the skin having been oiled with a mineral substance that prevented decay. The bodies were mummified, each one being as hard as flint. Every contour and feature was perfectly preserved. I tried to tear the mask from one of the faces, but not, as the thing seemed made of bone. I did succeed, though, in tearing a sleeve covering one arm of one of the bodies, and when the naked arm came in view I found tattooed upon the same words that were tattooed upon my own arm when I was a baby.

*In this body flows the blood of*

I looked more closely. There was no mistake. The letters were the letters of the written language of Ulo, and the words were the same as my mother had traced in ink in my skin.

"The writing on the arm he had chained with a weird fascination. These mummies, then, were members of the lost tribe of Ulo, members of the same tribe to which my ancestors had belonged so many centuries ago. The words of the prophecy came to me, ringing in my ears as if spoken by a living voice. 'They are the chosen people, and a p-



always dwell with them to keep faithful.' I wondered what they thought when their prophecy had and they had come to die like us in an underground cavern. I wondered if the tribe of my ancestors all died in this gruesome cave, the dead bodies before me were at I should ever find. That could not be, though, for the bodies before me were all the bodies of men. Might I might find the bodies of women in some other cave, might I find them if I did not die too soon. I saw the sleeve on the arm of another of the bodies. There was the same light as on the first. Then I sat on a rock in that dim cave—sat as a man from whom all fear had gone, and I mused for hours upon the Ulos, upon myself, upon the chances of fortune, upon life and death. Who, then, is a man? A weak thing passing swiftly from a mysterious future even more mysterious, the work of a few days, a thing that withers under the weight of many years, a thing that dies and decays and returns to the dust of the earth, soon utterly forgotten in all the world. The Ulos were a great people; they ruled tribes of numbers were multitudes; they were so great that every Ulo was called a chief, and then they went as fugitives to the caves of the mountains; as fugitives and perished even the last man! They were a forgotten race; their places were filled by other races, and in time they also would be forgotten. Such were the thoughts that came to me in the cavern with the dead.

I sat there for hours, and then, utterly exhausted from hunger, I slowly climbed down the stone ladder and began again my hopeless wanderings up and down the winding stone passages. Just as I was ready to give up in despair and lie down and die, a drop of salt water came to my eyes, a breath of sea breeze blew upon my face, and then a few steps brought me out again to the little bay

where my boat was moored. I ate of the food I had in the boat, and then lay down on the rocks and slept for many hours.

"When I escaped from the caverns I thanked God for my deliverance, and vowed that no wealth upon the earth could tempt me to again risk my life in the mazy passages. But when I awoke from my long sleep and was refreshed from my hunger and fatigue, the mystery of the place took hold upon me again, and I set about devising a way to safely explore the caverns and learn, if I could, something of the secrets that were hidden in them. In my boat was a great coil of common fish line that I had hastily thrown in while making my hurried preparations to escape from the ship. I unwound this line and found that there was almost two miles of it. I bound one end of the line securely to a rock, and taking the coil in my hands, again entered the underground passage, allowing the line to unwind as I walked. In this way I went on until I came to the end of the line, and I had found nothing. I retraced my steps almost back to the mouth of the cave, and then set out in a different passage from the one I had been in.

"Just as I was coming to the end of the line again, I found that the passage was becoming light. It was merely a glimmer at first, then there came a soft light that showed the walls of the caverns, and then a full, steady light that one might have read by. Soon the passage widened, and then I came to a large cave that was high and light, and that was fitted up as a human habitation. A large couch made of skins and cotton cloths lay against one side of the cave, a stone table and seat were in the center, and various instruments, the uses of which I did not know, were scattered about. I discovered that the light came from the burning of natural gas, that was blazing behind shields made of isinglass. The farther end of this cavern was closed with a stone wall that

showed that it had been made by human hands, and a stone door was in this wall. Upon the walls of the room I was in were carvings, and upon looking closely I found some words written, or carved, in the language of the Ulo. I blessed my mother for teaching me that forgotten language, for now it might chance that it would save my life.

"Weary from my long wandering in the passages I sat down upon the couch to rest. While sitting there the stone door in the wall swung open, and slowly walking toward me came a figure exactly like one of the petrified mummies I had found in the burial cavern. I thought it was a ghost, but I was not frightened, so used was I becoming to terrible things. The figure approached me, the head bent down as though in thought, and I noticed that the step was slow and halting like that of an old man. Presently the man looked up, and I saw upon his face one of the strange white masks I had seen upon the mummies. The mask enveloped the entire head, the part covering the back of the head being smooth, and the part covering the face fitting every feature perfectly. The effect of the mask was something ghastly. There were all the features, the eyes, the mouth, the nose, but all were of that same dead-white color.

"Presently the masked man saw me and stopped. He did not seem frightened, as I thought he would be, but stood and regarded me intently. Then he walked in front of me, made a low bow, and said :

" 'My son, from whence came you—from the sun?'

"I answered that I came from Mexico, and he said that he knew not that the land of endless life was called Mexico. Then I tried to tell him something of the wonderful country of my birth, but for some reason I was slow in making him understand, and I soon saw that he regarded me as a god that had been sent to him from the land of the sun.

" 'What came you here to do?' asked.

" 'I came to seek the tribe of Ulo,' I replied.

" 'I am the king of the Ulo,' replied the masked man—'the king, the highest priest of that nation. Many years have I ruled over them, given them laws, instructed them in truth, and have offered up their prayers to the most high gods. For many years have I dwelt alone in this cavern, alone except for the sacred snake of my people. While the old men of my tribe have taken wives and have reared children, I have dwelt in this solitude, praying, meditating, and thinking thoughts of wisdom for my people. But the time of my death draws nigh; I feel my blood turning within my veins, and it will not long until I must take my place among the vanished kings in the cavern of the dead. Do you know of the cavern of the dead, my son?'

"I replied that I did, and the king seemed pleased that I knew of it. Then the king brought me food, a kind of wine made from some plant, and bade me eat and rest before returning further.

"When I had rested and refreshed myself I talked long with the masked king, who did not seem surprised that I spoke the language of the Ulo. I learned from him that the caverns, underground passages opened on one side into the sea, and on the other into a valley that was surrounded with high stone cliffs. In these caverns the people of the Ulo had cut out their homes; there they lived, and in the valley they grew maize and melons and cotton, and various things to eat. Beyond this valley, which was called the Valley of Cultivation, opened another called the Valley of the Bea, and in this valley were deer and other animals hunted for food and skins by the Ulo. The king told me that there were 600 people in the tribe. He told me, also, the secret of the king's ship. The people of the Ulo believe that their king was an immortal,



it was death to look upon his

This belief had its rise in the that the first king who ruled in the hidden valleys devised the masks which made one face like all other faces. He had told people that he was an immortal would live forever, and when his came to die he sent for a religious youth from among the people, telling the people the youth was to be sacrificed to the sun, but he told the youth he was chosen to rule the land. Then he made a white mask for his youth, and the people knew the difference, for the youth was dressed and dressed exactly like the king, and besides the king went little among the people. The king grew old, his death grew near, and he chose another youth to succeed him, and made him a white mask, and the people knew not that a new king was ruling them, but thought another sacrifice had been made to the sun. In this wise innumerable kings had ruled over the people of Ulo, yet the people thought it was the immortal who had always been king. And the masked dead king, in the cavern of death were the bones of the men who had been kings of Ulo.

My son,' said the old king to me, 'time has almost come for me to lay down my burden of years and take my place among the silent bodies of the kings who have gone before me. The people of Ulo think that but one king has ever ruled them, and it is I. They are to be the king must know the truth. When I was a youth I was put in the practice of the worship of the gods of my tribe, so devout that the king often spoke to me in consultation. Now the Ulo, when they were in Anahuac, gave human lives as sacrifice, giving the lives of people who had captured in the wars. But in this valley our numbers grew so large and there were no barbarians to fight against, that it was only in long ages that a human life could be

spared even in sacrifice to the gods. In times that were long apart, sometimes fifty years, sometimes seventy, a youth was chosen from among the people and sent to the king's palace to be sacrificed. After being sent there the youth was never heard of again, and the king ruled apparently as before, the one called for sacrifice being really the king. In my youth the masked king came to me and told me I was chosen to be offered as a sacrifice. I did not fear, for the sacrificed ones have high places in the land of endless life. Feasts were given, many prayers were said, and then I went to the palace of the king; this same palace where I now hold speech with you. The king instructed me much in the wisdom of our nation, and then he threw off the white mask and showed me he was a man. He told me that his time to die had come, he told me the secret of the kingship, and appointed me to be king when he was dead. He made a white mask to cover my face, he taught me how to embalm the dead, which is done with a mineral liquid that is found in one of these caverns, he showed me the cavern where I should take him when his life was gone, and then he sent me among the people to see if I could pass as king. I went forth among the people and they fell down and worshipped me and called me king. For I was of the size of the old king, and my voice was like his. Then the old king showed me the place where the sacred snake is kept, and then he laid himself down and died, and I was the masked king of the people of Ulo. That was seventy years in the past, and the people know not that I have not lived forever. Now my time has come to die, and I have been meditating upon which youth of the people I shall call to be king after me. But instead of having to choose a man to be king, a man has been sent to me from the sun. I have been a holy man and a wise prophet to my people, and in reward for my wisdom you have been sent to me, that after me you may

become the sacred king of Ulo. Hail, sacred king of the land of Ulo!

"I found that the old king was honest in the belief that he was a divine instrument, and as I am a true Catholic, I wanted sorely to try to win him to the true faith. But he was an old man, the hand of death was falling upon him, and I resolved to let him die in the happiness of his own faith.

"For many days the old king instructed me in the mysteries and rites of the Ulo worship, for the Ulo ruler was as much priest as king. He instructed me in the history of his people, he taught me the art of embalming, he told me how to choose my successor when my days were done, and he told me of the blood mark that should go upon the arm of every Ulo. He then examined my own arm, and when he found the mark upon it he had no further doubt that I had been sent to him as a miracle. Then he placed a mask upon me and took me to see the sacred snake, telling me that only masked men should stand in the snake's presence.

"The snake was kept in a large cavern, one-half of which was a large pool of salt water that had evidently been carried in jars from the sea, and the other half of which was floored with solid rock. The snake was an immense thing, as spotted as a leopard, its length thirty feet, and its body was as thick as the body of a man. It seemed to be a sea snake, and I noticed that it stayed much of the time in the pool of sea water. Horny substances, denoting extreme age, were about the snake's eyes, and it seemed to move about but very little, although I have seen it when it was as agile as any snake could be. The old king called the snake and it went to him and wound itself around his body. The sight sent chills over me, but the snake seemed to love the man, and did not hurt him. The old king took me to the snake's cavern many times, I being masked each time, and in time the snake would come to me when called the same as it would to the old

king. But I always feared it and would fear it if I should although it once saved my life. The king instructed me in the worship, but I need not tell you as my tale is long enough speaking of all the strange things learned in the land of Ulo.

"When I had learned all the old king had to tell, he bade a robe like his and go forth, among the people, in order that they might learn as much of them as before he died. He gave me instructions, and it was almost in that I should let the people know my secret, or discover that I was king who had ruled over them. I passed through the stone doorway of the cavern, passed the number of smaller caverns, and went down a stone stairway into a valley. I had not seen the light of the sun for many long days, and I ran fast as I saw the blue and beautiful sky once more. The world seemed to have been hidden from the world by nature. It was about a mile wide and about six miles long, and at the farther end was a pass or cañon that opened into the valley of the Beasts, a place where I never went. As I went down the valley I saw the homes of the Ulos that had been cut out of the solid rock cliffs. I saw men and women working in the fields, and as I drew near them, walking slowly as the king told me to do, they ceased from their labors and raised their arms in welcome to me.

"'See, the king comes,' said one man to another; 'the king, who has come down into the valley but never since the feast of the harvest maize.'

"'It may be that he comes to see a youth to be sacrificed,' answered an old man. 'It is seventy years since a sacrifice has been given, and I am not the gods' hunger.'

"My voice was much like that of the old king, and I had schooled myself in imitating him, but my



when I first spoke to the children,' said I, 'I have to choose a sacrifice. The people are well content; they are wise and worshipful, may please our gods that no human will ever again be offered as a sacrifice.'

The people did not answer, but gazed at me curiously, and I saw a scowl upon the face of the man who had spoken. He was a man in his worship, and the idea of human sacrifice was dear to him.

I walked entirely through the valley of Ulo, drinking in every new sight as if it seemed to notice nothing. When I was returning to the palace in the morning I met a party of young men coming home from the fields where they had been at work.

The girls were young, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years, but they all had seemed much older than the men who lived in a land where the people do not develop so rapidly as in the warm clime. They had soft, dark, wavy hair and raven black hair, and they were dressed in kirtles and skirts of white cotton cloth. Upon their heads they bore pottery jars filled with water, and they were carrying home their harvest in the mountain side.

My attention was immediately attracted by one of the girls on account of her wonderful beauty. Her features were finely chiseled as the features of a patrician queen, her form was of perfect proportions of a statue, her eyes were as soft as the eyes of a dove, and her wealth of raven hair fell in silken masses to her shoulders. She was not brown, as many of the women of the Pueblo tribes are, but was red, as are many of the women of the Pueblo tribes. As I saw her my heart went out to her in love, and I determined to see if such a thing might be possible. I stopped to consider that the laws of the masked king to look in the face of any woman, nor to think of her and trouble I might bring

upon the maid and myself if I sought to win her. The maidens tripped merrily along, and I heard the beautiful one called by the name Lo-Zeenah. That name in the Ulo speech, means Beautiful Star. The maidens saw me, bowed in worship, and I passed on my way to the caverns.

"That same day the old king died. I bathed him in the petrifying fluid, and placed him in the cave of death. Then I was alone in the cavern palace; alone, with no living thing to bear me company, no book to read, no work to do.

"The next day, after I had walked in the valley, there came to the outer rooms of my palace a deputation of the old men of the tribe, asking that I sit in judgment upon a charge preferred by the war chief against the maid Lo-Zeenah. The Ulos had not been in war for centuries, but they held the tribal formation of the olden time, and the war chief was one of the great men of the nation. The present war chief had craved Lo-Zeenah in marriage; her father and mother had given consent, but Lo-Zeenah herself had persistently refused. The refusal was a breach of law; Lo-Zeenah could be punished even unto the taking of her life, and in anger the war chief had brought a trial before the king. If the chief had known that under the austere robes of that masked king there beat a young heart on fire with love for the beautiful Lo-Zeenah, I think he would not have begun the trial.

"I consented to sit in judgment upon the cause of the chief and the maid, and they, and nearly all the people of the tribe, came before me just outside the hall of my palace. The angry chief came with a dark brow, intent upon revenge for the slight put upon him; the people came with sorrow written on their faces, for they all loved the Beautiful Star, and the maiden herself came with a gentle presence that won all hearts to her. But the laws of the Ulo were deemed inexorable, and all expected that the





and me who have known fire-our lives, but to those simple who had been immured for in a lost mountain valley, it being else than a miracle, and he covered their faces in fear who could bring death by my hand. They saw the flash from the revolver's mouth, and believed that I could have slain them all with a wave of my hand. They noticed that while the war

tried for the king. From now to the end of your life you shall carry the mark of the avenging fire of my wrath, and if ever again you shall show hatred for me, the fire that now enters your hand shall enter your heart, and you shall die and be accursed! Hold up your right hand!

"The chief held up his hand, and all the time his face was ashen with the fear of the supernatural punishment. I took aim with the revolver,



"HIGH ROCK WALLS ROSE UP SHEER AT THE WATER'S EDGE"—

reeled like the others, his face black with hatred, and I commanded him to stand before me. He took his place before my throne, and I said:

"Now, oh war chief, have hatred of your king in your heart. It would be just if I should slay you as I have killed the fawn, but my merciful king, and your punishment shall be tempered with mercy. For the sake of killing you I will place upon you an everlasting mark that shall make others never to harbor ha-

ted, and the bullet sped through his hand, leaving a hole in the palm. The people hid their faces in fear. Never before had their king shown his wrath in such a terrible way. But when they began to fear me they began to hate me, and I had sown the seeds for the ending of the reign of the masked king of Ulo. Again I spoke to the people and said:

"Now, oh people of Ulo, return to your homes and your fields. Hunt in the Valley of the Beasts, say your prayers to the sun, but never again



THE OPENING IN THE CLIFFS.

say one word in opposition to your sacred king. And remember that I have willed that Lo-Zeenah, the maid, remains with me.'

The people rose, when I had concluded, and bowing low before me left my presence in fear and trembling. Lo-Zeenah remained behind, gazing at me with her star-bright eyes. When

the people were all gone she before me.

"'Oh, king,' said she, 'you are merciful. The people reviled you, but you did not kill them. You are merciful and just, and I, your daughter, will reverence you more than ever.'

"I took the maid with me through the stone door to my



and talked much with her, not knowing her that I was not really the king. She was a beautiful creature as she stood before me, and it was hard for me not to tell her of my love for her. Her mantle only half covered the fair proportions of the girl, her hair was loosed and fell giving profusion to her knees, and she was the most beautiful woman I ever seen. I found her to be a

girl of wondrous purity of mind. Her life had been passed in the valley of Ulo, but she was as fresh as many people who have roamed the ends of the earth. I asked her if she had not loved the war chief, he answered that he was a man who was no better than the brutes who roamed in the Valley of Beasts. With my photographic camera I took a picture of the girl and showed her.

'Oh king,' said she, 'and am I the one chosen to be the mother of the king? I, Lo-Zeenah, a simple girl of my people! Do you think I may be good enough and pure enough so that this great thing can be done? And may I go forth with the king, go forth over the cliffs and mountains and see the breadth of the beautiful land that was made by the great gods of Shi-pa-pu? Oh, often have I sat in the valley and watched the birds fly over the land and I have longed to be free of them to roam at will over the beautiful earth. For the earth must be beautiful, as it was made by the gods.'

'Never has my heart turned in love to a man as have the hearts of other maids of our people, and sometimes I have feared that my long-lost beauty and for a wider life to keep me from loving any man, and I might go childless and pass down to my grave.'

Such was the speech of Lo-Zeenah. You wonder that I loved her more and loved her more?

At sundown I took the picture I made and walked to the precipice which was at the end of my palace.

Looking down into the valley through a hole in the rock I saw old men sitting in waiting for the image I had promised them. Standing back so they could not see me I threw the picture, and I looked through the hole in the stones to see it fall. The old men saw it as soon as it fell, and picking it up gazed upon it in wonder. Then they raised their voices and cried out:

"'Oh, people of Ulo, the words of the prophecy have been fulfilled! The sacred image has come from the gods, and Lo-Zeenah, the Beautiful Star of our nation, is chosen to be the mother of the unborn king! Oh, people of Ulo, Lo-Zeenah is the chosen one!'

"Then the people took up the cry, and as the sun went down I could hear them chanting, 'Lo-Zeenah is chosen! Lo-Zeenah, the beautiful, is the chosen one of Those Above!'" And then I went back to my palace in the caverns to talk with Lo-Zeenah.

"I was but a youth, then, Señor. The hot blood of my young years was coursing in my veins, and it was hard for me not to clasp that fair girl in my arms and tell her all the tale of my love for her. But I feared the result, and I treated her as an old man might treat a little child. In time she and I came to know each other well. I told her that the religion of the Ulo was about to change, told her by degrees of the one true faith, and in time we came to know each other so well that I told her the blessed story of the Great Redeemer of the world, and I baptised her as a follower of the Nazarene. Then I removed the white mask from my face and stood before her as my true self. She gazed upon me first in fear, then in wonder, and then the soft light of love came into her beautiful eyes. I told her the true tale of how I came there. I told her all the story of my life. I showed her the hall where the dead kings lay. I explained to her the mystery of the revolver and of the picture and then I said:



"Lo-Zeenah, sweet one, now you know me as I am. I am no god and no king. I am but a wayfaring youth whom fortune has sent to the strange land of your people. I came here seeking adventure; I found you and love, and now my future, my very life is in your hands, for a word from you will cause your people to fall upon me and take my life. But I love you, Lo-Zeenah, more than ever maid was loved."

"She smiled, her soft arms went round my neck, her sweet lips pressed mine, and I knew that Lo-Zeenah loved me. The memory of that time abides with me to this day as the sweetest and best time that was ever in my life, and it will abide with me and cheer me even unto the time when I shall cross the dark valley of death."

"How we lived from then on I need not tell you. But to me the pearly vales of heaven could not have been a more blissful abode than were those stone caverns by the sea, where my loved one dwelt with me. We were young then, Señor. We had never loved before. Does not that tell you all? And as men may do in barbarian lands, I took her as my wife, intending to have the

sacrament performed when we were where a priest could be found. Such marriages are recognized by our church."

"Lo-Zeenah listened in wonder to the tales I told her of the places in the world that lay outside of the lost valley where her life had been lived. She was glad when I told her I would take her to those places, and she entered into plans with me to convert the people of Ulo to Christianity, and then to go to Mexico together to live. In time I told the people something of the new creed, and, while they greatly feared me and my mysterious power, they were so angered that they stone me. I tried for many days to teach them but their anger grew worse. At last they tried to kill me, and I was compelled to retreat to the inner palace and barricade the passage."

"Then the Ulos, who had a hatred for everyone, even their king, who tried to profane the old religion, sought to come upon us by climbing into the caverns. The war chief succeeded in reaching the passage that led from the palace to the sea. He found my fish line and tore it up, and then he entered the palace. His leers



"IN ALL PARTS OF THE CAVERN WERE HUMAN FIGURES."



face had no sooner come inside the cave than a bullet entered his brain, and he fell dead before us. Then were the prisoners; a savage race on one side, a maze of winding passages on the other. But in spite of our danger we were happy, so great is the power of love to lighten the dark places of

One day we were planning of the way we would lead in far away Mexico, wondering if we should succeed in finding our way to the sea, when we heard a muffled beating at one of the inner doors of the palace. I had heard the same sound in the old king's time, and knew it was made by the snake, but I feared to admit it as Lo-Zeenah might be afraid. I told her what it was, and she said:

'My loved one, is not the snake one of God's creatures, the same as we and I? I would not fear anything God has made. The snake may be so beautiful as the birds or the flowers or the trees, but it came from the wisdom of the great father of wisdom, and we should love it and not fear it.'

I opened the stone door and addressed the snake. I was masked, and did not know me from the old king who was dead. It wound its slimy body about me and reared its grisly head high in the air. Then it saw Lo-Zeenah, the first unmasked person I had seen for long years, and a hiss came from its mouth. It quickly unmasked itself from me, it reared its head high in the air, and before either of us comprehended what it was doing, it struck Lo-Zeenah a deadly blow full in the face, struck and bit her as it struck, and she lay back dying from its poison! I held her in my arms—I besought her to live for my sake—I wept tears of the most bitter grief over her—but she was doomed, and I could not save her.

She drew my head down to her bosom; she pressed sweet kisses on my lips, and then she died in my arms with a sweeter smile on her face than I ever saw on the face of any

woman. All the time the ghastly snake reared its ugly head high in the air, coiling and uncoiling the slimy folds of its body, and sending forth shrill hisses that made my blood run cold. All the world had grown dark to me, the caverns of Ulo seemed to me like the caverns of Purgatory; all the brightness had gone from my life, and I prayed that merciful death might come to me there by the side of my dead loved one.

"When my grief had somewhat spent itself, I arose and struck the snake on the head with my hand. I hoped that I might anger it so that it would bite me, but it cowered and slunk in fear. In some older time a masked man had conquered that terrible reptile, and it still feared the power of the mask. I trampled it and struck it with rocks, but the more I beat it the more it cowered in fear. Then I took my revolver and tried to kill it, but the bullets fell harmless against its thick hide.

"I took the body of Lo-Zeenah and embalmed it, and placed it in the chamber of the dead kings. There it lies to this day, the most beautiful thing that is hidden from the sight of the world. Then I strove to make my escape, and I greatly missed the guidance of the line. I wandered for hours in the caverns and passages, and at last, worn out with weariness and despair, I found my way back to the palace, that place where I had known so much joy, and where I had known grief that was blacker than the gloom of the grave. The snake was still in the palace, lying prone on the stone floor, and its tongue hanging out as though from thirst. Its thirst for salt water would have sent it back to its own cave, but the stone door through which it should have gone was closed. My grief was so great that I paid but little heed to the snake, and I was worn out at last, and lay down and slept for hours. When I awoke I saw the snake still lying where it had been.

"I feared that I would never find

my way out of the caverns, and that I was doomed to die there alone under the earth. Some of the people of Ulo knew the windings of the passages, but I dared not go to them. As I was pondering on my hard fate, I saw the snake raise its head and move it from side to side as though seeking something. A thought struck me, and I believed that the snake might be made to lead me to the sea. I had a jar full of salt water that I had used for bathing, and I took it and held it before the snake's head. The snake seemed almost dead, but the smell of the salt water animated it; it reared its head high, and emitted a sound that was almost like a groan. Again I held the salt water to its head, and then as I moved away it followed me until I set the water down. By carrying the water I led the snake to the mouth of the passage that led to the sea, and then I threw the water as far down the passageway as I could.

"Old memories that had lain dormant for years seemed to be revived in the snake. It reared its head until it struck the top of the cavern, and gave vent to almost human groans; then it dropped its head to the earth, raised its tail as a snake does when it runs, and with a shrill cry started off down the passage. I believed that some old king, long years before, had captured that snake from the sea and brought it through that passageway, and I believed that it would find its way back. I grasped its horny tail in my hands as it crawled, and I followed it through the dark passages that were dripping with water that had soaked through from the mountain tops.

"Slowly the snake crawled along. It paid no heed to me, although I clung to its tail, and constantly gave vent to moans and cries that were almost human. Sometimes it stopped as though puzzled, and then it went on again, winding its way through the mazy tunnels. Once it stopped and remained still for a long time, and I almost despaired, for I

thought I should be lost and die—I and that ghastly thing, hidden deep in the bowels of the mountain. Then the snake went on again, first at first, then faster, then halting again, until we turned a sharp corner of the passage, and a faint smell of sea came to my nostrils. The snake smelled it too; it reared its head, a loud cry came from it, and then with the speed of a race horse it sped down the passageway. It had smelled the sea, the scent of its native element had come to it, and its age and weakness seemed to fade away as it faded before the sun. It sped on so rapidly that I was almost thrown from my feet, but I clung to it as we ran the smell of the sea was became plainer and plainer. Soon the passage became light, the wind from outside blew in my face, and then with the speed of the wind the snake drew me forth from the caverns. I stood once more by the side of the little bay where my boat was moored. There again was the beautiful sea that I had seen but once in my life; there was the blue water of the bay sparkling in the sunlight, and beyond the stone walls of the cliffs I could hear the surf beating upon the rocks. It would have been a glad time to me if it had not been for the sad memories of the beautiful one I had loved and won and lost in the hideous caverns of Ulo.

"When we came to the salt water the snake was like a thing demented. It twisted its huge body in hideous coils, it wound itself and then unwound, it reared itself upward until it seemed to stand on its tail, and then with a shrill cry it leaped off the bank and threw itself into the water. It shrieked as it struck the water, it dived and rose again, it laved its body, and then with a long, shrill, almost human cry it raised its head, as a snake does when it swims, and it sped away through the rocky pass to the broad ocean, and I saw it no more.

"I remember that hideous snake almost as though it were human. It





both loved and feared the old Ulo king, and it feared and loved me because I seemed like him. It was a prisoner, and a prisoner had been for how long no man can tell. It had been stolen from the ocean, had been imprisoned in the rock caves of Ulo, and it seemed to me that it had held a hatred for all things but the priest,



"I GRASPED ITS BURNED TAIL AND FOLLOWED IT."

hated them because it was a prisoner. It had killed Lo-Zeenah, but it would not kill me who courted death from it, and it had saved my life by leading me down the many passages to the sea. If it had not been for that snake I might now have Lo-Zeenah for my wife, and if it had not been for it, too, my bones might now be rotting in the caves of Ulo. It was one of God's creatures, and it must have been

created for some good use. (*Lo sabe?*)

"That is about all of my tale, Señor. I found my boat as I had left it; I unmoored it, steered it through the rocky pass, and set sail in the open ocean. Within a day I was sighted by a small sailing vessel that ran between the Isthmus and San Francisco. The ship took me aboard; its men jeered at the tale I told them and called me crazy, but the ship landed me in San Francisco. I returned to Mexico, and when time I went again to strive to reach the rockbound bay that leads to the Valley of Ulo. I could not find it, and I do not believe that any man after me will ever find the lost tale of Ulo. It is well, too, for people like us not to find them, for they are a heathen people who hold a hatred for everything outside of their own lost valley. But they are not a bad people, else how could one so pure and good as my wife, Lo-Zeenah have been reared among them? I suppose they found it long ago that the masked king was gone, and I think they may be waiting for a new king, for heathen minds always find something to worship."

The town of San Marcial slept in the moonlight. The Moon lay motionless under the cottonwood trees, and the knocking of a tree in the distance was the only sound. The Mexican sat in silence for a while, his face buried in his hands; then he raised his head and said:

"Is not the night beautiful, Señor? There is much trouble and bitterness and sorrow and suffering upon the earth, but God is over all, and the world is very fair if our eyes are not too blinded to see its beauties."



# Climbing Shasta

BY MARK SIBLEY SEVERANCE.

FOR weeks Mt. Shasta had looked down on our quiet life at Castle Crag, seeming to beckon us with its white, snowy fingers. To say the truth, the Tavern's attractions had begun to lose their keen edge of novelty. Days we had trudged in the early morning air to the Springs, a half a mile, for our ante-prandial quantum of soda water. We had climbed the sides of Castle Crag, from which the Tavern takes its name, a bold, steep ridge, standing directly in front of the Tavern and rising some 4,000 feet above it. Then, as we clambered on hands and feet to a safe resting place on the jagged crests of the ridge, and flashed back with a mirror to our eyes at the Tavern, there stood Shasta again, towering above us, twenty miles away. We had toiled one long half-day up a blind trail to the summit of Castle View, a scantily wooded ridge rising directly back of the Tavern, not equally high with the Crag, and so named because of the superb, comprehensive view which it affords of the Crag; and again Shasta hung in mid-air, dominating all the landscape to the northward.

We had talked law with the learned Judges from California and Oregon. We had ridden the burros with the babies. We had plunged in the cool pool. We had explored the pine-covered trails on every side. We had swung half asleep in the hammock at "The Cottage," while through the open windows we had listened to the sweet-voiced reader within, beguiling the warm afternoons for

the coterie of us, but with the presence of Shasta always before us, we felt a sort of completeness in everything. We had no need for other adventures to conquer. The acid dowagers, finding themselves seriously on the drowsy piazzas, lifted their eyebrows at the idea of ladies climbing the top of Shasta. One doubtful Scotchman had questioned our ability to



CASTLE CRAGS.





THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS.

climb the Crag, but had they not accomplished it? Anxious mammas feared for their offspring on such a trip, but when a particularly enthusiastic young girl appeared, fresh from her camp life at Butte Creek, her earlier, breezy sojourn in Colorado, with an occasional spin up Pike's Peak as an appetizer, and began to recount her exploits, the die was cast; enthusiasm was at fever heat, and the next day we started. Our party was six: four gentlemen and two ladies, but we had no side-saddles. Our ages varied from nineteen to forty-eight; our weights from one hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and ninety-seven. We had two guides, and in addition to our eight saddle-animals, we had three pack-animals, laden with camp equipage, blankets and food for man and beast, so that all told we were eight people and eleven animals, probably the largest party that has ever attempted Shasta.

There are but three well known ways of climbing Shasta. An old trail from the northward, by way of the

crater, is now abandoned; another the shortest way and that usually taken by climbers, is almost a straight line from Sisson's to the summit. By this route, the party leaves Sisson's at noon, rides ten or twelve miles to the edge of the timber line to "Timber Camp," spends the night, starts some early hour next morning, goes another mile up to "Horse Camp" where the horses are tied to rocks, and the ascent on foot is begun. The distance to be walked over rocks, snow and glaciers, is said to be about 10 miles, and with ordinary luck, a party can reach the summit, return to "Horse Camp," and "Timber Camp," and go to Sisson's by nightfall—the whole trip consuming about thirty-six hours. It is by this route that at a particular season of the year, the exhilarating sack-slide is made on the snow. The truth-loving guides decline to tell the precise velocity with which descent of half a mile is made, but were assured at the Tavern that it is quite rapid enough.







SHASTA FROM RED CREEK CANYON.

The third way—that taken by our party—occupies three days for the round trip. You leave Sisson's at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and climb the southern base of the mountains until you are nearly, if not quite one-fourth the way around it. Then you camp 10,000 feet above the sea and at the edge of timber about twenty miles from Sisson's, ride about five miles next day up the steep southeast slope, tie your animal to "Lunch Rock," climb on foot a mythical distance to the summit (said to be a half mile, but by any known lowland meas-

urement probably a mile and a half) return to "Lunch Rock" and camp by evening, camp another night and the third day return to Sisson's easily.

This third route is but little known. We could find but one man in the country, Edward Stewart of Siskiyou, who had traversed it. For 20 years he was connected with the United States Geodetic Survey, and he has four or five times up the mountain this way. Previous to our expedition four ladies only had ever tried to reach the summit by this route, and all



succeeded. Mr. Stewart was  
side, and in spite of much ex-  
coaxing and mild bullying he  
not prevail upon the other  
persevere to the summit. Mr.  
had not been up the mountains  
91, but he appeared to know  
so well and have such confi-  
his ability to take us to the  
it we had little hesitation in  
ourselves to his guidance.  
other guide was Wickham, an-  
most trustworthy, energetic and  
man. He had been some  
five times up the short way,  
I never tried the three-days'  
and was glad of the present op-

lines shall ever attempt the ascent of  
Shasta, Wickham or Stewart will be  
found in every way satisfactory as  
guides. They have quiet, unruffled  
tempers, their only weakness consist-  
ing in their inability to estimate a  
mountain mile correctly when it  
stands on end.

At nine o'clock, on the morning of  
September 6th, 1892, followed by a  
mythical shower of rice and old shoes,  
we left Sisson's Hotel, under a bright,  
cloudless, blue sky such as California  
alone grants to her mountaineers. We  
had come up from Castle Crag the day  
before to look after various details,  
select saddles and hobnail shoes, and



CASTLE CRAGS FROM THE RIVER.

y. The two made a strong  
ation—sturdy, vigorous, cheer-  
l to climbing in high altitudes,  
nal as good woodsmen as ever  
an *aparejo* or threw a leg over  
e. If anybody who reads these

otherwise prepare for our brief blanket-  
life. Passing through the town of  
Sisson, with our long cavalcade, the  
three pack-animals tied together by  
their tails, our ladies with difficulty  
distinguishable from the men because



of their mode of riding, we were a target for the local small boy's wit, which we endured with an equanimity tempered by the feeling that these archaic voices were probably the last human sounds, outside of our own party, which we were to hear for three long days.

Immediately on leaving the rough, mountain town, we plunged into a forest through which we rode substantially all day. Crossing and recrossing lagging roads for several miles, we at last entered a narrow trail, a common trail for the two routes up Shasta. At every step climbing up, up, through

air laden with the odor of pines, where simple breathing is a delight, five miles out we stop a brief while at Deer Springs, composed of cold water bubbling up at the foot of a tall pine. Cinching our saddles, examining the peculiar connection of our pack-animals to



that this method of locomotion is in working order, we dismount and are again on the move. Four or five miles beyond Deer Springs the trail is very steep. There is not

a dangerous spot, but this distance is largely made up of steep, rocky slopes where the animals, in the continually rarefying air, are unable to make more than a few feet before stopping to blow.

The Devil's Garden is passed—a spot made up as might be imagined of rough, unshapen masses of rocks, twisted lava, gnarled trees and burnt undergrowth, all of which is supposed to be congenial stamping ground for Satanic Majesty. About five miles from Deer Springs, we come to a comparatively level mesa, strewn with pumice, where we leave the trail. The trail from here continues about due east toward "Timber Camp" and "Bear Camp" above mentioned, while we leave all trails behind us and turn westward. We are now about 8,000 feet above the sea, Sisson's being 3,555 feet, Castle Crags 1,943 feet. We have an elevation of 14,442 feet to attain before we reach the summit; can we do it?

For some three miles we ride along the undulating mesa, now in and now out of timber. The horses crop the mountain grass, apparently a species of bunch-grass, which grows profusely in the open spaces in the forest.

THE CAMP—READY FOR FINAL ASCENT.



al linking of the pack-  
als render this a diffi-  
operation for them,  
they nevertheless at-  
t it, with many a  
nodic jerk and sudden  
ghtening of tail. We  
lready high above the  
s, which we had  
ited with so much ex-  
on a few days before.  
whole rugged body of  
a, with its torn mantle  
ow, lies to our left, in  
view. We seem to be,  
ct actually are, spar-  
to get an opening,  
ging around its gigan-

ase to reach the only ridge up  
d horses can approach near to its

It is a delight to ride light-  
ed and joyous through these pine-  
ed stretches of mesa. Every qual-  
song bursts from one end to the  
of our long cavalcade, ranging  
shrill treble to rumbling bass. It  
otpourri of harmony. No wonder  
stonished deer flies incontinently  
e approach with this wild medley  
g. And our dear doctor, travel-  
t every step farther and farther  
his little fractional family at the  
n—how touching, how sad comes  
now and then his wild lament,  
in any convenient key, for his



HEAD OF MUD CREEK GLACIER.

*gute kleine frau und Ottolein.* Would  
he ever see them again?

About thirteen miles from Sisson,  
with the Grey Butte to our right, we  
stop for lunch at Panther Creek. It  
is now two o'clock. The animals  
charge frantically at the little dashing  
creek, seeing a beautiful growth of  
green grass, knee-high. It proves to  
be wild onions, which they spurn, but  
which take a sweet revenge by per-  
fuming the whole party with their pun-  
gent odor. After resting an hour in  
this bed of onions, shaded with tall  
trees, we take up our line of march.  
A spirit of humanity or convenience  
possesses our guides—they attempt to



SUMMIT OF SHASTA AND HEAD OF WHITNEY GLACIER.









MENT TOWER ON THE  
SUMMIT.

guides roll boulders down into the cañon and the echo reverberates for a long while among the rocky cliffs. We move on, swinging around again to the eastward. For a couple of miles the ascent is not so steep as before. We ride in long diagonals, gradually creep-

upwards. There is actually no danger at all if one is a fair horseman, though some of us begin to feel a little dizzy and light-headed, not daring to look at distant scenery or at the steep inclines along which we are moving.

After a couple of miles we have approached nearly to the Ash Creek glacier. The ascent has become very steep, the horses puff and blow, and we can feel their hearts beating like hammers between our knees. We are now in shorter zigzag courses, leaning on to our horses' manes and leaning well forward. With frequent rests, and after much puffing and blowing, we arrive at Lunch Rock, a little before eleven o'clock, having completed at six. Some idea of the nature of this climb of perhaps five miles, may be had from the length of time consumed. The "Capitano's" horse completed the worst of the party, puffing and blowing as if he were going to the sun. He is largely responsible for our slow time.

Quickly dismounting at Lunch Rock, we find a large, yellow sandstone rock, round in the semblance of a lunch table, where our horses and are ready to begin the climb on foot. We have gone far before we find our hearts beating at the rate of one hundred and twenty a minute. It is the only inconvenience we feel. We cannot climb

twenty feet without feeling the tremendous heart-beating, which occasions a terrible weakness, not to say alarm.

For a half mile, the climb is at an angle of quite forty-five degrees. Mr. Gilbert, my old confrere on a Government exploring party, is said by the guide Stewart to have taken two mules to the summit by this route. By a unanimous vote, we decide that they must have been a winged species.

After a while the ascent becomes less steep and rocky. We again strike the soft pulverized lava. The feet sink into it, but with careful placing it is easier walking than over the jagged, rocky cliff which we have just passed. An indignation meeting is held, called to order by "Herr Doctor." Present—"Herr Doctor" and "El Capitano." "It is an outrage; it is a burning shame. Old man Sisson stating that we can ride within half a mile of the summit. Here we have been walking for two hours or more. We will publish it. We will blazon it far and wide. It is two miles if it is a step!" Such was the resolution moved by one, seconded by the other, and unanimously carried, as we stood in the lava rock, overlooking Ash Creek glacier.

Meanwhile the great "Napoleon" is moving steadily upwards, aided by the guides. It is fearful climbing with those rheumatic knees. The "Glorious Girl" and the two young men have forged ahead. There is no danger of missing the way. The summit, with its iron beacon, is now in plain sight. We hear a shout above us. It is a party of three, who had left us yesterday at the parting of the trail, ten miles out of Sisson's, and had come up the short way. They have gained the summit, and are waving and shouting to us. Presently another and a shriller shout, and we recognize the "Young Merchant," who has also reached the top and is calling. Soon afterwards the "Glorious Girl" and the "Baby" appear



at the summit. The rest of us, mothers and fathers of families, who should perhaps have known better than to be on such a trip, are toiling laboriously upward.

We skirt the upper edge of Ash Creek Glacier, which trends southeast. We leave Mud Creek Glacier to our left: it extends southward. We walk a hundred feet or more over the upper end of the great Whitney Glacier; it has a general westerly course. This is the only snow walking of our entire trip. We are surrounded by snow-fields, which are permanent, but until striking the Whitney Glacier, we have been clambering over a rocky, lava ridge which runs between Mud Creek and Ash Creek Glaciers. We have consequently had no difficulty from snow-blindness, a common trouble in the shorter route.

The "*gate bleue* *par*" seems farther away than ever. Our little "Napoleon" is pushing pluckily upwards between the two guides. Directly over the upper end of the Whitney Glacier stands the summit, rising sheer and forbidding, a couple of hundred feet, surmounted by the iron tower. A cry of "Bring up that lunch! Quick!" comes down to us. But it is a long time before we make the circuit of that precipitous pile, clamber on hands and knees up the last hundred feet of broken rock and sliding, slippery soil and lean the others above. A Harvard cheer goes up, for there—encouraging the two young men and branding them with the fumes of ammonia from a small phial—there is the "Glenn's Girl," covered with a cap of us "seventies," with the dear old "H" in huge proportions on its front. I wonder how many Harvard cheers have gone up from the top of Shasta? Not many, I conceive.

The summit is a narrow, jagged ridge, except on the western end, where it breaks somewhat into a shelf the shape of the summit. We throw ourselves, exhausted and furnished on the rocks. The Klink

is unstrapped and seve taken. We have packed the way from Sisson's, a ten by six inches in size, possible, to flash back to of Castle Crags. It is a board, slightly larger than the whole wrapped in a. We unroll it and try to friends, some twenty mile direct line. There is a over the Tavern. It is t. Our friends, we are after have waited patiently for banks of the Sacramento. Crags, expecting our sh, o'clock at the latest, given us up, and our sign nothing.

We take a slight lunch: cheese and cold tea. We t three small flasks of wh the advice of our guide w it on account of the hie. We register our names in worn book kept in the str tin-covered cache. The p pointing out the distant L where the M. Doe war wa the winding McCl. and S plain view. Lasser Peak, prominent peak in sight the light here on the br there—but what is this?

A terrific war-whistle start, full of apprehension, one has lost his senses in a. But n there on then of a flash, using a wild re and a voice as a pulse, ally—there is our d, dancing the Hungarian o his legs and arms in every position whirling a bottle and finally throwing it o below where it crashes in pieces. Whatever may be Harvard cheer, I think side in my assertion that first time in the memory, the Hungarian *war* in on the top of Shasta above the level of the. What are our sensatio

towards the vault of Heaven? For one thing we are peculiarly light-headed. Several are more or less nauseated, in spite of frugal meals; all, including the guides (who say it is their usual experience) have the most excruciating headaches. It is as though a vise were clamped tight across one's forehead, but it quickly wears away when we descend to lower altitudes.

And now the light is waning. The mountain begins to cast its long, pyramidal shadow to the eastward, and we have a long descent to make to the camp. We are not scientific. We are not topographers. We have no glacial theories to study. We are not especially charmed with the view from the summit—far and wide over a mountainous country, unrelieved with water—a view not to be compared to that of Shasta from the surrounding country, looking upward. So we do not linger long on top. There is no wind. The thermometer shows about 56°. We return by way of the Hot Springs, a most remarkable exhibition of Nature's forces—a boiling spring, hot enough to cook an egg in four minutes, bursting forth in hissing jets, not 200 feet away from the Whitney Glacier, and on a little open mesa slightly lower than the upper end of the glacier. We recross this glacier, the weary "Napoleon" distinguishing herself by falling into a crevasse up to her waist. We fairly fly down as compared with our ascent, and reach Lunch Rock at half after five in the afternoon, having left the summit at four. We find our patient animals tied as we left them.

Down, down, down, without a pause for breath, and our descent is accom-

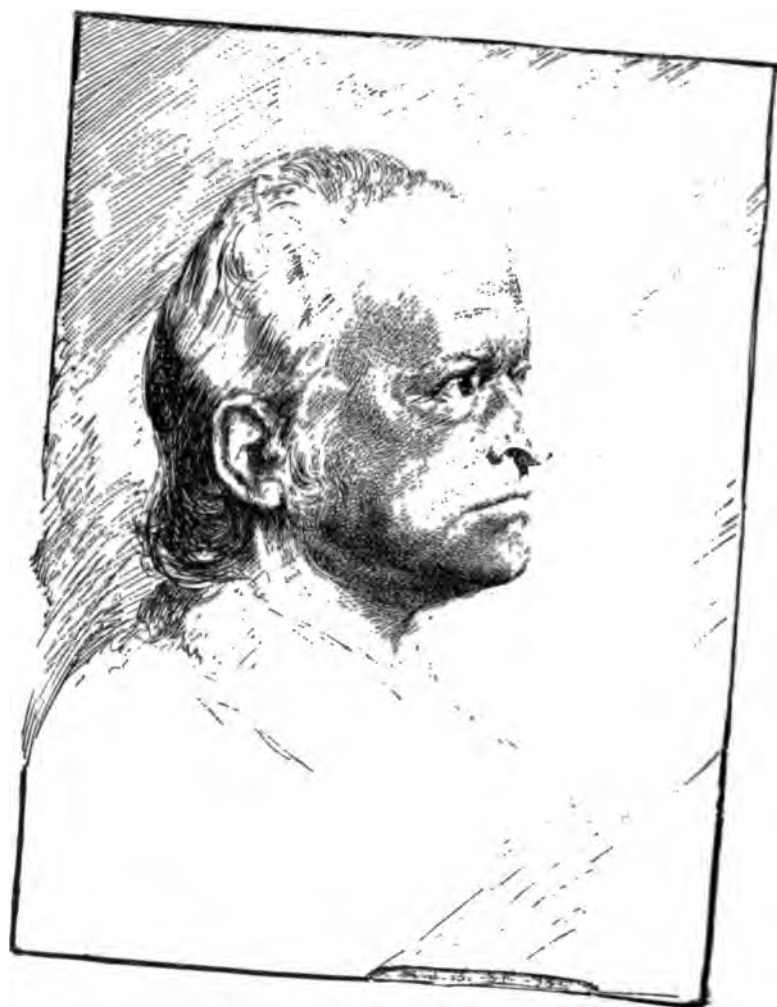
plished in three and a half hours. Again the roaring camp-fire and the rough *al fresco* meal. Many of us are too exhausted to eat, and no *Capitano* is needed to counsel early blankets; We curl up in them around the waning fire! Only one uneasy spirit flits back and forth, replenishing the fire, as the rest of us enjoy our slumbers by the edge of the gently waving pines.

Another early call, another light breakfast, another wild scramble up and down the Mud Creek Cañon, another long day in the saddle, and at four o'clock, dusty, grimy and rather scornfully and suspiciously eyed by our friends who have come thus far to greet us, we gallop into Sisson's with a brave show of exuberant spirits but with many a rent in our garments.

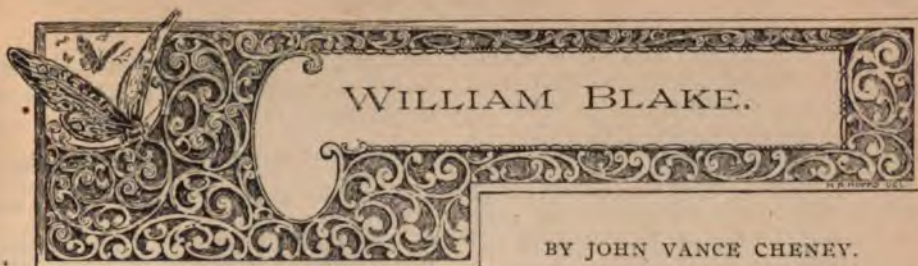
"Does it pay?" is the first question asked us by the utilitarians at the Tavern. Probably not for you, pudgy clubman, nodding in your cozy corner, with a convenient bell at your elbow; nor for you, snug note-shaver, who would be lost if you did not feel the old familiar pavement under your feet. Probably, not for our delightful dowagers, rocking away on the Tavern's piazzas, or for any and all of the stout-waisted gentry who stick by the beaten path and would scorn the breezy hilltops.

Certainly it paid our stout-hearted little party, as it will pay anyone whose heart and breathing apparatus are in normal condition, who can sit a horse all day, who is not afraid of dizzy heights and treacherous trails, and above all, who does not expect Delmonico's on the mountain slopes, or a hotel mattress under his blankets.





William Blake.



With a thousand angels upon the wind—

THERE, and so accompanied rode Blake, the mystic, from childhood to the end of his three-score and ten. The poem entitled "Verses," from which this line is taken, opens with couplets that fitly introduce the singer so strange in equipment and method, standing well toward the front among the defiant forces, the insoluble phenomena:—

With happiness stretched across the hills  
In a cloud that dewy sweetness distils,  
With a blue sky spread over with wings,  
And a mild sun that mounts and sings;  
With trees and fields full of fairy elves,  
And little devils who fight for themselves,  
Remembering the verses that Hayley sung  
When my heart knocked against the root of  
my tongue,  
With angels planted in hawthorn bowers,  
And God himself in the passing hours;  
With silver angels across my way,  
And golden demons that none can stay.

We are swung at once into midair, and the natural exclamation is, "Madman!" Blake, in his lifetime, was known to many as a madman, but let us not be too hasty in consigning great gifts to the asylum; for Coleridge, De Quincey, Byron, even Wordsworth, have been tracked beyond the bounds of sanity. The spice of madness demanded for the poet, Blake assuredly had, and this is all that concerns us at present. The many make too little of such a mind, while a few make too much of it. Mr. Gilchrist and Swinburne are guilty, I think, on the side of over-appreciation.

But while I find, here and there, applied to Blake adulatory adjectives larger than his erratic genius can well carry, I find him something very different from what he has been found by

his detractors. I find a deal of queer-ness, a medley of Ezekiel, Ossian and an innominable *tertium quid*; I find independence, intolerance, wildness; I find incoherence, vast scattering, rhapsody thinning away into nebula, mysticism slipping into nonsense,—in short, defiance of much that is right in thought, and in method; I find this, but mingled with it strains and whole poems possible only to the poet pure and simple, to the singer by the grace of God. Indeed, Blake, at his best, is, what we should always joy to find, an excellent illustration of the old notion, the true notion of the poet; with imagination, vision, faith, enthusiasm, he has the poet's kind of thought, his straight sight, and his swift method, his fire and his music shining and singing along the native, inevitable lines. As we read the place of his birth, there is something prophetic in the names,—“Broad Street, Golden Square”; of a truth, he was the babe for a spacious, radiant cradle. It is a waste of time to look for system in the work of such a mind; as in the case of Emerson, the light is too white for more than gleams, flashes. Blake is a reporter, a flesh-and-blood conduit for the high might that descends to become, through certain rare organisms, among the most precious possessions of men. We get from him occasional meteor streaks of prophecy; we get scattered blossoms of philosophy; we hear the voice of the teacher, indirect, trembling with passion; we listen to the joyous songs of nature and of “humble livers” from the lips of one the color of whose singing-robe matches the sunset purple of Wordsworth's; we hear the last echo of the days when youth and music ruled the



English world; and having this, we have something harder to find than theories and systems.

The vision is mightier in this poet than the faculty divine. He sees so much that he forgets the blindness of the world; with so much of the poet in himself, he forgets how little of the poet there is in us; he draws the rapid outlines, dashes off the sketch, and our own imagination is left to complete the picture. It should not be forgotten, however, that in many cases the poems are but half the artistic whole; that it was Blake's habit to engrave his poems, illustrating them with colored drawings round the page or on a separate page. To read the poems apart from the designs is like listening to Wagner's operas, blindfold. To be sure, the poems must stand or fall by themselves, still it is only right to bear in mind that we do not realize, as we read them on the plain page, the full action of the author's imagination.

Emerson describes himself as a transparent eyeball, yet his vision is normal; Blake's vision is abnormal. If Emerson sees more than he can tell, Blake pushes on to the point where language is thrown into utter confusion:—

"I assert for myself," he says, "that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises, do you not see a disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?' 'Oh no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window, concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it."

The more we look into the matter of art, the more evident it becomes that patience is of the very essence of success in it; but, unluckily, all the patience of the little Blake family was in the heart of faithful black-eyed Catherine. Had it been among the temperamental treasures of the master of the house,

what might he not have done, he that in green boyhood can remind us of Shakespeare himself?

And may our duty, Chandos, be our pleasure.—

Now we are alone, Sir John, I will unbuckle—

And breathe my hopes into the burning air  
Where thousand Deaths are posting up and down,

Commissioned to this fatal field of Cressy.  
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,

And gird the sword upon each thigh, and  
Each shining helm, and string each stubborn bow,

And dance to the neighing of our steeds.  
Methinks the shout begins, the battle burns  
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,

And roar the wild flame of fierce war upon  
The thronged enemy! In truth, I am too full;

It is my sin to love the noise of war.

\* \* \* \* \*

Considerate age, my lord, views motives,  
And not acts, when neither warbling voice  
Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure sits  
With trembling age, the voice of Conscience then,

Sweeter than music in a summer's eve,  
Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep

Sweet symphony to feathered angels, sitting  
As guardians round your chair; then shall the pulse

Beat slow, and taste and touch and sigh  
and sound and smell,

That sing and dance round Reason's fire  
wrought throne,

Shall flee away, and leave him all forlorn;  
Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend.

We are a long way from Shakespeare, but to get this near him is no common feat for an unschooled youngster. Further on, we come upon the splendid expression,

Threatening as the red brow of storms.

In passing, the adjective, red, illustrates the indefinable, the inexplicable, poetic force of certain words. We find it again in Beddoes's

The red outline of beginning Adam.

Blake had not the shaping power of imagination for protracted composition, neither was he specially fitted for the favorite effort to unite taste with condensation. The longer piece

are loose, shapeless; and no less failures are such hyperbolic announcements as,—

A game-cock clipped and armed for fight  
Doth the rising sun affright;

\* \* \* \* \*  
The soldier armed with sword and gun  
Palsied strikes the summer's sun;

\* \* \* \* \*  
Every tear from every eye  
Becomes a babe in eternity.

Blake poised on a thin ridge; on the one side chaos, on the other the depth of the ridiculous; and he made missteps both right and left. True; but the recovery! not only does he balance on the height once more, in the rest of the blessed cloud, but rises on the songbird's wing, and circles and carols at blissful ease in the empyrean.

There is no denying that Blake is prone to go "beating in the void." We must expect it of one that can write after this daring fashion in a quiet letter to a friend:—

"I am more famed in heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life; and these works are the delight and study of archangels. Why then should I be anxious about the riches or fame of mortality? The Lord our Father will do for us and with us according to His divine will, for our good. You, O dear Flaxman, are a sublime archangel—my friend and companion from eternity. In the divine bosom is our dwelling-place. I look back into the regions of reminiscence, and behold our ancient days before this earth appeared in its vegetated mortality to my mortal vegetated eyes. I see our houses of eternity, which can never be separated, though our mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of heaven from each other." The Visionary that can so write has no difficulty in summoning the builder of the pyramids from the shades to sit for his portrait; and the completion of the work is appropriately celebrated

by repairing to his garden arbor, there to while away a summer hour with his Catherine, neither of the two farther from nakedness than were the first man and woman of sacred legend ere yet the fig-leaf wear came into fashion.

But it is not always in the void—even this he peoples with wraiths of beauty—; the author of the "Book of Thel" is at home on the ground, as much at ease there as are the "Chimney Sweeper" and the "Little Black Boy," ay, as are the humblest animal and plant.

Names alter, things never alter.

\* \* \* \* \*

To be good only is to be  
A God, or else a pharisee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Great things are done when men and mountains meet.

\* \* \* \* \*

He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.

If, on the one side, is madness, on the other, is good old-fashioned sanity; in fact it is not difficult for Blake to be as worldly-wise as one could wish. Despite his abnormal vision, and incoherent utterance, despite his inequality and his thousand vagaries, Blake was a close critic of life. Mr. Watts is of the opinion that the criticising of life is to be done by the writers of prose. Let him read the "Defiled Sanctuary":—

I saw a chapel all of gold  
That none did dare to enter in,  
And many weeping stood without,  
Weeping, mourning, worshiping.

I saw a serpent rise between  
The white pillars of the door,  
And he forced and forced and forced  
Till he the golden hinges tore:

And along the pavement sweet,  
Set with pearls and rubies bright,  
All his shining length he drew,—  
Till upon the altar white

He vomited his poison out  
On the bread and on the wine.  
So I turned into a sty,  
And laid me down among the swine.



While Blake's vision was abnormally active, the range is round a few elementary principles, a few essentials of life. It is the safe circuit of Epictetus himself; while the favorite themes, love, youth and childhood, indicate not only sanity, but special qualification for the office of poet. Sweet tempered and joyous, barring the few lapses unavoidable with so ardent a temperament, he saw the world as the old prophets saw it, beautiful, good; he trusted it, looked up from it to the maker of all, and sang as he journeyed, angelsoverhead and lambs at his feet. No man has lived a more thoroughly poetic life, a life realizing closer his happy phrase, a "shining lot."

For an instance of the peculiar manner of this reporter of life, we may take a stanza of the poem "Night," where the favorite angels are at their gentle offices:—

They look in every thoughtless nest  
Where birds are covered warm;  
They visit caves of every beast,  
To keep them all from harm:

If they see any weeping  
That should have been sleeping,  
They pour sleep on their head,  
And sit down by their bed.

This is unlike anything we have heard before. Again, he says of Christ, He

O'erturned the tent of secret sins,  
And its golden cords and pins.

And in that intense poem, "Broken Love," we have the stanza, —

A deep winter dark and cold  
Within my heart thou dost unfold;  
Iron tears and groans of lead  
Thou bind'st around my aching head.

His voice sometimes rises to a shriek:—

The God of War is drunk with blood,  
The earth doth faint and fail;  
The stench of blood makes sick the heavens,  
Ghosts glut the throat of hell!

But the secret of genius soon confronts us again, hiding in such lines as those where Delilah lies at the feet of Samson:

He seemed a mountain, his brow among  
clouds;  
She seemed a silver stream, his feet  
bracing.

This is more striking than the late artist's picture of Vivien at the feet of Merlin, drawn with four times many lines save one:—

There lay she all her length and knee  
feet,  
As if in deepest reverence and in love.  
A twist of gold was round her hair; a  
Of samite without price, that more  
Than hid her, clung about her  
limbs.  
In color like the satin-shining palm  
On sallows in the windy gleams of May.

I attach little importance to the environment as a means of account for Blake's poetry. Swinburne thinks, makes too much of it, as does of the oracles of the poet's period. Blake was kin to the Elizabethans, and were he writing to he probably would take his inspiration from them as surely as he did the third quarter of the last century. True, Shakespeare and the whole nest of singing birds were less closely studied when he began writing, but I think he would have found them out any time.

If the Elizabethans were Blake's inspiration, they were by no means Blake. Fuseli's familiar admission concerning his pictures is of special significance in this connection: "Blake is a damned good fellow to steal from." In other words, he was a painter of original ideas; and so it may be said of him as a poet. I do not remember to have seen it noticed we find in Blake the first touches we know as Coleridgean; for instance the last stanza of "The Little Lost":—

The night was dark, no father was there  
The child was wet with dew;  
The mire was deep, and the child did  
And away the vapor flew.

Blake, turn whither he may for inspiration, is an original genius; his method of reporting is his own. His poems bear witness to this, and to



ENGRAVED DESIGN BY WILLIAM BLAKE—FROM "THE BOOK OF JOB."

testimony is both confirmed and supplemented by the kindred but distinct expression from which they should not be divorced. Mr. William Rossetti, the author of the descriptive catalogue of Blake's art works, uses language that we should heed and make such use of as we may in the effort to comprehend the expression of this most daring and startling soul of his time:—

"ELOHIM CREATING ADAM." \*

"The Creator is an amazingly grand creature, worthy of a primeval

imagination or intuition. He is struggling, as it were, above Adam, who lies distended on the ground, a serpent twined around one leg. The color has a terrible power in it; and the entire design is truly a mighty one.

#### FIRE.

"Blake, the supreme painter of fire, in this, his typical picture of fire, is at his greatest; perhaps it is not in the power of art to transcend this treatment of the subject in its essential features. The water-color is unusually complete in execution. The conflagration



gration, horrid in glare, horrid in gloom, fills the background; its javelin-like cones surge up amid conical forms of buildings ('Langham Church steeples,' they may be called, as in No. 151). In front an old man receives from two youths a box and a bundle which they have recovered; two mothers and several children crouch and shudder, overwhelmed; other figures behind are running about, bewildered what to do next."

The design "When the Morning Stars Sang Together," is, in the language of Dante Rossetti, one that "never has been surpassed in the whole range of Christian art."

I have mentioned some of Blake's defects. His weaknesses, his failures, conceded, his fame without the aid of his wondrous work in the sister art stands firm on a few poems; poems now exquisite, now virile, always imaginative, musical and masterly. If ever poet was born, it was the author of these lines, written when he had barely entered the teens:—

How sweet I roamed from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride,  
Till I the Prince of Love beheld  
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow;  
He led me through his gardens fair  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,  
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;  
Then stretches out my golden wing,  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

The inspiration is so like that of music itself that no name can be given the first eight poems; they are entitled simply "Song." None but a son born of the muses could thus address them:—

Whether on Ida's shady brow,  
Or in the chambers of the East,  
The chambers of the Sun, that now  
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,  
Or the green corners of the earth,  
Or the blue regions of the air  
Where the melodious winds have been

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,  
Beneath the bosom of the sea,  
Wandering in many a coral grove;  
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love  
That bards of old enjoyed in you?  
The languid strings do scarcely move,  
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

Such are the verses of a boy, an untrained son of a London hosier, fallen on the evil days of Pope. Let us spend too much time, I say, pry into the environment.

Nature reaches out her hand in dry time and in the barren land, a some eternal bloom is sure to respond she calls amid the din and jar of indifferent world, and at its hoarse hour a voice answers in tones so pure so sweet, that they never leave the hearts of men, but tremble on, echo out of heaven, from generation to generation.

Never seek to tell thy love,  
Love that never told can be;  
For the gentle wind doth move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart,  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.  
Ah! She did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently invisibly:  
He took her with a sigh.

Or to go back to the period of boyhood,—

Love and harmony combine,  
And around our souls entwine,  
While thy branches mix with mine,  
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,  
Chirping loud and singing sweet;  
Like gentle streams beneath our feet  
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,  
I am clad in flowers fair;  
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,  
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young,  
Sweet I hear her mournful song;  
And thy lovely leaves among  
There is love; I hear his tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,  
There he sleeps the night away;  
There he sports along the day,  
And doth among our branches play.

Among the lyrics, rippling the melodies that neither time nor toil can teach, that neither wisdom nor ambition can attain,—here is the haunt of the real Blake. Here is the poet; where one line is worth all his riddles of politics, of metaphysics, of religion, and what not, which serve no purpose but to show into what unavailing vapor, into what damp and devouring shadow the bright child of song may wander. A thousand "Jerusalems" and "Urizens" cannot smother the pure star-flame; it springs triumphant despite such extinguishers as the "Book of Ahania" and the "Song of Los."

Father, O Father! What do we here,  
In this land of unbelief and fear?  
The land of dreams is better far,  
Above the light of the morning star.

While this mood holds, we learn anew the difference between the stocks and stones of prose and the rejoicing stars of song. Atmosphere is confessedly one of the sure tests of the poet, and the secret of Blake's power in this element remains inviolate until the time of Coleridge. Be it sleeping child or prowling beast, the magic accents fall, and we are enveloped by the heavenly innocence or by the horror of the wild:—

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming in the joys of night;  
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,  
Smiles as of the morning steal  
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast  
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep!  
When thy little heart doth wake,  
Then the dreadful light shall break.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned that fire within thine eyes?  
On what wings dared he aspire?  
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
When thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,  
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

If Cowper first counsels a loving return to nature, Blake seconds him with insight not found again until we come to Wordsworth, and with passion not found again till we come to Burns. The sodden photography of Thomson, the classic handling of Gray and Collins, the smooth, soothing rurality of Goldsmith, the close, hard-lined sketches of Crabbe—none of these exhibit the enthusiasm and affection that in Blake's work and in Cowper's stamp these two blessed madmen as the ancestors of Nature's laureate, the bard of Rydal; and not Wordsworth himself was more at home with the simplest beings and things, the children, the lambs and the blossoms. Does Blake sing of these, the notes of gentle old Ramsay, are not more native and sweet, and none of all I have named excel him in evanescent touches, in airy ignition, mystic flashes, beyond the reach of will and endeavor. And when we remember that this distinguishing charm of the Elizabethans was recalled in the midst of the metallic gloss, the wax-work, and the monotonous, choppy hum of the phrase factory still running with the impetus of the Restoration, Blake stands, unquestioned, the unique genius that he was.

In the light of modern research it is



hardly safe to decide that Blake did not see things invisible to the physical eye. If he was a man when he said he had touched the sky with his stick, he was a child when he saw, on the tree, angels for apples. He had from the first, what we term a sixth sense; and while, at times, he pushed this gift too hard, not always is he to be taken seriously. Many of his narrations, notably the one about the fairy funeral, may have been but a rebuke to prosaic dullness. I can easily imagine a twinkle in his great eyes as he gravely asks a stiff, unimaginative companion, "By the way, did ever you see a fairy funeral?" But fact or fancy, let us be thankful for so pretty stories; few are they that can tell them:—

"I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."

Had we to lose either the "Cupid Fay," or these three sentences, I should say, "Take the poem, leave the prose." "All things," Blake affirms, "exist in the human imagination." This he meant, this he believed. "It must be right," he says; "I saw it so." Whether or not he hob-nobbed with Moses and Homer is of little importance compared with the fact expressed in his own words, "I possess my visions all peace."

Madness of the right sort has charms for the stabdest critic. "There is something in the madness of the man," says Wordsworth of Blake, "that interests one more than the sanity of Byron and Walter Scott."

Ay, would the world were full of brave, so joyous, so beautiful lunacy. Heaven send many such madmen for 'tis mainly through them that we learn to scorn the dust and darkness of the ground. Hark! it is the call of this free, soaring son of the morning:—

O Earth, O Earth, return!  
Arise from out the dewy grass!  
Night is worn,  
And the morn  
Rises from the slumbrous mass.





## THE ROMANCE OF YONO-SAN.\*

BY JOHN W. WOOD.



**Y**ONDER, across the beautiful valley, Fuji-san raised its head in majestic grandeur. Upon the winding paths and verdured slopes were perched picturesque little houses, and a toy-like bridge spanned the white foaming waters that were fed from the eternal snows that frosted Fuji-san's stately head. The waters sang merrily as they coursed adown the ravines, and irrigated the verdure upon the parched plains below.

The picture was poetic and beautiful, and yet Jack Barnaby sat looking at it gloomily within the sliding screen that formed the side of his room. He wondered why he had come to Omiya, and having come, why he remained. The sweet scent of almond and cherry blossoms that was wafted in to him, the song of the robin and thrush, the chirping of Cicadas, the drone of the honey-bee were alike unnoted; while the hoarse cries of the jinrikisha men, trotting nimbly on their toilsome ways, across the little bridge and up the steep mountain ascents, irritated him more than usual. Jack had often, during the past week, fallen into the same line of reflection, and repeated to himself the same inward query. He had more than once resolved to pack his belongings and get him over to Yokohama or Tokio, where, in the bustling

contact with many men, he could the easier forget his trouble and heartache. Yet such is the perversity of mankind, that Jack Barnaby had sought the quiet of this idyllic spot to escape the very thing which he now resolved to seek once more.

In brief retrospect, let us say, that a certain young lady of San Francisco had with deplorable inconsiderateness entangled poor Jack's heart. Reciprocating his affection, the two became engaged. Jack was rich; the young lady adorable, though gay and fickle. Coquetry did not suit Jack's ideas after he became engaged, half so well as before, and as the young lady's natural tendencies made it difficult for her to refrain, he became unreasonably jealous, perhaps, and she unnecessarily resentful. The result was that ere long the dream was over; and Jack, desiring to forget as soon as possible, set out for Japan. In Yokohama he met Milly's cousin, and being thus unpleasantly reminded of San Francisco, he went to Tokio. In Tokio he met her uncle, turned missionary, and in vexation he sought for a retired spot where relatives came not, and so it happened he went to Omiya, where, after having resided for a month, he found himself still uncured. A dull month it had been, watching these adult children, as they seemed to him, making a pleasing job of life, and as this was contrary to his own uncheerful feelings he felt annoyed and irritated.

Presently, as he sat in darksome despondency, there fell upon his hearing the soft tumpety-tum-tum of a *samisen*,

\* The illustrations for this story are made from original drawings by T. Aoki, a native Japanese artist.



accompanied by a sweet little voice that drifted through the lattice into his room. At first, scarcely listening, he presently became fully attentive, for the voice was wonderfully sweet and melodious. He arose lazily and looked from his window to the pretty garden below. The words that were wafted up to him were distinct and pure, their burden an invocation to the god of love. This was interesting at all events, and the young man listened in admiration. It is true that as yet Jack knew little of the native tongue, but that little rendered by so sweet a voice was well worth hearing. The garden was neat and trim with its bordered walks and little beds of bright jonquils, hyacinths, and other pretty flowers, and in the center a tiny fountain threw out a stream of sparkling water. In one corner, beneath a blossoming cherry tree, there was an arbor of wisteria, and from this cool refuge issued the sounds that had attracted Jack's attention. As he stood watching and listening, the music continued, now in light and merry cadence, then sinking low and soft, dying away and mingling with the murmuring of the splashing fountain. Eager to miss no note Jack leaned far out of the casement, resting his shoulder so heavily upon the sliding frame that, just at the finish of a fine diminuendo, it shot back and sent a potted oleander spinning to the garden walk below, where it fell with a loud crash.

The music came to an abrupt ending; there was a rustling within the arbor and Jack caught a glimpse of a bright-robed female hurrying up the pathway on the other side. With a quick turn of the head, the young lady cast a startled look upward, then disappeared with a half-smothered laugh amidst the umbrageous oleanders. "Well, she's a beauty," mentally commented Jack, and for the moment he forgot his late doleful humor. As he had no particular object in hurrying away from the place he postponed his packing, put away his

valise and sat down by the window smoke. Perhaps he expected a reappearance of the fair musician, but he did it was not vouchsafed him the evening, although he sat there after the sun had sunk below Fusan's snowy head. But he would enquire, and he had a plan already arranged, when old Naka-San, the woman who served his meals, came with his evening tea.

"Oh, Naka-San," he said, interrupting the humble prostration which anticipated her departure—"Naka-San, I love music much; I love sweet voices much, and yet you have the very possessor here and you send her not to me. Do you tire of pleasing the stranger, Naka-San?" Jack had intended to be diplomatic.

"Oh, noble Sir," and Naka-San courtesied to the floor, "you would have a *geisha* to sing and dance? That it must be so, even this very night."

"No, no, Naka; I want no *geisha*. Is it a *geisha* who sings in the garden below of an afternoon?"

"What! a *geisha* sings in the garden there? Impossible. O, Sir!" As she would see about that—no *geisha* could be thus allowed to disturb the excellency.

The little angular eyes snapped angrily perhaps. Jack surmised that she knew more than she cared to tell and this piqued his curiosity the more of course. He would await developments.

The next afternoon he was on the watch, but intending to be more discreet. Presently, as he peeped through the closed screen, there was a flutter of a silken robe in the avenue of oleanders beyond, and a young girl came down softly and timorously, as if anticipating an inquisitor upon her retreat. She glanced curiously up towards Jack's closed window, and then, if satisfied that it hid no ruthless spy, sped into the vine-covered arbor, and soon the thum of the *samisen* and its sweet accompaniment silenced the shrill chatter of the cockatoo that was perched yonder upon the prune tree.



TIRE OF PLEASING THE STRANGER, NAKA-SAN?"

wisteria vines hung low, yet partially concealed a trim little figure in soft flowing robes enhancing the undulating curves of beauty. Jack stood behind the half drawn *shoji*, listening and watching. After the music ceased, and the musician leaned back in her seat as if in exhaustion, Jack's gaze was attracted to the clustering flowers.

Then, as if by the hypnotic power of Jack's steady gaze, her eyes were drawn toward the screen where

Half unconsciously he had pulled down the sash, and as she looked at him with a confusion of a thousand blushes across her face. A half coquettish smile came to her lips, and then, as if conscious of her imprudence she leaped to her feet and was gone in a twinkling. Jack,

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impulsively and with grave lack of forethought, leaped through the low sash and quickly dashed after her, for what purpose he scarcely could have explained, then. He only succeeded in getting a final glimpse of her flowing robes as she disappeared behind the *shoji* of a cottage on the other side of the grove. "It must be there she lives," thought Jack, as he returned to his room, considerably ashamed of his impulsive quest. Who could she be? Although he had been sojourning in the house of Naka-San for three weeks, never before had he encountered the maid of the *samisen*, and he determined to discover who she was. At all events he could try the persuasive power of gold upon old Naka. So, when that toothless dame came to serve his tea that evening as usual, he met her with an affable and friendly manner that surprised her.

He asked many questions concerning the neighborhood and neighbors, which Naka answered cheerfully but carefully. She was also diplomatic. Yes, she knew every one thereabouts, but mentioned no young lady that corresponded in description to the one in whom Jack was interested. As she was about to remove the little tray containing the teacup, she discovered a piece of gold therein. Naka started and looked interestedly round about the room; her gaze rested upon the little pot of chrysanthemums, upon the bracket in the wall, upon the little wooden god that posed upon the stand in the corner, and finally settled upon Jack, who had patiently watched the workings of the charm upon the untutored Naka-San. Then lifting the piece of gold from the teacup, Naka, after gazing for some time upon the coin, slowly handed it to Jack. But Jack pushed her hand away.



"It is yours, Naka-San; yours for a keepsake. When I go away you will buy lots of pretty things with it."

Naka's face relaxed into a grim smile, and she made a courtesy to the very floor. "Oh excellency," she broke in, "my memory so bad. Never can I remember some things. Let me think; yes, there is another—there is one more. She arrived day before yesterday; the little Yono-San, I mean. She and her aunt, who is a far off cousin of mine, live there—in the little cottage. She has lived for two years at Tokio. There she went to school and learned everything, everything." Naka-San's tongue was now loosened, and it ran as a mill race. Behold the power of gold!

Jack learned too that Yono-San was descended from an illustrious race; her grandfather was a *daimio* of the province of Yamashiro. She was even distantly connected with a Shogun. No, there was no plebianism in pretty Yono's blood, no indeed! Another gold piece concluded the recital, and Naka even promised to effect a proper introduction to the granddaughter of the *daimio*.

The next day Yono-San failed to appear in the garden, whereat Jack was much cast down, but in the evening he was gratified to learn from Naka-San that the fair Yono's Aunt Shorisha would be pleased to meet the young American stranger.

Two hours later found Jack comfortably seated in the pretty little drawing-room of Aunt Shorisha, a stiff and formal old lady who smiled at stated intervals and sipped tea continuously. But Jack did not mind this; his attention was chiefly devoted to the little Yono. "Yono is demure and beautiful, sweet and charming," thought he, as he noted her pretty dimples and graceful motions. Her eyes glowed with interest as he described his country, its cities and the thousand and one things heretofore considered by him so commonplace. The diffidence with which she at

first met him wore off, and the English she had learned at the school at Tokio now proved useful to her. Then he played at his request upon her beloved *samisen*, and sang ever so many pretty little airs of her country in her own native tongue. The soft, spicy breeze that blew gently through the open windows came from tropical gardens in a sensuous caress. The half-light interior, with its grotesque brass and its old lacquer decorations, the striking, stately figure of Aunt Shorisha, and the pretty little figure that played upon the stringed instrument and sang those wild, quaint songs seemed to Jack a dream of orientals, and he thought long about it the night ere he fell asleep. And this was the beginning.

After that Jack came often; and often he and Yono sat in the garden in the cool summer-like afternoons and evenings, listening while Yono sang, or else bringing out his favorite guitar, and playing the old songs that had been silent to him for many years. And thus passed many weeks; weeks of listless pleasure to Jack, who had by this time ceased to remember the unpleasant past, merely thought of it as a vexatious episode. He almost forgot San Francisco and every one there, and became imbued to the soul with the soft, dreamy atmosphere of this lotus house ever redolent with perfume—the perfume of never-care. And he welcomed ensnaring sensuousness with eagerness, and delighted in a life that varied with it no trouble, no exertion, no pain. And Yono—who could tell? Jack himself could not and the changeful but always charming humors that animated her, as demure and as pleasing as the prismatic colors that broke from the sunbeams falling upon the snowy summit of Fuji-San, yonder. At one time playful, bubbling over with merry wit; again, sedate in her stately decorum and conventional stateliness, and then melting into grave, changeful moods. Sometimes her



YONO-SAN.



eyes softened into a fascinating intimation of fondness that made Jack's heart beat with keen pleasure, only to change suddenly to pain and anxiety as he studied upon the future.

They took many walks together amidst the magnificent old groves of cryptomeria that abounded. They inspected parks and gardens and drank *saké* from tiny cups served by pretty

He gathered blossoms and mosses, strung them into garlands which wound about Yono-San's neck.

Presently Jack espied a gorgeous cluster of a rarely beautiful flower hanging high from a moss-grooved cryptomeria's projecting limb. Yono wanted it of course, and of course she must have it, although it was with no little difficulty that Jack



THE MOUNTAIN OF FUJI-SAN.

damsels. They visited Kori shops and drank tea, and sometimes Yono herself officiated in the brewing of it. Jack declared it nectar—although he had ever hated tea before—and drank many cupfuls. They visited the little shops and bazaars that beset his way, and he purchased all manner of pretty and interesting things for Yono.

On a certain day—the Feast of the Cherry Blossoms—they started with light hearts to a bower at the foot of Fuji, where some of the exercises of the day were to be held. Aunt Shorisha also went, but being fat and elderly elected to travel in a *kuruma*, but Jack and Yono would travel afoot, albeit it was no more than a *ri* distant. The morning was beautiful, the air soft and fragrant, and the birds melodious on the wayside. Yono was as a child on a holiday from school. She chased the great blue and gold butterflies and when she at last caught one, tied it by its struggling wings to Jack's hat.

climbed the great trunk to the depending blossoms. He was about to pluck the coveted flower when the sleek bough upon which he stood, snapped short and he fell heavily to the ground below. The distance was not great, but the shock was sufficient to stun his senses. Yono screamed with terror at his femininity as he fell, and seeing him lying upon the ground, his white face upturned and his eyes closed, went once into a spasm of wailing, believing him dead or at least fatally injured. Tenderly she drew his head upon her lap and fell to caressing his face with her hands, while tears fell from her pretty eyes. And thus it happened when Jack's scattered senses presently returned, he found his head reposed softly and comfortably, and Yono's eyes looking into his with a mixture of tenderness and grief. And was he correct in the surmise that he had felt the warm pressure of a kiss upon his forehead? At all events he closed his eyes again, quite unnecessarily, and



felt quite comfortable and contented, albeit he was aware of a sharp pain in his ankle. He almost forgot to rise until Yono inquired with affectionate solicitude whether he was hurt; then he discovered that he was unable to move without pain. Yono aided him to a reclining position against the offending tree, and presently Aunt Shorisha came along and also soon a jinrikisha that was empty. Into this latter Jack was carefully placed with the help of its attendants and they started homeward, Yono-San walking mournfully at the side of the jinrikisha and constantly adjuring the carriers to select the smoothest part of the road.

It might have been a hardship for Jack to be laid up in his room thus disabled, but he found that there was a compensation in being the object of solicitude from the whole household, and particularly that Yono had constituted herself his almost sole nurse and attendant. A native physician felt of the injured member and assured him that only rest, together with frequent applications of a magical lotion he himself prepared, were required for a speedy recovery. And it was Yono's fair hands that deftly applied the medicament and tenderly wound the bandages, and there seemed to be so much hypnotism about her soft hands that Jack was ever asking for repeated treatment! Then she attended his many other wants, filled his pipe and even lit it for him. She sang in her sweet way many songs, and wrote invocations in verse to the gods upon fragile bits of rice paper, asking for his speedy recovery. These she threw from the window from time to time, where they were taken up by the breeze and wafted far away on their missions of mercy. 'Twas thus the season wore on in happy abandonment. Aunt Shorisha came from time to time upon the scene and seemed quite happy at the condition of affairs.

About three weeks after the accident, and when Jack had recovered sufficiently to walk about with the

slight assistance of a cane, he sat one afternoon upon the little trellised piazza, looking in content and comfort upon the beautiful scene surrounding him and watching the graceful figure of Yono-San as she flitted about the garden, engaged in the pleasing pursuit of manufacturing a bouquet of japonicas and roses—for himself as he well knew. He had almost forgotten the other world from whence he came, nor indeed did he desire to recall it. Why not take up his permanent abode here, in this quiet paradise? The world would not miss him, neither cared he for it. This part of it was strange in its paradoxes—a kingdom of opposites—but a happy, don't-care life suited his temper now. And then with Yono-San he might be truly content and happy—who could say?

His meditations were interrupted by a footstep. It was the little bare-legged man who ran errands, did chores, and occasionally served as a carrier of letters. This time he came trotting up to the piazza where Jack sat, and suddenly dropping upon all fours before him, dipped so low that his forehead touched the ground, and the little bald spot upon the top of his head came prominently into view. Then he quickly arose and handing Jack a buff envelope, nimbly ran away. Jack knew it was a telegram, and hesitated to open it for he knew its portent could hardly be less than an interruption to his pleasant summer. He looked at Yono coming up the path, waving a great bouquet over her head, then slowly opened the missive. As he feared, it was important, for it announced that a rich aunt in San Francisco was ill and besought his presence, as she feared her days were numbered. Poor Aunt Fanny! Jack had more than ordinary affection for his Aunt Fanny; besides he expected to be the chief heir to her great fortune.

He looked again at Yono-San who was coming to him, her eyes bright and sparkling, her cherry lips parted with a smile that disclosed her pearly



teeth. His heart grew tender, and he wondered what she would say when he told her. But it must be done and at once. As Yono tripped lightly up the steps she noticed the little slip of paper in his hand, and glancing up at his sober face instantly divined trouble.

"What is it, Sir Jack?" she inquired anxiously.

"Bad news, Yono; bad news indeed. I must go home."

Yono grew white and let fall the bouquet.

"You go away? Home—to leave me—us? Oh, you cannot mean it, Jack?"

Leaning heavily upon him poor Yono closed her eyes and sighed deeply, her bosom heaving convulsively in her pain.

Jack hardly knowing what else to do, kissed her tenderly upon her cherry lips. Half opening her eyes she endeavored to stand unaided. "Don't go, Jack," she murmured, "don't leave me."

"But Yono," said Jack, and there was self-reproach within him—"Yono, I will come back. Yes, in the spring, when the cherry trees bloom again I'll be here." And he meant it, too.

This revived Yono-San, and she tried to look happy. Then Jack went on to explain his connection with Aunt Fanny, financially and otherwise.

What Jack meant to do when he "came back" he could just then have hardly explained to himself. He tried to define his future relationship to Yono late that night, as he sat outside his room smoking, as was his habit when a problem was to be solved. The garden below was in obscurity, the remittent lightning of June bugs appearing in that dark space like a rapidly moving constellation. The soft perfume floated dreamily about him with its semi-intoxicating influence, and as he gazed pensively upon the thin crescent moon that hung like a silver scimeter above Fuji-San, he thought that nowhere

else could he live so contented. Yes, he would return.

Next day Jack was ready to go. As a keepsake at parting he gave Yono a fine diamond brooch, and fastened it himself at her pretty throat. Then he jumped into the waiting jinrikisha, and with a last kiss and word of promise, was off. Yono stood a long time at the wicket, watching the disappearing vehicle as it sped down the road among the low-boughed plum trees. At the bend of the road leaning far out of the conveyance he threw her a farewell kiss, to which she responded by a sad waving of her hand, and, as he was lost to view, she burst into tears, and going within the house consecrated gifts to *Jin*, the travelers' deity.

Jack was petulant and cheerful during the whole journey. Ere he reached his destination his Aunt Fanny had died, leaving him a handsome legacy, together with an unfinished lawsuit that seemed boundless in its harassing tardiness. Worse than all, it demanded his personal attendance, and what with this and other business necessary in the final adjustment of Aunt Fanny's estate the whole winter was consumed.

The glitter and blaze of the city, the artificiality of the drawing room as he designated it, palled upon him. The smirking young men and the frivolous young women made him sigh for the gardens and freedom of Omiya again. And then Milly Benson was married, and although he was glad of it, he felt grieved and injured because she seemed happy and almost forgetful of their past mutual tenderness. At last, there seemed prospect of getting through with all, and just when he was congratulating himself upon this prospect, he fell ill of fever, and lay for many weeks unable to think consecutively upon any subject.

When convalescence came at last the summer had almost passed. Many hours he had spent dreaming of the flower-land across the Pacific. E

ghts dwelt with pleasure upon green fields, the water-falls, the pens of Omiya, and upon Yono-

"Poor Yono," thought he, "what would she think of him and promise now!" More than a year had passed since that day he left and he had promised to return in the spring. But at last he was

met by old Naka-San, or perhaps by Yono herself, was displeased. The strange servant knew no English, but he understood that Jack was inquiring for Yono. But Jack, in his impatience making no progress with that name (for his inquiries were met with a blank stare) asked for Naka-San. A look of happy intelligence



THE JINRIKISHA.

to travel. The swift speeding jinrikisha was none too fast for his thoughts, that dwelt in the gardens at the foot of Fuji-San.

One afternoon he found himself riding the road amid the rows of trees that ended at Yono-San's dwelling. He had come for a purpose, and Yono-San was a part of the whole of it—for he would find her here always. That he had delayed at last. He knocked impatiently upon the door, once, twice, ere the knock was answered by a picture-looking *kato*, a stranger to him, with abject prostrations desired to know what the honorable stranger intended. Jack, who expected to be

overspread the *kato's* face, who made a low obeisance and hastily departed. Presently the panel slid back and old Naka dropped upon her knees before him, and tapped the polished floor with her head.

"Rise, Nako," said Jack, "I've come back to see Yono-San—to stay here forever! Where is Yono-San, Nako?"

A troubled look overspread old Nako's face.

"Alas, poor Nako, Angel of light," Nako moaned sadly; "Yono gone—Yono dead! Ah these many moons!" The words came to Jack with a rude shock. Dead! he never had dreamed of anything like that! She might



have gone away; she might even have been given in marriage—but to die! Instead of the shy, smiling face of Yono, the old beldame stood there, telling him that Yono was dead, and beating her shrunken breast as if that would appease him. The sun seemed clouded, the sweetly perfumed air grew rank and unpleasant to him as he sat there desolate and shocked at the sudden termination to his dreams of the past months. At last, the exuberance of her grief being exhausted, Nako-San was induced to tell the story.

Long after his excellency had gone, Yono had pined like a wilted flower. Daily she had picked the choicest of Jack's favorite flowers and decorated his old room. In the spring she had brightened much, she sang gaily, and stood often at the wicket by the road looking in the distance. Summer came, and her eyes became more wist-

ful; she grew pale and thin, but still watched down the road. At the end of the summer some fever came and she lay very a long while, pining slowly, unplainly away. At last she clasping in her thin little hand precious brooch she had worn constantly since Jack had given it, she even begged that it might be with her and her wish was granted.

That was all. It was enough to Jack. After a time old Nako successfully led him out through the gate where he had spent so many happy careless days. Through a long lane thence, and over a little plain path, within an enclosure of bamboo bushes where the shade of Fuji-San fell at twilight, they came to a little mound on which loving hands had planted lotus flowers in abundance. Here Jack found the grave of Yono-San.

## DOWN A SUMMER STREAM.

BY JOHN R. EDMONSTON.

WE suspected that our trout stream was born in the high Sierras. Its waters were icy cool, clear as crystal, and its flashes of color, its flocks of snow white foam were suggestive of great glaciers on the highlands that were fast disappearing under the summer sun. The stream came from a deep wooded cañon in the main range, bounding into the open like a living thing. Now it dashed merrily over smooth pebbles, beneath trailing willows, waving with the green leaves and piling in foaming masses over the huge rocks; now it was hemmed with masses of verdure—pine cones from the uplands or leaves of the fragrant bay—while over and above great limbs and branches of trees came sweeping down to lodge in the boulders and obstruct the plunging waters.

The stream has its moods and moods—of that we were certain. We knew it in the deep cañon, where it rushed among big rocks and over moss-covered precipices—silly, exultant thing. Now it deep in the gloom of big sycamores, foaming capriciously out into the sunshine that there flooded the stream. For some distance it flowed over gravel beds, hurrying across islands of stranded brush, before it cut its way into the rich moss, where it broadened and developed, and green fields and nodding flowers showed in to the eye.

For miles the stream, which flowed from the mountain silently, reflecting myriad and rich grasses; then it descended from crags and rocks and into a broad lagoon, where it





flourished, and the black bird reigned supreme.

We took our first fish among the big trees that covered the range. There deep pools were frequent at the base of big boulders, and creeping gently up to one and glancing through the big ferns that formed a barrier, I saw a trout of heroic proportions dimly outlined against the bottom. A rift of sunlight poured down through the big sycamores and illumined a spot ten or more inches in length, and in this the giant lay, taking a veritable sun bath. The question was, what would he take? I had been using worms and a speckled fly with some success, but it occurred to me that this magnificent fellow would be capricious. His game

was different from the fish of lowlands, where sun-burned grasshoppers missed their objective of grass upon the bank, and sprawling into the stream to be snatched up. The trout of the deep pool woods depended more upon the speckled black-and-white toads that crouched upon the rocks of the stream, mimicking them in shape and color.

I had a peacock blue fly (a St. Rick), and this I managed to launch a foot or more in front of the fish. A dainty, delicious object it was to the eye, and as it rose and attempted to fly away at the tip of the tip of the split bamboo, the trout were few trout that would have

fused it. This motion of the pool, however, did not tempt him. A few inches forward he moved, rising slightly, then sank back, giving a vibrating tail and eyeing the fly with indignant scorn. The question must be caught, how? I used a light fly, then a big speckled beauty, finally in desperation decided to try a one of the little trout rock varieties that jump about the rocks. One was soon found sent sprawling into the pool. A blaze of light, a quick, sharp, spring report told that he was indeed the hunter's taste. The pool was not over ten feet in width, and formed by a gentle fall in the stream below. The rush took the line beneath the ledge, where the fish had evidently lived for seasons undisturbed. Then out



CASTING FROM THE BRIDGE.





THE FLOWER-BORDERED LAKE.

came, and failing to rid himself of the torturing hook, took a magnificent leap over the falls to the music of the reel. How it sang, and how nobly the great creature tried every manœuvre known to the gamey tribe! That the line was not cut a score of times was something of a miracle, but I followed down stream, and finally landed the beauty among the brakes and ferns of the bank—the “bonniest

fish,” as my Scotch companion said, ever taken from these waters.

Fishing here cannot be compared to like sport in the East. The mountain streams are often hard to follow, and the fisherman must often lower himself from rock to rock; now finding pools six or eight feet deep, and anon walking over rocks that form the stepping-stones of a shallow. How the trout obtain a footing in some of these high



WHERE THE SUNLIGHT POURED IN.





"LOFTY REDWOODS PIERCED THE SKY."

is a mystery. In some of the pools they are found in pools that are entirely isolated from the stream as fish migration is concerned, the only explanation is that they have forced their way up during a great mass of water pouring down, forming a continuous stream.

"These streams," said my companion, "are not always the quiet ones they appear, and what astonishes me is that the fish are not entirely washed away. Some years ago I was making a journey over the mountains in winter, and I was caught in a rain storm, camped not far from this spot. I thought I would be safe on a boulder, but during the night I was aroused by a terrific roaring sound, and found that the water was rising, so that the entire cañon had been transformed into a wild torrent. Fortunately there grew a big sycamore on a rock, which I reached by some grape vines, gaining an upper position, and that was my camp for nearly twenty-four hours. By actual measurement the water rose ten feet above the rock."

"I fished this mountain stream from end to end, then later found our way into the picturesque county of Marin that reaches from the Golden Gate north along shore for miles, a region suggestive of trout streams and game."

"The county has Tamalpais as a landmark, a fine, isolated mountain whose shadow darkens the waters of the Golden Gate, and from whose base burst springs and rivulets that support many trout streams in Marin. We entered this fair trout country up north by Cazadero, and worked our way down the summer streams by stages, literally, a horseback party, since we made our long marches by this means, and carrying blankets and other equipments, we slept at night beneath the stars in the sweetest, purest air of the sun."

"Around Cazadero there are many

famous trout streams that flow gently along through a most charming country. There are the redwoods in all their glory, magnificent specimens of trees still untouched by the vandal wood-chopper, and among the giants wind one of the best streams for trout in the vicinity. Fastening our horses we took to the stream, where four lofty redwoods pierced the sky, and were soon wading down the stream that forced its way into the very heart of the forest. The water was as clear as crystal, and young trout dashed here and there at every step, while their larger fellows could be seen under the rift, inviting conclusions with the fly. The stream flowed silently along, creeping now and then beneath the low branches of the trees, then coming out into the warm sunlight and flowing over half-exposed pebbles to merge again into the deep gloom of the redwoods. Standing knee-deep in an open spot where the sunlight poured in, I cast my first fly in a gentle riffle down stream. A gleam of silver and gold, a dash and the melody of the reel told of noble game. Away he rushed down a little fall out into the sunlight, shaking golden spray all about in a desperate effort at freedom, falling back to come up stream faster than I could reel in, then, turning, catching a glimpse of me only to dart away again. Far down stream he ran, now hiding beneath the combing banks, then out into the sunlight, fighting hard for life only to finally come in game to the very last."

"Wading down the stream, we obtained more than the enjoyment of landing gamey trout. The brook took us into some of the most delightful nooks and corners of California. Winding down through fertile valleys with high mountains on either side, the outer Coast Range to the west formed the ocean barrier over which rifts of fog came, gleaming like patches of molten silver, to be broken or dissipated by the warm air rising from the valley. Here the stream crept



through deep underbrush and suddenly seemed to stop as a giant fallen redwood barred the way, the latter illustrating well the peculiar growth of these trees, as from the trunk numbers of trees were growing forming a literal redwood fence of rare beauty, beneath which many large trout lurked and tempted the angler to inglorious ventures. Not far below, a tree had bridged the brook, at a famous fishing point, and flies were cast from this vantage point with goodly results. Some of the most delightful scenery was found in the shadow of Tamalpais. Here the stream wound its way down a deep cañon or valley from which rose lofty hills clothed with pines and redwoods, so old and tall that even fierce fires that had swept over the country had not affected them. Standing among these giants of the forest, their tops seemed lost in the blue sky above,

while their great bases were here deep in masses of fern and moss, the accumulations of centuries. Wading slowly along, noting the rare beauty of it all, occasionally dropping my fly upon the ripple, I suddenly came to a leafy barrier, and saw beyond an open space into which the sun poured beautifully illumining a little sandy beach with a flood of light in strong contrast to where I stood. There was absolute silence except the occasional hoarse cry of a blue shrike as it came down into the green abyss from above or the love note of the plumed quail that came gently on the breeze. As I stood silent in the very enjoyment of the scene, there came a soft crunch upon the gravel, and out from the brush stepped a black-tailed deer, a noble fellow, with a fine pair of antlers. He stopped a moment, raised his brilliant eyes to the hillsides, listened to the tell-tale quail notes, expanded

his nostrils, then walked boldly into the stream and drank the clear water, near me that had it not been for the verdure I could have dropped a fly fair upon his back. Not a suspicion had he, and as drinking his fill he waded into the brook, spoiling fishing by cooling his heels along the shallows, until the deep underbrush swallowed him up.

From this trout stream we climbed the range and looked down upon Bolinas with its bay and long stretch of sandy beach—blue ocean on one hand and the eternal green of redwood forest on the other. Here a little crowned the summit, with good refreshments for man and beast were found, about which grand scenery delighted the eye. They were almost as high as the summit of Tamalpais, the



LANDING A BEAUTY.





THE SUBMERGED FENCE.

ed like a hill to the east. Far  
nd rose the snow-capped Sierra  
adas, while to the north stretched  
y the country over which we  
fished, with its forests, hills,  
ys, its streams, its acres of flow-  
and verdure. A fine carriage  
carries one from the summit back  
vilization, and one bright morning  
horses brought us to Lagunitas—

a little lake deep in the woods at  
the very base of Tamalpais. Here  
we took a boat and spent the day  
drifting in the little bays that in-  
dent its shores. The trout were  
small, but gamey, and afforded fine  
fly fishing. The lake is one of the  
most picturesque spots in Marin  
County, an ideal place for the artist  
as well as the angler. Tamalpais  
rises abruptly to the south; while  
to the west a wall of verdure forms  
a wooded barrier that is reflected in  
the lake.

The high water had encroached  
upon the land, and masses of white  
flowers bordered the lake, affording  
runways to the small fry that defied  
the fiery eye of the watchful heron  
standing silent guard by a sub-  
merged fence, under and through  
which the trout passed. To the  
artist the beauties of Lagunitas are  
endless, the vistas of water beneath  
big madronas or flowering shrubs,  
the banks of wild flowers reaching  
up from the lake, the little bays  
here and there reflecting the sky  
and tiers of forests, forming condi-  
tions that appeal strongly to the  
artistic sense. It may be suspected  
that we did not fish for the mere  
sake of fishing; trout was not the  
only object, it was the excuse to  
wander over one of the most delight-  
ful regions in California—a land  
almost within sight of a city of  
300,000 inhabitants, yet nearly as  
wild and untouched by vandal civ-  
ilization as the heart of the Sier-  
ras.







COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE SIX COMPANIES, SAN FRANCISCO.

## THE CHINESE SIX COMPANIES.

BY RICHARD HAY DRAYTON.

WHEN the Act of May, 1892, known as the Geary Act, was passed, the Chinese Societies, commonly called the Six Companies, at once made strenuous efforts to render it inoperative. As is well known they sent their emissaries through the length and breadth of the land proclaiming to the ignorant Chinese laborers that the enactment was in contravention of treaty stipulations, and that they intended to prove its illegality in the Courts of the United States. They raised a large sum of money—\$200,000, it is estimated—for that purpose, by calling for pecuniary aid, or rather imposing a forced contribution of one dollar per head upon coolies and laborers, while the merchants and other classes subscribed sums varying from that amount up to twenty dollars. They counseled non-compliance with the law and held out confident promises of immunity in

case of failure to register. Such was the power of these Companies in their suggestions or instructions, so well carried out that of the 110 Chinese resident in the United States little over ten per centum took certificates of registration.

When the Supreme Court of the United States, on May 15th last, declared the Geary Exclusion Act to be constitutional, there was no excitement in this city among the misguided Chinamen, and as soon as their eyes were opened to the counsel which they had followed their anger was great. But of this we will speak later, precluding remark on the effect of the disappointment on the Chinese community by a brief history of the Six Companies, with an explanation of the cause of their anxiety to overthrow the Act.

These societies are known by the names of the Sam Yup, the



an Wo, the Kong Chow, Jeong and the Hop Wo

There is also the Shu any, which, however, is h of the last-named of the

dents, named in the same respectively, Chun Ti Chu, um, Chan Fau, Lui Kun, g Chun, Yee Ha Chung Wah Kwan. These officers annually by the votes of at members of the societies ncisco, who take care to of education and ability. words explanatory of the of the meeting hall, where itatives of these companies will not be out of place. rs of the different societies eats in the massive, heavy, chairs arranged along the e wall and at the farther room. Around the center eated the directors when e, and the altar-looking a at the head of the hall he presence of the Empe s supposed to preside over A copy of his signature l on the white rectangular center of the pictorial rep- of the royal presence.

Six Companies were de- om six Chinese agencies originally in the same districts in Canton for the promoting coolie immigra- his country. As early as ese labor was in demand in and American agents pro-

Hong-Kong to procure ich could only be done by ment of Chinamen as aux- hese latter with the shrewd- r race, soon perceived that ve and profitable business ult up by the exportation and workmen to the Pacific ey established headquarters ncisco and presently formed into the corporation known t Companies. Since that have introduced into the

United States every Chinaman that comes under the denomination of working man. The farmhand, the manufacturer's operative, the domestic servant, the washerman, the vegetable gardener and peddler, the placer miner, the shrimp-fisher and the small retail vender are all imported by them and are their serfs. In fact the Six Companies have practically established a system of slavery under the very nose of our Government. Their method of procedure is as follows: Through their agents in China they agree to pay the emigrant's passage and secure employment for him on his arrival here; to provide and care for him when sick; to give him legal advice; and in case of his death abroad to send his remains back to China. On the emigrant's part he binds himself to obey the orders of the Companies, and for the repayment of his passage money mortgages the proceeds of his labor, his earnings being also garnished with an exaction of two and a half per centum during his stay in this country. Few are the Chinamen resident here who get out of the clutches of the Six and become independent of them; the vast majority are their bondsmen. It will readily be seen what immense profits are derived from such a system of taxation.

As a matter of course, they soon began to flood California with Chinese workmen, and no longer confining their emigration agencies in China to the exportation of out-of-door laborers, introduced into this State a class of workmen of higher intelligence—operatives of the skilled labor order—established factories and instructed the immigrants in manufacturing arts entirely new to them. The faculty of imitation is strongly developed in the Chinaman, while his patience and careful attention under instruction is superlative. He rapidly acquires the practical skill in mechanical work which enables him to turn out manufactured articles of a quality equal to that of the generality of productions



by white labor, and by reason of his extraordinary endurance under a system of long-hour work, cheap living and low pay, has proved himself a most depressive competitor to the white operative in most branches of industry on this coast.

This formidable competition in time reached such proportions and was of such serious detriment to the welfare of our laboring classes that, in 1880, the Government at Washington sought to restrict Chinese immigration into the United States by entering into a new treaty with China. The provisions of it were, however, inadequate to lessen the influx, and in May, 1881, a restriction law was passed, prohibiting the coming of Chinese laborers into this country for ten years and requiring the registration of all future immigrants from China, who for that purpose were to be provided with certificates from the Chinese authorities to the effect that the persons bearing them were not of the laboring class. As is well known the intention of this law was frustrated by the action of the Six Companies, who, by supplying immigrants with forged certificates, enabled them to get registered on their arrival at our ports. Subsequent enactments of 1884 and 1888 proved equally ineffective and thousands of the obnoxious race have fraudulently gained admission into the Pacific Coast States during the last ten years.

The heads of the Six Companies rank in intelligence among the ablest and most astute of their countrymen. Well educated, possessed of administrative and commercial abilities of the highest order, and free from all those scruples of conscience which the Asiatic regards as weaknesses, they are men who can and will take every advantage, fair or foul, that will conduce to their own interests and those of the Companies over whom they preside. Chung Tone, the Secretary of the corporation, is exceptionally gifted with the talents and qualities for which the educated Chinaman is

conspicuous. Highly accomplished, rich, and of fine presence, he is a leading spirit among the members of the Six Societies. Though belonging to a class in China which the Americans would not recognize, his wealth and importance as an individual insure his cordial reception at all times when he chooses to return to his country.

A still more prominent leader in the important question of the Chinese is Chun Ti Chu, the president of the Sam Yip Company. This organization is the most powerful of the Chinese societies. The great Yip family is composed of hundreds of thousands of members, and is believed that one-half the Chinese in the United States are members or dependents of this company. It has its headquarters at 825 Broadway street, in this city. Chun Ti Chu is the ablest leader in the council of the Six Companies, and was the first mover in the organization of a vigilance committee among them to oppose the highbinder Tompkins, who were wont to levy blackmail on them with impunity. Since the establishment of that committee the fields of plunder have been few against the highbinders and many times have followed. Their houses were recently destroyed by police, and the infamous bag which they used to levy tribute on has been closed and the inmates driven out-of-the-way apartments, in order to prevent the practice of their numbers of the highbinders in this city to work in the canneries of the North, or were expelled by the authorities, and those who remain have found it a difficult matter to find the means of living. Having fallen into this fallen state mainly through the instrumentality of Chun Ti Chu, he has long regarded him with feelings of hatred which were intensified when it became known that the Government was pronounced constitutional. He, in fact, as in the case of the vigilance committee



the principal mover in the plan to prevent registration—a man known to have been objected to by several of the other companies as well as by many prominent Chinese merchants.

The hatred of the man by the highlanders displayed itself immediately after the defeat of the Six Companies before the Supreme Court of the United States became generally known, and on May 17th a price was placed on Chun Ti Chu's head. This lawless and murderous class has a wholesome dread of him, it seems, of their arch enemy whom they feared to assail him. Detective work, than whom no one is better qualified to speak, owing to his long-continued services in Chinatown, thus expresses his opinion of the president of the Sam Yup Company. "Chun Ti Chu is one of the ablest and smartest Chinese here. He can fight as well as talk. He is a fine shot and the highlanders fear him as much as they hate him. He is brave enough to stand up to three or four highbinders."

Hoping, however, to reach their end by offer of a reward for his assassination, they secretly posted up placards in many of the thoroughfares and alleys of Chinatown, offering a reward to the highbinder who would kill the president of the Sam Yup Company and promising protection and assistance in court if the murderer were caught. In the placards Chun Ti Chu was denounced as an enemy of the Chinese race as having been the cause of Chinamen not procuring their registration certificates within the time prescribed by the new law. He was, moreover, charged with being an enemy to the Tongs and with aiding the police in driving highbinders out of the city. Of course, the placards were quickly torn down by the police and proper measures taken for the protection of President Chu.

Later in the day, however, they gave vent to their animosity in abuse. Another circular was pasted up of an insulting and offensive nature. "The president of the Sam Yup Company,"

it stated, "contains twelve stinkpots which are inexplicable. He has no literary talent. He bought his position with money. His father was a reformed thief. His mother's first husband was Fung and her second Chung"—illegitimate in China. "He shields guilty criminals, and tries to free them. He provoked people to anger at a meeting and tried to escape. Therefore, all persons had better close their noses before passing his door." These placards and the venomous feelings which they display show that the path of life for the directors of the Chinese Six Companies is not smooth. These highbinder associations, or Tongs, have long been a thorn in the side to them. Hiding the real object of their organization under the pretense that they are rebels against the Tartar dynasty with the object of restoring a Chinese monarch of pure blood to the throne, they have made themselves liable to execution immediately upon landing on their native soil. To them deportation means decapitation, and they regard with deep resentment the dangerous position in which their obedience to the mandates of the companies has placed them. When the deportation begins these troublesome and lawless Chinamen will be among the first that the authorities will send home.

Shrewd and far-seeing as to their own interests though they are, the leaders of these companies seem to have been influenced in their action with regard to the Geary Act by even shrewder minds. The prospect of big fees induced astute lawyers to hold out promises of breaking down the law, promises so plausible that they doubtless had great weight with the ruling spirits of the Six Companies in their decision to contest the constitutionality of the Act. At least such is the statement of those Chinese merchants who were opposed to the policy adopted. In thus yielding to the advice of the lawyers the companies have overreached themselves, and



placed themselves in a position in which they are liable to incur far greater pecuniary loss than they would have suffered had they withheld their evil counsel. As the matter stands their action has placed in jeopardy a vast annual income which they would have received for many years to come, and it must not be supposed that with such large interests at stake they have given up the struggle.

Unfortunately for the interests of white labor and the white manufacturer, there is reason to fear that the fight will be a long one. Amply provided with funds with which to fee talented counsel, the Chinese companies will take advantage of every loophole that can be discovered in the meshwork of law that surrounds the case, and holes are already being picked in the Act itself. No stone will be left unturned to delay the operation of the enactment. Chinese emissaries are abroad through the land, hard at work among religious people and sentimentalists in endeavoring to excite pity for much-abused John; the consequence is that in many of the Eastern States where he is not understood, and which his presence in the country in no wise affects, a great amount of misdirected sympathy for him is expressed. But this same abused Chinaman, in spite of ill treatment, would, in time, if no impediment were placed in his way, come and possess this land "flowing with milk and honey."

These sentimentalists not only ignore the curse which coolie labor is to the Pacific Coast, where alone its blight is felt at present, and where, for years past, thousands of men, with families to support, have been kept in poverty and want by Chinese cheap labor, but in their self-sufficiency leave out of their mental sight the welfare of our posterity. They may be put on the same platform of intelligence with that Irish member who, in his opposition to a bill before the Parliament involving benefit to future generations, exclaimed:

"As for posterity, why should I consider it? What has posterity for us?"

When the Geary Act was constitutional much agitation was kindled throughout the land. The Chinese were bitterly dissatisfied and angry; the white population of the Pacific Coast States were and somewhat impatient with the difficulties that stood in the way of carrying it immediately into effect, and in the Eastern States a large amount of sentiment was expressed in favor of the Chinese. The cry was raised that China would be benefited by the expulsion of American labor from her ports, and possibly by the sacrifice of the missionaries at the stations. A war might even have been the consequence if the Act were enacted. The short-sighted and narrow-minded authors of these bug-a-boo stories and reprisals were more self-interested than actuated by a sincere concern that John was being abused and not justly treated. All the nonsense about harsh and brutal treatment of him is disgusting. If he wants to stay in this country why did he not register? The American citizen is to register before he can poll his vote, and as he has to comply with the requirements of the laws, why are the Chinese not aliens? The Six Companies are less to be blamed for the failure of part of most of the Chinese to register, but if the latter—be they honest or fraudulent—are under no obligation to follow the dictates of the former than to obey the laws of the country, Hong Kong or San Francisco is a good destination for them, and sooner they reach one place or the other the better for ourselves. The inimical and defiant attitude of the Six Companies ought to be met by punishment, which can be met upon them by depriving them of the slaves from whose labor they derive their wealth.

It has been alleged that the Six Companies, understanding the situation of the Chinese



ca much better than the diplo- agents of the Emperor of China, directly represent him than his tentative and minister at Wash- . This belief—rightly grounded—has led to the conjecture that the Six Companies, in their open and sive disposition in resisting the Geary Act, are acting under directions from the Government at Peking. In the manner in which previous laws passed by Congress for the regulation of Chinese immigration were evaded by that Government, this is untenable. The arrival in this country of Chew Shu Sum, a mandarin of high degree, and the document which he was the bearer entirely confirms this theory.

He arrived on June 18th last to fill the office of President of the Yeong Wo Association, and also to act ex-officio as a member of the board of consulting officers attached to the Imperial Chinese Consulate. On June 21st, a copy of the document was posted in New York. It was to this effect: "By order of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China." After a long preamble by way of greeting from the Emperor to his people in America, he speaks of his subjects that the existing relations between the two countries are of a nature most satisfactory, and commands his people here to do nothing that can in any way prejudice the desirable state of affairs. He exhorts his people to obey the laws of the country, and to let their actions be such that the American people will be obliged to recognize them and let

them enjoy the same rights and privileges as are accorded to the subjects of other powers. Above all he enjoins patience, and assures them that it is by the exercise of this excellent virtue that their demands will finally be acceded to. He then deprecates the fact that certain classes of the Chinese have persisted in maintaining organizations the object of which is to carry on a system of blackmail, and he calls upon law abiding Chinese to unite in an effort to root out these societies, as it is through the unlawful acts of these highbinders that so much discredit has been brought to the Chinese people. The circular closes with an admonition to the Chinese in the United States to obey the laws, refrain from any overt acts, and to join in an endeavor to erase from the minds of the American people, by honest and upright living, the prevailing feeling of antagonism toward the Chinese people. The Emperor pledges his unfailing support and unflagging love to his people in America.

Although in this official circular no mention of the Geary Act is made, its publication at the time of the excitement aroused by that enactment is significant, and tends to show the feelings of the Chinese Government on the subject, and the pacific line of policy that it will pursue. It remains to be seen whether the Six Companies will now continue to defy the provisions of the law and thereby aggravate the difficulties of the Chinese who have been so blind and ignorant as to follow their evil counsel.







#### THE EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

IT may be said that a session of Congress called by the President has been a rare event. In time of peace, the regular sessions have generally been deemed sufficient to provide for the wants of the country. Extraordinary sessions have usually been called when war was imminent or a state of war actually existed. The last of such sessions commenced on the 4th of July, 1861, which was made necessary by rebellion against the Government. The country was carried through that gigantic struggle and the difficulties of reconstruction without an extra session, and financial and economic legislation made necessary by the change from war to peace, was enacted by Congress in regular sessions. Every President has been loth to call Congress together, and none has done so except in a great emergency.

Does the condition at this time require that Congress should be convened at a date not more than ninety days distant from the session appointed by law? There is no war nor prospect of war, and no such business depression prevails as to demand immediate action. The revenues of the Government are sufficient to meet current expenses, and payment to no public creditor is withheld. There is, however, a monetary stringency which has existed for several years and which has grown more and more serious as population, production and trade have increased. There is no pretense that the extra session which is to commence in September, is called to enact laws that will relieve from the monetary stringency, nor is there anything in the professions of the party in power which furnishes ground

for expectation that any such legislation will be enacted unless it be the plea of the Chicago Convention to repeal the national revenue tax upon State bank circulation. This would probably result ultimately in enlargement of the paper money volume, but State bank notes cannot be made tender, and they will be a circulating medium devoid of uniformity and indifferently secured at best to the bill holders. This brings a return of the annoyances and from which the people suffered before the classes of our money became nationally circulable without discrimination in part of the country.

The ostensible objection calling this session is to repeal the Sherman law, which requires the Government to purchase 4,000,000 ounces of silver per annum, which certificates shall be issued for which enter into circulation as legal tender. This does enlarge the volume of the circulating mediums and tends to remove the stringency which is the direct result of the insufficiency of money to accommodate the business of the country. No measure has been proposed by the administration as a substitute for the Sherman law, and its repeal will have the effect to still further contract the currency where there has been a liberal and continued expansion. The complaint against the law is that the redemption of the certificates, the reserve in the Treasury is being drawn down. As construed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the law produces that result, but is not in construction a correct one? The President expressly says that they may be redeemed in gold or silver coin. They are made tender and are receivable for all due



greater than our foreign, and it is far better to legislate with reference to the former than to develop the importation side of the latter.

As soon as the result of the last November election became known, the leaders of the successful party began pressing upon the President-elect the project of calling an extra session of Congress, and it is well understood that before the inauguration such a step was determined on. The object was to make radical changes in the revenue laws; the subject of finances was not considered, but the single standard theory has by circumstances been brought to a severe test. The money stringency is now put forward as the reason why an extra session is necessary, when the real object evidently is to overhaul the revenue laws on the line of Democratic theory. The session has been postponed until an indefensible execution of the Sherman law should bring embarrassment to the business of the country that may be charged upon the tariff legislation of a Republican Congress, and constitute the justification for a revision that will suit the views of the importers and those opposed to giving protection to American labor. The expense and confusion that will be caused by the extra session are to be imposed on the country in order that there may be plenty of time to prepare for the election in 1896. The first Congress after a Presidential election is always devoted more or less to preparing for the next Presidential election. This Congress will probably have been in session twelve months or more when its term expires. The Democrats are in full power, and if they act in concert they can do what they please, and therefore will be solely responsible for what is done.

Among thinking and impartial men there is regret that the McKinley law will not be thoroughly tested, and that economic legislation is made the foot-ball of party politics. Changes in it disturb values and create uncertainty. Fluctuations in business injure all concerned; those that result from natural causes can be provided against better than

those that are arbitrarily produced. The Republicans being in power for many years, and during the term of Mr. Cleveland having controlled the Senate, the reduction of duties were a reasonable degree of stability served. In 1873, through the failure of a banking house having ramifications, and gold gambling in Wall Street, considerable disturbance was caused in business, but there was no distress entirely period of Republican dominion directly traceable to changes in legislation; generally the country was prosperous, and wealth was developed more rapidly than during any other period in history. It is unfortunate that we are now on the eve of a change that is radical and untried in this country for more than thirty years. Theoretically the proposed cannot work well, and the principle that is to be introduced did not produce good results when it was in effect from 1846 to 1861. Unless something is done to stop the outflow of gold, and to increase the volume of the circulating medium, a monetary stringency will become more and times harder than for many years. Hon. Boorke Cochran, in the June number of the North American Review, says that a free silver coinage bill cannot become law so long as Mr. Cleveland is President. Hence it may be considered settled that an enlargement of the money volume will not come from that source, and a revision of the tariff in accordance with Mr. Cleveland's ideas will have the effect to stop the outflow of gold. What good will come from the extra session, indeed from the session of the present Congress, it is difficult if not impossible to conceive. The only thing that the President can do is to leave the country that the protective principle of tariff legislation shall be preserved as he can control, and that the money volume shall be increased through the use of silver, or in some way other than that of flooding the country with silver issues.





"—when the fight begins within himself,  
A man's worth something."—*Browning.*

THE World's Fair presents an extensive and variegated array of literature from every civilized nation, the result of centuries of historical investigation, scientific research, philosophical evolutions and artistic experiments and developments.

Among these products of ages California, though still very young, claims a place for the work of her sons and daughters of the genius of literature. A room which bears the impress of the artistic taste of Edmund Russell, the well-known disciple of Delsarte, is devoted to an exhibit of California literature. It is enclosed by a beautifully carved redwood screen six feet high, designed by Mr. Russell; and along the top is run a cornice of bronzed magnolia leaves and flowers. The color and form of all the articles in the room are in harmonious relation, producing a subdued, artistic and restful effect. Inviting divans are arranged in the corners of the room, upholstered with the decorative California leather, concerning which an article appeared in the *Columbian edition of the CALIFORNIAN*.

There are portraits of notable musicians of California, albums of their compositions, and Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian and Indian musical instruments. On one side are sets of shelves holding painted China, pottery, brass and iron work by California artists. There are also portraits by women

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

of the Golden State, of California celebrities, notable among which are fire etchings of Ina D. Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte, and an excellent portrait of Joseph LeConte. The book cases contain the different products of California literature, and on an old-fashioned book stand are the most prominent of these works by Mark Twain, Chas. Warren Stoddard, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Ina D. Coolbrith and others, bound with dull plushes, velvet, cloth and leather, and attached to the stand by chains. All these treasures are guarded by a gorgeous golden gate at the entrance of the room, on which are wrought most artistically fruit, foliage, branches and tree trunks in various tints of gold quartz. It is a fitting emblem, not only of the mineral wealth of the State, but of the intellectual riches and future prospects and possibilities of a community that has so early demonstrated its intellectual powers and literary genius.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins has reviewed California writers and literature in a volume entitled *The Story of the Files*. Mrs. Cummins has carefully searched the files of the Californian papers and magazines from the earliest days of California to the present time, and has spared no effort to collect reliable data concerning the work and lives of native writers of promise and prominence. Her task was not an easy one, and she is deserving of much credit for the energy and exhaustiveness with which she has prosecuted it. A perusal of the book will completely establish the fact that California has a distinctive and original literature which commands national recognition. Among the names recorded are many of the country's foremost writers, whose work enjoys a widespread reputation.

The book is issued under the auspices of the "World's Fair Commission of California," and is in every way worthy of the suc-



cess with which it is certain to meet. Mrs. Cummins is a clever writer of marked ability, and may be classed with pride among Californian authors.

*Life's Sunbeams and Shadows* is an attractive volume of poems and prose, which is offered the public by John Cotter Pelton, and his friends who have materially aided him in issuing it. It is an inviting and interesting book, containing poems by Mr. Pelton, interspersed with some by Joaquin Miller, Charles Edward Markham, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, John Vance Cheney, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Rose Hartwick Thorpe and others. Mr. Pelton is well known, respected and loved in educational circles, having founded the first free public school in San Francisco, and having been identified with educational movements many years afterwards. He has been a hard worker, and has undergone great adversities and vicissitudes with undaunted courage and unflagging energy. He is now advanced in years, and the victim of unfortunate financial circumstances, and is deserving of all the help his friends and admirers will be sure to bestow upon him. This volume of poems is, to a great extent, autobiographical, and records the inner reflections of the man, who through all the gloom of his misfortunes, looked to the future with faith and sweetness.

He says—

" 'Tis now the deepening twilight hour,  
Lo! in the Eastern sky afar,  
In smiling beam and twinkling bar,  
Up glides my hope, my guiding star!"

*Youth*,<sup>1</sup> a series of French essays by Charles Wagner has been translated into English by Ernest Redwood. They are well written, and contain some apposite truths and valuable suggestions. Attention is called to the evil influences upon the young of the artificialness of social life and of its lax morals, that destroy self-valuation and respect, of the deadly effects of treating these conditions as subjects of witticisms—"the deadly mirth that consumes in its fire all that should be sacred—" and of the evils that may be brought upon children by heredity. Our world is progressing, our conditions improving, he says, and "We must produce men who can govern themselves, and become masters of the new world in order to acquire the good there is in it. We can reach this end by a return to normal thinking, which is the application of the inductive method to all human facts, and, above all, to the forgotten realities of

the spiritual world, by a return to a normal way of living,—to reverence, to a sense of responsibility, to work and to simplicity."

An author whose works have endeared her to all young people, Margaret Sullivan has written of "*Whittier and the Dawn*,"<sup>2</sup> in a way that reveals her comprehension of the poet's love for and sympathy with the little ones. The spirit of warmth, sweetness and purity pervades Whittier's poetry, seems to enter into the pages of the book, and rendered it a fitting tribute to his memory. There has probably not been another who so thoroughly understood children and who was so able to meet it upon its own grounds with its own directness and simplicity. His soul to the day of his death was so pure and beautiful that he was obliged to look back over the usual vicissitudes of sin and sorrow to the happy valley of childhood, but he chose a path wrapt in its own sunshine, that held him through his sympathy with the first glad days of youth when he lived in close communion with nature; when he

"—was monarch; pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy."

A series of addresses on *The Drama* by Henry Irving, with a frontispiece by Whittier, should be of general interest to reading public, especially to those who have not been accustomed to concede the drama a place among the fine arts, but have relegated it to an inferior artistic and dramatic plane. Irving says, in the essay on "Stage as it is," that the productions on stage are merely the reflex of public taste, and that "if the good people continue to come to the theater in increasing numbers, the stage, without losing any of its brilliancy, will soon be good enough, if it is not yet, to satisfy the best of them." The volume also contains two essays on the art of acting in which he reveals its nobility and importance, and a short sketch on the four great actors from Shakespeare's time to the present of Byron, Burbage, the first of the great was one of the first interpreters of Shakespeare, then came Betterton, Garrick, Edmund Kean, each one's originality adding something to the art of his predecessor and to the important adjustment and relation of stage settings to the art.

Henry Irving will probably visit the Coast during autumn, and a perusal of

<sup>1</sup> Dodd Mead & Co., New York.

<sup>2</sup> D. Lathrop Co., Boston, Mass.

<sup>3</sup> Tait Sons & Co., 31 Union Square, North N.



on the drama will probably lend new zest for those who intend witnessing his mances.

*ortal Man*<sup>1</sup>, by A. Easton, is a philosophical essay of five chapters in verse. It is such substance that rhyme and rhythm rather to interfere with than aid in its retation, though the philosophy itself many respects, good.

*ianism, or the Wise Men Reviewed*,<sup>2</sup> J. Ripley, is a well written treatise on the different religions, philosophies and sciences that attempt to solve the mystery of the eternity of the past and future. The author rather ridicules these efforts in a way that is original and interesting, saying no conclusions can be drawn concerning the past that one can but project the unknown past and future by his deductions from the present concatenation subject to his immediate inspection. But he also deprecates the arrogance and arrogance of those who declare there can be nothing more in the universe than that which they are able to see and comprehend. The author has attempted to give a comprehensive criticism of the theories formulated by philosophy, religion and science from a purely unbiased point. "The book," says the author, "is the position that truth is truth, never found, and that truth never conflicts with itself. Only error conflicts; therefore, that if you expurged error from the world, philosophy and religion, leaving truth, as it is in them, there is and there can be no antagonism." He has endeavored to harmonize philosophy, religion and science by eradicating their errors. As his theories are not orthodox to any of them, they necessarily conflict with them as to errors, but his effort has been to select and accept the truth from each.

He says: "If you know better than God how the world ought to have been created, it is a great pity you were not by to do it. To affix a tail and prefix horns to a creature, smearing him with Mason's blacking, as the artists do, because, forsooth, the world has not seen cause to attend exclusively to man's interests in the matter of creation is simply monstrous." "Man is not born to solve the mystery of existence, but he must nevertheless attempt it in order that he may learn to keep within the limits of the possible," are Goethe's words.

An fascinating study of the human soul can be found in a book entitled *Reincar-*

*nation*<sup>3</sup>, by Jerome A. Anderson, M. D. F. G. S. He quotes the words of Aristotle, who says, concerning the existence of the soul, "It is decisive of the question whether the soul exists, if among the activities and emotional states of our being are to be found such as do not belong to our bodies."

The author sets forth his views concerning reincarnation, uniting the most beautiful ethics with logical argument. He explains naturally the phenomena of hypnotism, mesmerism and the still greater subjects of animal and spiritual magnetism, carrying his readers far into the world of occultism.

He says, "But once admit the fact of reincarnation, and observe how the apparent chaos of injustice changes into the most beautiful harmony. Apparently discordant and irreconcilable phenomena are marshaled into orderly array. Confusion and injustice disappear and life assumes a deeper and more significant meaning. The terrible inequalities of birth, utterly inexplicable by the single birth, and still more so by the materialistic hypothesis, are shown to be the result of causes set in operation by the soul itself in former incarnations and not the careless or stupid incapacity of some personal god playing at creation and making a sad mess of it."

Shelly, whose beautiful countenance has been described by Chas. Edwin Markham, the poet, as a "wrapt seraphic face," displays in his work a tender strength and aspiration to grasp those truths and flashes of mental revelation that so often elude, yet he has a sensitiveness that is almost a misfortune to him. Wrapt in etherealness, his spirit was easily hurt coming in contact with the vigor and roughness of the world. While he and Byron were in Italy, the stronger spirit of Byron dominated and absorbed him. He was unable to write at the time, while Byron composed some of his most exquisite and delicate productions. Shelly's constant aspiration is expressed in his exquisite melodious burst of song "To a Skylark."

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

"Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening  
now."

G. L. B

<sup>1</sup> S. H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.  
<sup>2</sup> Constitution Publishing Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

<sup>3</sup> The Lotus Publishing Co., 1504 Market Street  
San Francisco, Cal.





## THE OLD MAN SINGS.

BY E. M. STOREY.

There's a wobble in the jingle and a stumble in the meter,  
And the accent might be clearer and the volume be completer,  
And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation  
And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation ;  
But there's music like a harper played before the ancient kings,  
When the old man plays the fiddle and goes feeling for the string  
There is laughter chocked with tear drops when the old man sing

And we form a ring around him, and we place him in the middle,  
And he hugs up to his withered cheek the poor old broken fiddle,  
And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings' vibration ;  
And he sings the songs of long ago with fathering intonation ;  
And a phantom from the distant past his distant music brings,  
And trooping from their dusty graves come long-forgotten things,  
When he tunes the ancient fiddle and the old man sings.

We let the broken man play upon the broken fiddle,  
And we press around to hear him as he sits there in the middle ;  
The sound of many wedding bells in all the music surges—  
Then we hear their clamor smothered by the sound of funeral dirges—  
'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music rings—  
And every life's a blind man's tune that's played on broken string  
And so we sit in silence while the old man sings.









HENRY IRVING AS BECKET.



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## *MORRINA.*

BY NEITH BOYCE.

O bold, brown bird, swaying invisible  
Among the topmost eucalyptus leaves,  
In the soft air, star-set, purpureal—  
Oft have I heard thee on warm summer eves  
Pour forth thy heart in pulsing passionate song  
Of love, love, love, in maddest ecstasy  
Of joy!—It may be thou this night dost hold  
    With magic sweet and strong  
The dim vale rapt in silent reverie,  
Even as thou heldst my heart of old.

The secret of thy spell—that potent fire,  
That free, full, thralling sweetness blend for me  
With memories of the languorous southern air,  
The burning skies, the breadth, the mystery  
Of mine own land. Well mayst thou sing, indeed,  
Who holdest these in fee. But if no more,  
O golden voice, should make response to thee  
    That harmony full-keyed,  
If thou wert alien on a pale cold shore—  
Couldst thou still sing—or wouldst thou silent be?



## THE SOUTHERN UTE INDIANS.

BY VERNER Z. REED.



**I**N an older time the Ute, or Utah tribes of Indians, roamed over the mountain ranges of all of Colorado, Northern New Mexico and a portion of Utah. They have always been mountain dwellers, but they often made incursions to the plains to hunt buffalo and deer, or to fight their hereditary enemies, the Comanches, Kiowas and Arapahoes. It is not many years since the white people first began to colonize the lands of the Utes, and among the Uncompahgre, Uintah and Southern Ute tribes are many men not yet old, who have lived lives as wild as the lives of their ancestors before the discovery of America. But the white men came rapidly after they began to come; they coveted the rich valleys in the country of the Utes, and in time the Utes were "corralled" onto reservations, some of which have from time to time been made smaller by government treaty land purchases.

The Utes have ever been brave, fierce, fearless, warlike people; their thoughts were of battles and hunts, and they have not kept pace with some of their cousins of other tribes in the arts of civilization. They are now at a point

that is midway between the old and a new. The days of barbarism and rapine and pillage are over, but the new era will be no man's land. There is little doubt that most of the Utes are yet as savage at heart as their most bloodthirsty ancestors of old-time thoughts, customs and desires, but hedged in by the power of the conquering whites, they are compelled to live in a different way from that of the free, wild, olden times. They are among the last Indian tribes whose civilization has attempted to touch. Civilization has touched most of the tribes not at all, and scratched the others only skin deep, and the Utes are extremely interesting as being among the best examples of the aboriginal tribes of the West who continue to lead lives akin to those of the days before the white men had come.

The Utes are divided into three main tribes, the Uncompahgre, the Uintah tribes of Utah Territory, and the Southern Utes of Colorado. At one time all three of the main tribes acknowledged the authority of a common head chief, although each had its own sub-head chief. The last chief to hold sway over all the Utes, and since his death the three main tribes have maintained entirely separate organizations.

In the extreme southwestern corner of Colorado, in the picturesque





tah. The sway of the chiefs is not  
mical or severe, but it is almost  
olute, and their subjects yield ready  
lence to orders, as a bullet is the  
alty of serious disobedience. Tribal  
attaches no emoluments to the  
e of chief, but it is the custom for  
chiefs to have first choice of such  
d things that come the way of the  
e.

t the census of 1892 there were  
members of the Southern Ute tribe,  
which 489 were males, and 497  
ales. The census stated that there  
e 425 families, but that is far from  
g correct, owing to the fact that  
Indians have not a good conception  
e meaning of the word "family,"  
made many erroneous statements.  
y single families were numbered  
ree or four families. Many men  
wives were listed alone, the man  
g classed as a family, his wife and  
dren as another. It is rather diffi-  
to determine what constitutes a  
family, and the census statistics  
rding families are almost without  
e.

f the sub-tribes the Weeminu-  
s numbered 550 members, the  
ches 270 members, and the Cap-  
166 members. There were  
males over eighteen years of age  
199 under that age. Of the females  
e were 305 over sixteen years of age



MOUNTED UTE.

and 192 under that age. The census  
of 1893 will show an increase in the  
number of all the clans, the total popu-  
lation being now estimated at 1060



UTE BOYS ON HORSEBACK.





THE LAKESIDE TENT CAMP, N. H. 1891



UTE FAMILY.

le. The tribe has been increasing numbers for several years, the increase being attributable to the absence of warfare, to the presence of an American physician, and to a life of less hardship than was known in the era of battles.

The average life of the men is about fifty-five years, that of the women somewhat less, on account of their harder work and greater exposure; some of the women attain great age, the oldest person on the reservation being a woman ninety-three years old. Any noticeable increase in the population of the tribe is attributed owing to the fact that in twins are born only one is allowed to live, and because children deformed are not allowed to grow up. The superfluous twins and deformed children are carried to expedient places in the forest and allowed to die from neglect. It would seem more merciful to kill them by a less lingering and painful process, but the

manner of their taking off is according to Indian ideas of right. It is doubtful whether there are any Indian ideas of mercy. If twins should be one of either sex the male is reared, if they should be both of one sex the healthiest and most promising one is reared.

The Ute men are generally well formed and agile, and possess great endurance. They are quite strong, although their muscles are soft and flexible. Some of them become stout, while others are thin and "wiry." They have prominent noses and ears, high cheek bones, and rather retreating foreheads. They all have long, black, glossy hair, of which they are scrupulously careful. They do not average as tall as white men, although a few of them are over six feet. The women are shorter and stouter than the men. In girlhood and early womanhood they are plump and well-formed, but as they grow older, they become fat, and their busts and hips develop to an unusual size.



From an Anglo-Saxon point of view the costumes of the Utes are simple and scanty, but they are always picturesque. The clothing is now made chiefly of velvets, calicoes and cotton cloths purchased from agency traders, but is cut after the patterns of the olden time when the materials were the skins of animals killed in the chase. A few of the men wear hats, which are invariably small sombreros. In addition to this the male costume consists of an undershirt of cotton, a long-sleeved overshirt falling to the knees, leggings of cloth or buckskin, a gee-string and moccasins. The overshirt is usually fringed at the neck, cuffs and bottom, and generally the breast piece is made of double thickness. Should the overshirt be of buckskin it is almost invariably painted, yellow being a favorite color. The leggings fit the limbs very close; they reach from the ankle upward to the beginning of the hips, and are fastened to a belt that encircles the body. The same belt to which the leggings are tied holds the "gee-string" in position. This garment is a strip of cloth or buckskin about eight inches wide, and from three to five feet long, that passes between the hips and hangs down in front and behind. The moccasins are almost invariably made of buckskin or elk hide, and are generally beaded. The leggings and shirts are also beaded, and often finely fringed. As an outer garment there is the invariable blanket, which is worn almost constantly, winter and summer. The top of the blanket is passed over one shoulder and under the other, and is fastened around the waist by a belt; over this is worn the invariable cartridge belt and six-shooter, as all the Utes go armed. The Utes do not weave, procuring their blankets from the Navajoes, or from the government traders.

The costume of the women consists of a dress that reaches from the neck to below the knees, leggings that reach from the knees to the ankles,

and moccasins. They all wear wide belts, to which they hang purses, awls and tools, and as garments they wear shawls or kets. Some of their dresses are of buckskin, or the tanned wild mountain sheep. The dresses are almost always painted with small bells and rattles are attached to them. They also wear beaded or scarfs, some of which are in very good designs.

The men wear a great many ornaments, consisting of ear ring rings, bracelets, armlets, beads and hair ornaments. The very good rings out of German and turquoise, and make the armlets from the same materials. Necklaces and breast plates are made from the teeth of wild animals. Beads purchased from the Mexicans and traders.

The men take good care of their hair, parting it in the middle and braiding it in two long queues which hang over either shoulder. These braids are often wrapped in beaver or otter skin, and bear claws are sometimes tied to the ends. The women also part their hair in the middle, but do not braid it, cutting it off so that it falls only to the shoulders. The men wear eagle and crow feathers in their hair, but the women do not.

Both men and women pluck out their eyebrows, and nearly all men pluck out their scanty mustaches, although an occasional one indulges in a small mustache. They paint their faces almost constantly, but the women more rarely. On special occasions a man will have his face painted in but one color, but at a dance, a council meeting or a ceremonial occasion of any kind, they use many different colors and designs. He also paints the front portion of the hair and portions of the face. The women paint their clothing with little, and their face painting is often go beyond round spots on the forehead. The children, especially boys, begin face painting very



UTE WAR DANCE HEADDRESS.

The Utes are a roving people, who dwell in tents and wander up and down their reservation hunting, fishing or visiting, carrying their tents and belongings with them. The government is endeavoring to encourage farming and permanent residence among them, and thirty-two farms are now being worked on the Southern reservation; but when the season of farm work is over, the farmers wander and hunt with their fellows. The government has erected small houses of planks or logs on the farms, but the Indians usually prefer to live in wickiups, as did their forefathers, conical shaped tents, formerly covered with deer skin and buffalo hide, now almost invariably made from canvas supplied by the government. The tent poles are erected something after the soldier fashion of stacking arms, being joined, and often tied, at the top, and over this framework of poles the canvas is stretched. An opening for the escape of smoke is left in the top, and another for ingress and egress in the side, this

door-hole being covered with a flap stretched on sticks. A small excavation is made in the center of the wickiup and used for a fire place, the fire being built on the ground. A mat of limbs and small tree branches is built around the fire place, and this mat is covered with blankets and skins that serve as seats during the day and as beds at night. In the wickiup are kept the few utensils used in Ute housekeeping, and here the Ute family rests, eats, cooks, sleeps and receives visits from friends. The women build, and usually own, the wickiups. When the family moves, which is often, the women take down the tents, roll up the canvas and load it on packhorses, tie the ends of the tent-poles to saddles and allow the poles to drag on the ground. They also load the coffee pots, willow water jars, baskets, wooden ladles, blankets and hides onto pack horses, and they and the children ride on top of the packs. The men ride ahead of the cavalcade, and do not usually load goods on their horses. The half-grown boys and girls ride



UTE WAR HEADDRESS.





THE  
MOUNTAINS  
OF THE  
WEST

and the van and drive the sheep, and extra horses.

The Utes are sometimes polygamous, but not to any great extent, going to the equal numbers of the sexes. Several men have two wives, a few have three. All the Utes sometimes live in one tent with their husband, but it is customary to have a separate tent for each wife and children. The men marry at about eighteen years of age, the women from fourteen to sixteen. Marriage is of short duration. A man, after falling in love with a woman, will don his best clothes and ornaments, paint his face in the bright colors, load himself down with weapons and ornaments, and then frequent the wickiup of the family in which the girl is inamorata. He will converse freely with the girl's relatives, but with a profound indifference toward the girl herself, often not noticing her when she is near him. She and her friends understand the significance of these visits, and the man's availability and ability as a husband are discussed. The girl's parents may endeavor to dissuade her from the proposed alliance, but by long established tribal custom the final decision is in her own hands, and she may marry to suit herself.

If a man believes his suit is well received, he goes upon the war path, and returns after he has killed a deer. With the body of the deer upon his horse he rides to the wickiup where dwells the object of his wooing, ties his horse to a tree near the tent, and goes in, often not being noticed by the girl. If the girl has decided to reject him she pays no heed to him, but if she accepts him she goes to his horse, waters and feeds it, skins the deer and cares for the meat, and skin, cooks some of the meat and invites him to partake of it with her, and by so doing she has concluded the engagement and marriage, and the two will begin living with each other at once, with no further ceremony. The young couple usually begin their married life by dwelling in the

wickiup of the bride's mother, but after two or three children are born to them, should they live together so long, they will build a wickiup of their own. As soon as married the man joins the clan of the woman and becomes one of the same people as herself, and the children, when born, belong to her clan. In case of divorce the man may return to his own clan, but often does not.

Divorce, or more properly separation, is very common, and may be effected by either the man or the woman. In case of separation each takes his own property, and the wife usually returns to her mother's family, taking her children if they are very young. If the children are almost grown, the sons go with the father and the daughters with the mother. Parents are very affectionate toward their children, but seem to have little regard for children who have left them because of divorce. In some cases the easily made marriages have lasted through life. Ignacio, the head chief, has but one wife. He entertains a great regard for her, and has lived with her for many years. In some cases a man or a woman may have been married as many as two dozen times.



SEVARO, CHIEF OF CAPOTA SUB-TRIBE.





BUCKSKIN CHARLEY.

The morals of the Utes are very lax, as are the morals of almost all wild Indians. A woman is supposed to be true to her master, but the man is free to indulge in as many amours as opportunity and his inclinations will permit, and he will not fall in his wife's estimation thereby. If a woman is unfaithful her husband may adopt one of several courses. The mildest punishment is to kill the favorite horse of the man who has trespassed; another punishment is to whip the woman and separate from her; another, now falling out of use, is to slit the nose of the unfaithful wife, and kill the offending co-respondent; and in rare cases the husband has been known to kill both the unfaithful wife and the offending man. Usually, however, if the wife consorts with another Indian her punishment consists of being beaten or divorced; but if her crime is committed with a negro, a white man, or a Mexican, the punishment is death. No half breed children are allowed to live if it can be avoided, and many an erring

woman has seen her child killed, has lost her own life for bringing the world a little stranger in whose veins flowed the mixed blood of races.

The men do the farm work, any is done, and hunt and fish, sometimes care for the horses. The women build the wickiups, procure wood, carry water, do the cooking, and most of the laborious work. The female children begin to work young, but the boys do little except ride, herd horses, and practice shooting with revolvers, guns, and bows and arrows. The children are as well behaved for as their elders, and are greatly loved by their parents. The families are not large, but two or three children being usually born to one mother. The children are not named as soon as born, and when a name is given is usually hap-hazard, and may be changed several times during a lifetime. The infants are often placed in *koonuhs*, or pappoose baskets, and carried slung over the mother's back.

There is little regularity in the Ute family life. Each one sleeps when he chooses, sleeps when he likes, and arises when he pleases. The food consists of beef, coffee, *torilla*, and wild game. The *torillas* are cooked by holding them over the fire, and the meats are cooked on flat stones, or held on sticks and cooked in



UTE CHILDREN.



me. The cooking utensils are few and rude. Ladles are hewed out of willow *ollas*, or water jars, made by the women and are very useable; drinking cups are made of cow horns that are heated in the fire and then flared; and jars and cups are procured from the Apaches and other Indians. In eating, the Indians sit upon the ground, and need not say, they exemplify the old saying that fingers were made before mouths.

Chunks of cooked meat are usually kept in the wickiups, and any member of the family may eat when he chooses. They retire to bed early, and usually sleep late. An Indian family will sleep in a single wickiup, each one wrapping himself in a blanket or skin, and lying with their feet toward the fire. The interference among the members of a family is rarely always pleasant, quarrels are very infrequent, and children are rarely chastised by their parents. Children hold their parents in great respect, and brothers and sisters are usually very affectionate and friendly to each other.

Indian men and women are inveterate gamblers, betting on horse races, football, on the Mexican game of *tejo*, and the native game of *kan-*

This game, the only native game is very simple, consisting merely of guessing in which hand one of the players holds a bone or small object. The player who holds the object will perform a number of maneuvers with his hands, passing the object from one hand to the other, and finally holding up both hands closed. Then the other players will guess in which hand the object is held. Gambling has a great fascination for them, and many have lost everything they possessed, even to their clothing, by betting against the odds of bad luck. They play fair in the games, and a dishonest player, if discovered, might lose his life.

In handiwork the Utes are less skillful than most of the other frontier tribes. They make a great deal of work, consisting of ornaments

for leggings, moccasins, dresses and shirts, hat-bands and scarfs. They make saddle bags of buckskin and ornament them profusely with beads. Almost all kinds of clothing are made out of buckskin, sheep skin, and elk hide, and whips and lariats are also manufactured. They make very good arrow quivers from raw hide, and arrows that are identical with those of the Apaches, being three-feathered and pointed with flint or iron. They also make a few bows, but they are not equal to Apache bows. Their willow work consists only of water jars and a few baskets. They make finger rings, ear rings, bracelets and breast-plates, and manufacture some of their paints from plants and minerals. In the past the men were all expert in the use of bows, arrows and spears, but they have lost this skill with the introduction of fire arms.

An important but dangerous occupation among the Utes is that of the *pwa-au-guts*, or medicine men. The medicine men use very little medicine, healing by magic, called *po-o-kan-le*. The healer procures his magic power from dead Indians who visit him at night from the Happy Hunting Grounds, where he goes when he is in trances, and from eagles, bears, and other birds and animals. When a man establishes his reputation as a magician he is believed in implicitly, and many fees of blankets or horses are paid to him for his services. When an Indian is to be treated for sickness a small wickiup, or medicine tent, is erected at some distance from the other tents, and the doctor and his patient repair there for the healing. The medicine man places his head upon the afflicted parts of the patient's body and draws the disease away. He ties a little bundle of herbs to the sick person's garments, and then chants and makes motions over the invalid. The chant is sometimes carried on for hours, a bright fire being built in the tent if it is to continue during the night. The chant is unspeakably weird, and can be heard





UTE MEN AND BOY.

at a long distance. The patient's male friends may visit him in the medicine tent, but in most cases women or strangers are not allowed to come near, it being believed that women exercise a bad influence. The medicine man, as well as the patient, believes fully in the power of magic to heal, but if a cure is not effected the patient and his friends believe that the medicine man is not trying to cure, that he is using his magic for evil purposes, and they may take the unlucky magician's life. I know of two instances where so called bad medicine men, or witches, were killed. In both cases the killing was done with the consent of the chiefs, and in one case a chief held the victim while his throat was cut by the father of the boy who had been bewitched. It is esteemed no crime to kill a witch, and trouble rarely follows such a deed.

The Utes believe in trance mediumship, in the power of a medium to leave his body and visit the Happy Hunting Grounds, and in the supernatural power and magic of animals and birds. The eagle, in their estimation the king and ruler of all birds, possesses wonderful *po-o-kan-le*, and if an eagle is killed and its heart eaten by a medicine man, they believe the eagle's magic is transferred to him. The eagle's feathers are believed to impart bravery to their

wearer, and a feather war bonnet has been made by them, few yet being for them.

The Utes believe in one God, or Great Spirit, who rules all the Indians, and that he desires his people to be mighty hunters and brave warriors. They believe that their morals came from this Great Spirit, and that war is a good thing in his sight. They believe in a future life, but not in future punishment.

As soon as an Indian dies it is believed that his soul goes at once to the Happy Hunting Grounds, a place in the sky where there is no death, where there are towering mountains, broad forests, grassy plains, and rivers of sweet waters that flow on forever. In this Happy Hunting Ground each tribe of Indians has its own land, and when an Indian dies he dwells among his own people. In this blessed place there is no sickness, the men are all strong, the women are all beautiful, the children are all fleet, and existence is happy, endless round of feasting, dancing and making war. The Indians who have been in this land tell of this happy land, a strange land, but all give the same description. It is implicitly believed by every Indian, no matter what his name may be, believes that he will go there as soon as he dies. Because of this implicit faith no Ute fears death, and none are cowards.

The Utes have great respect for the memory of the dead, and will erect no permanent monument to a man who can remember for long periods the burial places of friends. Their customs vary according to the rank and importance of the dead. If a witch is killed he may be buried in any hastily dug hole, and a simple ceremony. An ordinary Indian





THE UTE CHIEF'S WOOING.

be buried with some state. A horse will be killed over his grave in order that he may take it with him to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and a pipe, a jug of water and a few necessities will be thrown into the grave. His female relations will cut their hair in mourning, and when any of them meet friends for the first time after the burial they will stop and give the death wail, a weird, melancholy cry, whose significance is known to every member of the tribe. If a chief or

important personage dies, an elaborate funeral takes place. The women take charge of the funeral ceremonies, and the men, working under their directions, dig a grave, making it about eight feet deep. The grave is then lined with cloths and blankets, and a couch of blankets and robes is built in the grave, a pillow of fine furs being made for the head. The body, dressed in the best finery the Indian owned when alive, is then passed down to men who stand in the grave,





IGNACIO, HEAD CHIEF OF SOUTHERN UTES.

and is placed in an easy reclining position. Tobacco, playing cards, money, meat, fruits, saddles, revolvers and a jug of water are then placed in the grave for the dead man to take with him on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Rude timbers are then placed in the grave above the body, tanned skins or canvas are fastened to them, and then a wickiup is built over all. Six or seven horses are then killed for the use of the dead man's spirit, and sometimes the wickiup is burned down.

Five dances are numbered in the Ute catalogue, each of which has a sacred or mystic significance, although most of them are indulged in on festal occasions as well. The Dog Dance is danced by men only, being a kind of war dance. The Tea Dance, is danced by men and women, and the Ghost Dance, similar to the Sioux dance of the same name, is danced by both sexes. The Lame Horse Dance, is exclusively for women, and the Bear Dance for both men and women. The Bear Dance is given by some one of the main Ute tribes once each year, and is for the purpose of assisting the bears in the mountains to recover from hiberna-

tion, to provide food for the bears and the spirit bears in the Hunting Grounds, to charm the cers against danger from bears, besides, a social function. It takes place in March, lasts four days and one night, and is followed by a feast. The dance is held out of doors in a circular enclosure, called *ah-rick*, the enclosure being made of boughs.

No serious effort has been made to convert the Southern Utes to Christianity, and but little progress has been made in educating their children. Several boys and girls have been sent to schools and kept there for months at a time, but the best educated among them can only read in the third readers of public schools. They learn nothing but taking into consideration the fact that before they can advance they must master a foreign language, but it is not kept long enough in the schools. Parents are very averse to sending their children to the schools, and school training does but little good to children who are sent back to their careless tribal life and blank time.

The lives of these Indians are narrow and restricted. They are hemmed in on a narrow reserve by the boundary lines of which are the boundary lines of their world. They have no intellectual pleasure aside from hunting, gambling, dancing, they have little to do with their minds. A few of the more spirited chafe under their bonds of inertia, but there has been no contact with the whites for many years. Brawls among themselves occur no more frequently than among a similar number of whites; but if it becomes serious, killing is usual result. They have but little intercourse with the whites, as they white men are not well disposed toward them. If they are approached in the right way they are very friendly and they greatly esteem the friendship of white men whom they like.

ct. They are staunch in friendship and truthful, but bitter implacable in enmity.

Few of the men can speak some of English, nearly all speak Spanish. Some speak the Navajo dialect and many of the women understand Spanish to a certain degree, although few of them speak a word of Spanish. Their own dialect is rather harsh than other Indian dialects. There are comparatively few words in

the language, but it is difficult to learn, as a word may have many different meanings, according to the way it is affected. They have a system of counting on running to one hundred. After counting to that number they begin counting again, making a mark for each hundred. Considering the few words at their command, and the earnestness of their language, some of them are very eloquent. The force of the spoken words is greatly enhanced by their intense earnestness in speaking upon serious subjects, their indescribable dignity, by their sparkling eyes and by their efficient powers of gesticulation which they have no superiors. Skin Charley, the war chief, like many a white man, is made worse than he is by his enmity. He recounted to me the history of the Ute, speaking in the Ute dialect, the language being translated to me by a competent interpreter. An extract or two may serve to give an idea of Indian thought and feeling. The first extract from the story is an account of a battle he took part in, and is given almost verbatim as translated.

In an old time a great road led from the States to the city of Santa Fe. On the east side of that road, away on the wide plains, I and other Utes went once to hunt buffalo. We killed great numbers of buffalo, and about the middle of the day we packed our meat and loaded onto pack horses and started on our way, wanting to reach our camp before we had used all the water.

we had with us. Two of our men rode ahead, and after we had ridden a little distance, we saw those two men turn and ride toward us, coming as fast as their horses could run. When they came near us they waved their hands and called out:

"Comanches! Comanches! The Comanches are coming!"

Then the Comanches came in sight; many, many of them, spread out in ten long rows, and riding hard toward us. As there were but seven of us we turned and ran, letting our pack horses go where they would, as it would have put us in danger to try to keep them. When we had ridden for about the distance of three miles, we saw ten men of our own people riding toward us, and we were very glad, and we ran our horses to meet them. I had but a bow and arrows, but my bow was good and my arrows had points of steel. Only one of all our people had a gun, as that was before the time many Indians had guns. Almost as soon as we reached



KA-RATCH, AN INDIAN POLICEMAN.



our ten friends the Comanches were upon us. There was no place to run, as our horses were tired; we had but one gun; we were very few and the Comanches were very many, but I knew we had to fight, and I rode up and down before the Utes and I said to them:

"Utes, now has come our time to die. We cannot run from the Comanches. We have but one gun; we are but seventeen men and they are a great many, and they will kill us all. But we will fight bravely, and we will die together like men and Utes. But before we die, many Comanches must die. Come, be of brave hearts, be brave men, and let us fight and die so bravely that our people will forever speak to their children of how brave we were. Our people have fought the Comanches always, the Comanches have killed many of our friends, they have stolen many of our horses, they have taken many of our women, and now before we die let every man pay off his debt to the Comanches for the wrongs they have done us. When the Comanches kill one of us, then let us try to kill three Comanches. When we are all killed but two, let those two stand side by side and fight. And when the Utes are all killed but one, let that last one die killing Comanches. If the Comanches kill your horse from under you, stand on the ground and fight; if they break one of your legs, stand on the other leg and fight; if they break both your legs, lie on the ground and kill Comanches until you are too weak to put an arrow to your bow. Come, be brave, let us fight like Utes!"

"Then were my men of good hearts—they were Utes, they were brave, and I had cheered them although I was not yet a chief. Then the chief who was with us told me to command the fight. We could not live always, we must die some time, and I believed that in that fight we would all die, but no fear was in my heart, nor has fear ever been in my heart.

"Then the Comanches came to us, and they rode up as before us, calling to us and to our time had come to die. Then shot a great volley at us, and then the beating of a heart shot back at them, and all we were very close together first shots killed one of our men and their next shots killed our men who was a good friend and then we called out to the

"You Comanche dogs, you of dogs, we will kill you all!"

"Then the fight was fast and hot, and we fought for hours, fighting until the day almost gone. My men fought men who fear nothing, and they so brave and so mad with the great band of Comanches afraid, and after we had killed of them they turned and ran like cowards. We were brave we had good *po o-kan-te*, and did we fight that but one of us killed, although more were killed."

"When the fight was over, worn out, for we had had no sleep. We tied our horses to pegs and threw ourselves on the ground and slept until the sun came up, and we buried our dead friend on a horse over his grave, so that he might have a horse in the Hunting Grounds."

"Then we rode in sorrow to camp, and our people grieved, one of us was dead, and the relations of the dead man cut their hair and wailed in sorrow for days, and all our men met and swore to kill any Comanche might meet."

The following extracts from the chief's conversations are inserted because they throw some light on the relations of the white races, viewed from an Indian point.

"The way the times are made me many troubled. I am now too old to learn from white men, and I was not be-

h to live out all my  
ce the Utes of the old  
lved. I once thought  
hite people were very  
eople and that they  
uch wrong; and the  
s thought the Indians  
very bad people and  
uch wrong. But I  
different now, for I  
stand more of the laws  
came from the God.

long time ago our  
out us on earth and  
as to fight, to hunt,  
take from each other  
r. Your god put the  
icans on earth to  
to read in books, and  
ow many more things  
the Indians know.  
eason the white men  
so much is because  
god gave them the  
. The Indians did as  
god told them; the  
men did as their god  
hem; but the white

did not understand the Indians,  
he Indians did not understand  
hite men, and they were enemies.  
laws say: 'If a man kill he  
be taken;' our laws do not  
. Your laws say one thing, our  
ay another thing, and we have  
nderstood each other. But I  
e that the white men's laws are  
or the white men, and the Indian  
good for the Indian, and that  
the white men and the Indians  
stand more of each other they  
o longer hate each other. I be-  
hat when all peoples know what  
neant they will all be friends  
each other; all Indians,—the  
the Navajoes, the Comanches,  
rapahoes—and the Americans,  
exicans, and the black people."  
s chief, his words accompanied  
e most eloquent gestures, and  
sized with flashing eyes,



THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S "YES."

told me many strange, wild tales  
of his people, tales of murder and  
bloodshed, with no idea that the deeds  
were wrong; but he also told me many  
thoughts he had upon the future of his  
people, upon their relations with the  
whites, and of things a semi-savage  
Indian would not be supposed to  
think about.

The Utes are a little nation, and are  
recognized as such by the govern-  
ment. They have their own rulers,  
their own priests, their own laws, their  
simple manufactures and their limited  
pastimes. They are of interest as being  
a people of to-day who live according  
to the savage customs of a thousand  
years ago. They are almost savage  
as yet, but within a few years their  
customs will have undergone many  
changes, and they will have become  
parties to the great scheme of Amer-  
ican civilization.



## THE WALNUT IN CALIFORNIA.

BY WAYNE SCOTT.

CALIFORNIA is a state of great possibilities. Its development is only in its infancy. Enough has already been done, however, to show that the State in its entirety is capable of producing almost everything known in the vegetable or mineral kingdoms. And as the years roll on, each season brings to light some new and strange discovery going to show that her resources are well-nigh inexhaustible.

Indiscriminate propagation has had more to do with the tardy development of the products of the State than all other causes combined. The climate and soil are present, but the experience is lacking, and there is too great hurry indulged in to bring about a proper development. The virtue to "make haste slowly" has never been a distinguishing characteristic of the average Californian, who is, as a rule, more anxious to realize quantity than to develop quality, and for this reason a false idea exists, both at home and abroad, with reference to the products of the State. Whenever a superior quality of fruit is produced it is shipped east, and the consumers there imagine that their purchases represent the average, if not the entire crop of the State. The eastern visitor being compelled to put up with the inferior stock left for the home market, exclaims: "Why, this is not like the California fruit we get in the East." and thus a false impression is produced at both ends of the line, which is detrimental to our home interests. Time will correct this evil, and already the conscientious growers of the State are laboring to effect that end.

Of all branches of horticulture so far experimented upon in California, there is probably no one so little

understood as the culture of trees. Many causes have operated to bring about this effect. More than forty years ago the "Los Angeles" walnut, so called from the fact it was first cultivated at the old city of that name, was introduced. Owing to the fact that it is the delicate variety of walnut, its indiscriminate propagation was an unqualified success.

By constant propagation from seed, it has been allowed to develop until its cultivation is a barren waste of time, and the tree occupies a space that should be used for some other more profitable nature. At this same barren tree can be made into a *Præparturien*, or other variety, and made very profitable. But it blooms irregularly, and is therefore unreliable as a bearer, and is especially tender as a plant. The *J. regia*, as the English walnut is known to botanists, is unique in bearing both the staminate and pistillate flowers. It is a native of Persia and Himalaya, and was introduced by the Romans during the reign of Tiberius, B. C., forty-two years ago. It is at this time being extensively cultivated throughout Southern California, and does well even in Escondido, although in that trying climate it does not begin to bear until it has attained its twenty-fifth year. It grows to a height of from sixty to a hundred feet. There are many varieties, not all equally profitable with regard to the propagation, which there are as many cultivators expressed as there are growers. On one hand, and varieties of soil and climate, on the other.

Mr. Ellwood Cooper, of Escondido, is of the opinion that the area of land suitable for such

at growing in this State is very bad. He says: "It requires drained, deep, sandy bottom land, protected, and where no live trees have grown within the last forty years. Everywhere where the live trees have been recently rooted out the new tree will die about the time it bears the second crop, perhaps earlier. The second, planted to replace, will die about the fifth year; the third, planted the first, second or third year. I do not know if any fruit trees will do well in an oak forest has recently been removed. The Elder Pliny, in his natural history written nearly two thousand years ago, speaks of this existing on the northern coast of the Mediterranean, and cautions planters from attempting fruit growing in an oak forest has recently been removed."

Felix Gillett, of Nevada City, makes a vigorous protest against the ideas advanced by Mr. Cooper. He says: "The idea that walnut culture in California is possible only in those valleys bordering the sea in northern California, is, I must say, a hasty and erroneous one. \* \* \* I do strongly object, in the presence of facts to the contrary, to the banishing of walnut culture from nine-tenths of the area of the State of California; and I do not care, for what Pliny said two thousand years ago on that subject, but will cite evidence that will set at naught the theory that walnuts will not do well in an oak forest has recently been removed. That walnuts will grow luxuriantly and bear larger crops comparatively earlier age in deep rich bottom land, well drained, protected, and with plenty of moisture, is an obvious fact; though it arises another question—whether it is advisable to plant walnuts, a class of trees requiring so much space and so little regard to the nature of the soil, in our richest land, so well suited to the growing of other valuable crops that have absolutely to be planted in rich land. My experience

in walnut culture—and for twenty years I have imported, propagated and fruited, all the leading varieties of Europe, besides having collected a large amount of data on that subject from nut-growing countries—warrants me in saying that walnut culture can be successfully carried on on the whole Pacific coast, provided we plant none but hardy kinds; in fact, the success of walnut culture in California lies exclusively in the hardness of the kinds to be planted."

Before entering upon the details of walnut raising in this State, the advice given by some of the more prominent growers will be found to be interesting and instructive reading. Mr. G. W. Ford, of Santa Ana, says: "Before you plant a walnut orchard, see that you have good, rich, deep, valley soil, with first-class water facilities, or do not expect such promising returns as I or my neighbors in Orange County have had. I don't recommend planting a walnut orchard if you have poor soil, but something that will come off the ground early in the season. Certainly your land need not be anything extra, but I say that on almost any land where corn can be grown without any irrigation, especially in the southern part, a good quality of walnut can be raised without artificial means of watering." Mr. Ford winds up an interesting paper on the "Culture of the Soft-shelled Walnut," by extending a general invitation to all concerned to pay a visit to his orchard in Santa Ana, adding, "and I will show him there an orchard which will satisfy the most skeptical that a soft-shell walnut orchard is a paying investment."

Mr. A. Dorman, of Rivera, says: "I think that if the (planting of) corn, and irrigation were left out after the first three years, and the land given clean and thorough cultivation, it would be more profitable for the owners. Shallow cultivation is advocated by the most successful walnut growers in the valley. \* \* \* The experience of the past season has had



a strong tendency to increase the popularity of the hard-shell walnut. \* \* \* I believe the practice of sulphuring is injurious to the flavor of the nut, and hope it will soon be discontinued with the hard-shell, as has already been done with the soft-shell."

Mr. Felix Gillett says: "My advice in regard to foreign varieties of walnuts is that where the Los Angeles or common walnut of California does badly, people should not hesitate a moment to plant them (the foreign variety) as being so much superior and more hardy. \* \* \* It is as easy to grow fine nuts as poor ones, and certainly more profitable."

Mr. Ellwood Cooper says: "My advice to those anticipating walnut growing is—first visit the various localities and profit by the experience of those now engaged in the business. \* \* \* Trees will die, apparently without a cause, and the planter, after waiting ten or a dozen long years, will be compelled to root them out and try something else. One-half the orchards planted will never be a success."

It is more than probable that the planters have experimented with different varieties of the nut, but one fact is made manifest, and that is, that under the best circumstances the cultivation of the tree is difficult, and the results not at all well assured. The experiments in this State include a wide range of variety. There are the Præparturiens, or Fertile walnut, the Cluster, Mayette, Franguette, Parisienne, Grenoble, Serstina, Chaberte, Gant, Mesange, or Paper-shell, Vourey, Meylan, Culong, Weeping walnut, Ash-leaved walnut, Mammoth walnut, the last three mentioned varieties being of the fancy kinds, and many others not here classified. Each has some special characteristic. Some bear nuts of extraordinary size and fine shape. Some are wonderfully fertile and precocious. Some are so late in their budding that they are able to withstand the late frosts in the spring that effect nine-tenths of the entire

area of the State. In some the male flowers or catkins are called, drop off before the flowers or nuts have had a chance to show themselves, and as a consequence the nuts, not having a chance to be fertilized, by the pollen or yeast secreted by the catkins, drop off before attaining the size of a large pea.

The favorite method of planting in California, and the one which has insured the greatest success, is to plant the nut in the spring, in nursery form. The soil should be a sandy loam, well cultivated, to a depth of about six inches. The nursery rows be four feet apart, and the nuts one foot apart in the row. The first year those nuts that have sprouted and sprout, will attain a height of from six inches to a foot; the second year they will grow to a height of from eighteen inches to three feet; the third year they will attain a height of five or six feet. This is a good time for transplanting. First, dig up the ground carefully, by digging and pulverizing. Plant the nuts four feet apart, which will allow twenty trees to the acre. Let the trees grow somewhat towards the direction of the prevailing winds. Prune constantly while the trees are young. The branches grow weak and are apt to bear down with their own weight, or break off during high winds, and thus destroy the symmetry of the tree. The trunk should be kept free from limbs, for a distance of six feet from the ground, and should be kept away from the ground, and if the top roots are exposed, it is much the better, as it will allow the tree "in breathing." If the trees, however, have been planted in the soil, and well cared for, they will begin to bear when they are five or six years old, and in ten years from the time of transplanting, they will give a handsome return.

The most careful cultivation is necessary; and after the fifth year the trees should be grown between the rows. There are planters who will con-

begun to show signs of growth. Budding is easier. In removing the bud, cut deep into the wood, so as to give the bud as much bark as possible. The bark should be about an inch and a half from point to point. With the sharp point of the grafting knife, gouge out nearly all of the wood in the bud. Insert this bud in a slit made in the stock of the tree to be budded. Tie tight with budding twine, and allow it to remain thus for three weeks. Then remove the string. As soon as the bud begins to swell, cut the stock back and allow the bud to grow. After they have attained a year's growth, they can be transplanted into orchard form. The process is very simple, but requires great care.

The English, or Madeira variety of the nut, it is said, will become rancid, if kept a year, no matter how much care may be taken of them, but the improved soft-shell will keep from two to three years without undergoing any unfavorable change. Collateral industries arising out of walnut culture are the drying of the kernel and the manufacture of walnut oil. In the city of Paris, France, there are annually consumed fifteen million pounds of dried, and ten million pounds of fresh nuts. Half of the oil used in France is walnut oil, or three times as much as of olive oil. One hundred pounds of walnuts will yield eighteen pounds of oil. Picking in that country costs five cents a bushel, and the nuts vary in price from one-half a cent to eight cents a pound. The cheap grades are those which are sent to the oil mills, while the finer grades are shipped to the market.

It will be some years before California can expect to compete with older countries in the profitable culture of the walnut, but there is no reason to be discouraged. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the tree can be profitably grown at an elevation of three thousand feet. The development of the industry is progressing in a manner that leads to the belief that our planters will soon be able to com-

pete with those of any other. The foreign varieties have been grafted on to the native wild with the result of fully doubling the product. Mr. Felix Gillett, in an interesting essay of "Foreign nuts and their Culture," says: "Walnut-growing is an industry which ranks very high in France, and can be developed on the same scale in a State like California, if only wise enough to study the method a little and do as the French do. In France, they are planting none but hardy kinds, planting them on plateaux, on rolling land, alongside roads, around large fields and vineyards, on cordon and avenue, on soils adapted to other crops, and with walnut in due course of time will attain gigantic dimensions. By your deep and rich bottom, the growing of other crops will remember that walnuts require space, and that in rich and level land, walnut growing might all, prove unprofitable, if you take into consideration the value of the land.

"The walnut belt in France comprises two-thirds of the whole of that country, extending from the ocean to the Alps and Jura Mountains, and from the Pyrenees Mountains to the Loire, a belt where exists a diversity of soil and climate, such as is found in California from one end of the State to the other, and up to a thousand five hundred to three thousand feet in the Sierras. The walnuts in that immense belt are all grafted trees. The kinds most commonly propagated, on account of their hardiness and beauty of the nut, are the Mayette, Franguette, and the Mayenne. The latter is found to grow best in light soil, while the Mayette and Franguette prefer a rocky soil, but rather deep and rich. Chaberte, less particular as to the nature of the soil, but very rich, is much grown for the oil mill



an idea of the extent of the walnut industry in France, I will say that the Department of Isere alone exports annually to the capital of Russia five hundred thousand dollars worth of layette walnuts. Most of the walnut crop of that and adjacent departments is carried down the Rhone to Marseilles, on pine log rafts, which port nuts and lumber are then delivered for market. The walnuts of the Isere bring the best price of any walnuts in France, five to eight shillings per pound, according to years. Isere walnuts sell with a premium, which is another illustration of the truth, that fine fruit will always bring better prices anywhere. In that part of France the walnuts are planted little everywhere, especially on rolling land and hillsides. By the

way, whenever having level or rolling land on your place, always plant the walnuts on rolling land. In the Department of Dordogne, from which comes the bulk of the walnuts exported to the United States from France, statistics show six hundred thousand walnut trees. The walnut crop of that Department, in nuts for market and oil, amounts annually to one million dollars. The nuts are exported to the north of France, Switzerland and the United States. To the latter country, on account of the tariff, are exported only the common kinds. In the Department of the Loire, fifteen thousand acres are planted in walnuts, the trees being planted as high as two thousand three hundred feet in the mountains, and so on in the whole walnut district."

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## THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

BY ALICE I. EATON.

Through land and sea and sky the music rolls,  
Up to the very doors of Heaven, where  
'Tis blended in one mighty symphony  
And offered at the throne of Him that rules  
The universe and all that is therein.

Men say : "Can this poor song of mine avail  
In anywise to change the harmony  
Of that grand chorus? Or can one mere note  
Of grief or joy, that I may sing perchance,  
Add aught of discord or of melody?"

"Ah yes ; our little note were lost, perhaps,  
If it should travel all that space alone ;  
But others, hearing it, will add their voice  
To swell the chorus." And what rich reward,  
If the soft music of one thankful heart  
Should form the key-note of a hymn of praise.





## NOTES ABOUT IBSEN.

BY CHRIS M. WAAGE.

THE works that raised Ibsen to the pinnacle of fame were undoubtedly his two philosophical poems, "Peer Gynt" and "Brand." They are both written in dramatic form and are equally rich in thought, meter and rhyme. It would be difficult to say which of these two poems expresses the grandest philosophy, for they are both filled with profound thought, and their appearance caused the literary world of Northern Europe to wonder. Outside Goethe's Faust, nothing has been written to compare with these two works in their particular line.

Having read these poems and having been deeply impressed with their truth and grandeur, the reader's imagination might picture him as one whose living sympathy with humanity and wonderful psychological insight to man's deeper self had given him the imprint of melancholy—a man absolutely indifferent to the outside physical world, whose appearance betrayed his disregard for the fashion that molded his fellow men into certain outward forms.

On Bredgade, in front of Santa Anna place, the writer saw, in a photographer's show case, Ibsen's likeness, for the first time. By a strange coincidence the man himself appeared on the street, dressed exactly as he was in the picture. He wore side whiskers, and his hair was jet black and carefully oiled. He wore a silk hat of the latest fashion, a black velveteen coat, a pair of tight-fitting fawn-colored trousers strapped under patent leather shoes, while his hands were encased in elegant gloves. The atmosphere about him was filled with an aroma of scented hair oil, and in his dress he looked the exquisite, his face bearing no traces of an emotional na-

ture. One would have taken a prosperous merchant rather than one of the world's greatest philosophers.

We met several times at Jerichau's house. He was measured, exact, punctual, to say about him at the Académie he never even put on a glove, first considering the effect of various motions necessary to accomplish the act. He seemed exceedingly affected.

It was the war of '64 between Denmark and the combined Austro-Prussian powers, which first separated Ibsen with Norway and made him a favorite in Denmark, where he continued to publish his works. He could not tolerate the apparent cowardice of Sweden and Norway in not coming to the rescue of their southern neighbor. For years it has been the custom of the students of the three countries to meet quinquennially at the respective university cities, and for every meeting, renewed promises of friendship and unfaltering support are expressed in glowing terms by prominent orators.

When in '64 the hour of danger came, and Denmark found herself in danger of annihilation, with no friend coming to her aid, the Norwegian poet wrote the play which he called, "A Brother's Tress." In scathing words he rebuked his countrymen for the miserable part they had played in the drama of events, and the play, filled with Ibsen's condemnation of his own nation, which I translate to the best of my ability, may be said to bear the tenor of the poem which the author wrote on leaving Nor-





*Henrik Ibsen.*

storms that ride across the sea,  
 from Denmark, message bear--  
 trembling voice they ask of me:  
 Where were you, brothers--where?"

Norseland's fight alone I fought  
 lying bleeding on the lair--  
 looked in vain for help, you ought  
 to have been the ones to come, I thought:  
 where were you, brothers--where?"

On those days Ibsen has given  
 us poetry. He says himself  
 in order to be understood by the  
 mass of people, he finds it nec-  
 essary to write prose. This recalls  
 an episode of Ibsen's life, which re-  
 vives humor on the part of the author  
 as well as a somewhat revengeful  
 disposition. Ibsen and Hans Christian  
 Andersen were both staying at the  
 house of Mr. Melchior, a well-known  
 physician in Copenhagen. Ibsen  
 wrote principally five act dramas,  
 and Andersen short fairy tales. The  
 Danish poet was excessively vain and  
 was eager to read to anybody what

he had written. He was a rapid writer,  
 turning out fairy tales with remark-  
 able celerity, and during this stay he  
 frequently annoyed Ibsen by inter-  
 rupting him in his work, to read aloud  
 his latest story. Ibsen was too polite  
 to rebel, so he invariably swallowed  
 the pill and listened.

One day Ibsen finished a five act  
 drama. He appeared in Andersen's  
 room at an early morning hour and  
 found him busy writing.

"I want to read you something,"  
 said the Norwegian.

Andersen put down his pen to listen,  
 and Ibsen began. He read scene after  
 scene, until they grew into acts, while  
 the minutes passed into hours. The  
 lunch bell rang, and still Ibsen read on.  
 The Danish poet would have given  
 anything in the world to have brought  
 the infliction to a finish, but dared not  
 interrupt his guest. At last came the  
 end. "What do you think?" asked  
 Ibsen, as he threw down the manu-  
 script.

"I think," replied Andersen, with a mischievous twinkling in his eye, "that it is time to have something to eat;" and since that day he never offered to read any of his productions to Henrik Ibsen.

There were several illustrious personages with whom, at that time, Ibsen came in contact. Besides Professor and Madame Jerichau, probably in their day the most famous theatrical artists, and Hans Christian Andersen, there was Mrs. Johanne Louise Heiberg. This brilliant actress had retired from the stage, but her home, like that of Madame Jerichau, was a center which attracted all that belonged to the realm of art and literature. Among the actors Ibsen was accustomed to meet were Wilhelm Wiehe, Emil Poulsen, Mrs. Eckardt, the younger Poulsen and many other brilliant men and women, whose names are written in the history of the Danish stage. Among the sculptors were Bergslen the Norwegian, who modeled the statue of Carl Johan which now adorns an open square in Christiania, and Bissen and Prior. Of the painters there were Carl Bloch, Frederick Sørensen and the Neumans. Among Ibsen's intimates were Holger Drachman, who is now known as one of Denmark's foremost poets and authors, and was then a young marine painter of some note, who wrote verses and composed music in his leisure hours; also Niels Gade, who was then in his zenith, the Bendix brothers, of whom one is now well known in America, and who were talked about as promising musicians while Pauli was conducting the Royal *capel*, or orchestra. Among the poets and writers were Kaalund, Christian Lange and Bergsø, Christian Winther, who was tottering towards his grave, and Sophus Schandorph, as yet but a rising star. The magnificent genius of George Brandes had not as yet come to its focus. In after years he became a literary critic, second to none, not even Taine, and probably the one who has most fully understood

Ibsen, standing as close to friend as he does as a critic.

In such brilliant company moved while in Copenhagen wonder he took kindly to it was fêted by all and looked the greatest poet and dramatist North while yet a young thirty-six or thirty-seven year historical dramas created immense enthusiasm and found splendid presentations on the Danish stage, while such productions "Enemy of the People" and "A House" were looked upon as works in the treatment of problems.

Then Ibsen went south. He in Italy for some time and finally moved to Germany, where he lived down for quite a long time. München his home. But every year he sent a new drama which was always published in Copenhagen, and always took place on the Danish National stage a translator in Mr. or Mrs. Wm.

Mr. Archer lives in London is of mixed Scotch and English parentage and speaks both English and Norwegian with ease belongs to a family which is in all circles where culture, refinement and learning are found, and his brothers was for years a Cabi-ster in the colony of Queensland. The Hon. Archibald Archer of Norway's greatest poet enthusiasm of one who understands the deeper thoughts in profoundly philosophical work.

In the year 1890 the author resolved to attempt a translation of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." "Peer" is not merely a singular poetical philosophical work, it is equal phenomenon. It is written furthermore in a style which is original and unique in its meter, rhyme and versification. The task was difficult, and many hours to do a little work it was accomplished, it was at request of Mr. Charles



literary circle of friends, and translations were later taken to Miller, who said of them, "poetry—that is grand, magnificent."

Intrigued by the laudatory terms in both Miller and Woodbury's letters, the writer determined to have the translation of the poem, and permission could be secured from Ibsen to bring out an authorized translation. To this end he was sent two letters received from the writer, both of which are given in verbal translations.

München, December 30, '90.

M. WAAGE, OAKLAND:—In reply to your inquiry of November 12th, I regret to inform you that, owing to various circumstances, I am not at present in a position to give the authorization asked for. Many thanks for the interest you have shown in my labors as a poet, I have to remain,

Yours very gratefully,

HENRIK IBSEN.

München, Feby. 21, 1891.

MR. WAAGE:—Your letter of January 10th was handed to me a few days ago, and I am chiefly to reply to same.

You say that my last reply to yours did you pain, I can only think that I have misunderstood what I wrote, and am not aware that I have written anything which could have hurt your feelings, and that such a thing was far from being my intention.

You are no doubt aware, they are about to establish new international relations, and regard to the proprietorship of literary rights, which will also settle the relations between England and America in this respect. It is the result of these negotiations which I propose to await, before I will give authorization to anybody in regard to translating of my works.

You are aware that any one in England is not qualified in translating "Brand" or "Hans Andersen." I understand, however, that Mr. M. Daw in Chicago is busy translating "Brand." I have received several letters from this gentleman, but do not know him and am ignorant of his literary qualifications.

In conclusion I beg you to feel assured that I very fully and gratefully appreciate your efforts to increase the interest in my work in America.

kindest regards, I remain,

Yours sincerely and gratefully,

HENRIK IBSEN.

Ibsen has lately finished another drama. He now lives in Norway, and this is the first work he has written on his native soil for many years. As usual, his production will be published in Copenhagen, and the name and nature of it will remain a profound secret until it is billed to go over the stage of the Royal Theater in Copenhagen. In regard to this latest work I give, in the following, an exact translation of a newspaper article I read a few weeks ago. The article was published in *Politikken* under date of Tuesday, November 8, 1892. I may say that the paper referred to is a Copenhagen "daily," and in presenting the report I give it for what it is worth without comment or criticism:

On November 5th, Henrik Ibsen in person delivered the manuscript for his new drama at the general postoffice in Christiania, but owing to circumstances it could not be forwarded to Denmark until the evening of the 6th of November, at 10:35, when the work of transmission began.

*Politikken* has received the following telegraphic account of the proceedings from its representative, who accompanied the manuscript on its journey:

"Frederikshald, 2:05 A. M. The manuscript is transported in a first-class railway carriage with special attendants. The engine is decorated with foliage and flags and is driven as far as the border station by the President of the Norwegian State Railroad lines. At the departure from Christiania an immense crowd of people had congregated to witness the start, and thundering shouts of hurrah filled the air at all intermediate stations, the representative citizens of the towns on the route meeting the train in spite of the darkness of the night. All along the line flags were strung.

"Møllerud, 5:50 A. M. Last station on Norwegian ground! More orations! At the entrance to the station a gigantic triumphal arch has been raised; over which are inscribed the words: 'Farewell, and welcome back!' On the platform a torchlight procession is in attendance, which makes a brilliant show in the dark hours of the morning. Attorney Berg spoke on behalf of those present and said: 'Before you leave Norwegian soil, receive the homage of all Norwegians. Go out into the world and bring honor to the name of your mother; but be Norwegian in heart and soul. All hail to Henrik Ibsen's new manuscript.'

"No one can imagine the enthusiasm these words create. The torches are lifted high in



the air to the sound of thundering hurrahs. In the excitement of the moment a few torch bearers get too near the carriage, containing the manuscript and have to be forced back, lest their torches set fire to the vehicle. The train slides out of the station while the crowd sings: 'Yes, we love.' "Göteborg, 9:25 A. M. On account of the rivalry between Norway and Sweden, no special preparations have been made here. Nevertheless the Swedish Authors' Association have sent the following stanzas by telegraph:

Though brief in Sweden thy passing stay,  
With inspirations thou lightest thy way!

"Elsinore, 4:30 P. M. Publisher Jacob Hegel meets the manuscript here. The whole city is astir, and all around the railway station the streets are thronged with people. As the carriage, containing the manuscript, is run from the ferry on to the railroad track, Mr. Hegel, amidst profound silence, exclaims: 'Welcome to Denmark!' The crowd shouts: 'Long life to Henrik Ibsen's publisher!' Mr. Hegel expresses his appreciation and enters a special car, which is placed directly after the one carrying the manuscript."

In regard to the arrival of the manuscript in Copenhagen, the correspondent writes:

The reception at the railway station in Copenhagen was magnificent and cordial, even though it did not partake of the nature of a great national event, the same as did the journey through Norway. Outside the railway depot a number of societies had mustered, and an immense crowd of people was present as well. The platform had been barricaded, and only Mr. Hegel, his family, and representative men of art or literature were admitted. When the train stopped, Mr. Hegel left his carriage and approached the one containing the manuscript, and as the two attendants now appeared with the manuscript enclosed in a jeweled casket, all present doffed their hats. The casket was then placed on a kind of bier, covered with velvet and carried by Mr. Hegel and three authors, whose publisher he is, while the rest of the crowd followed in the wake.

The excitement outside had now reached its climax, and as the casket came in sight

the crowd and the precious manuscript moved through a carriage, drawn by four horses, in a procession slowly through the streets of Copenhagen. Mr. Hegel's carriage in Klareboderne, as a matter of course, elaborately decorated, and special efforts have been made by the typesetters, who set the manuscript, to decorate the entrance. It may be mentioned as a curious fact that these men have nothing else to do but publish in Copenhagen every two years, the balance of the time Mr. Hegel pays for a retainer. When at work they appear in full evening dress with white ties and

Mr. Hegel handed the manuscript to the foreman and in a short speech commended him and his men of the great responsibility relative to the education of the world, which they were now to take upon themselves. The foreman, in responding, emphasized the honor which was being conferred on him and his men, and through them on the whole typographical fraternity. Then, then dispersed with more enthusiasm, embracing, evidently having received a strong impression of the proceedings. In the occasion Mr. Hegel treated the members of the General Hospital to beer, roast pork and beet root.

Since writing the above I have referred to has been published in America by a Mr. Arnold Minneapolis. It is known as "Master Builder Solne" and has created a good deal of interest. It has been read everywhere principally owing to the fact which the author has made public by presenting a particularly abstract, and calculated rather than to satisfy the public's taste. Critiques have been written; but I honestly confess that the writer in the Pall Mall comes nearest the word "master builder" have been more "master builder."





## CHILDREN OF THE STREETS.

BY ELODIE HOGAN.



WHY must every thing smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead?" That is what Charles Lamb said when he talked about the changes that had come among the pleasant haunts of childhood.

When one has the commercial instinct with an eye to the chase for success, one must conclude that in San Francisco the world is all grown up, childhood is dead and that the gold-snacks of "man and mannish," which are children as a rule do not work in San Francisco. And if they get in the midst of the pelf of trade there is little of the up and down in ceaseless toil "went around their puny labors. The pure instinct of the joy of an action which drives them to doing with a nickel at the end of it. Even if the parents are poor, the grim need scowling them on to work and further saving, the children, for the most part, are kept at home and are sent to school. To them still is the greatest affliction of a healthy child. The small people in San Francisco being a hardy, some lot, their first instinct is to do something.

The country a child's mere desire for action, with pleasure as an end, does not drive him to any occupation or revenue tacked on. An endlessness of dear delights is there—to play on the grass with the fine garden around, to bask in the orchard ripen with the ripening fruits, to catch giddy fishes darting through the shadows of swift streams, the delicious swish of water on bare feet, and the sweep of long weeds

and grasses on nimble legs running. There is, too, a pleasant whiff of romance which hangs even to the cheerful drudgery of driving cows, piling hay or picking fruit. These are pleasant methods by which to spend that restless energy which is the basis of all childish sensation. But they are as locked-up rooms to the children brought up in and environed by a large city. When the boy in San Francisco grows weary of the dreams and play of his vacation days, he catches an echo of the noise and roar his elders make at their gratifying game of getting dollars, so he thinks it might be a pleasant thing for him to be busy too, and to make a noise and to get some nickels if he can. Of their own will and with joy the children here undertake whatever work they do. This, of course, applies to that cheerful crew of youngsters who ply their peddler's trade upon the streets and sidewalks.

Having made up his mind that he must do something, the boy looks for a place where a small invested capital will be sure to yield him a fair amount of fun, in addition to the money income. His temperament as well as his funds will have something to say in this matter of a choice of occupation. A curious boy, who is fond of noise, will take to selling papers. A boy who is lazy, with a love of color, will plant himself and his flowers near Lotta's fountain. A drudge of a boy who likes to trudge, will get a calico bag and fill it with matches. A boy who has the sense to love the smell of the sea and the feel of cold water and the swift dipping motion of a small boat—he goes to the water front and pulls and hauls there among the fishing boats and luggers of the Italians and Sicilians. And so their





ITALIAN FISHER BOY.

tastes lead them on until they fill the places of available work for children.

There is one thing which a healthy boy loves almost as well as he loves to be busy, and that is to make a noise and thrust his identity upon others. Now, the high-tide mark of being busy, making a noise, and pestering or pleasing people with one's identity, that is what it is to be a newsboy. The newsboy is a clamorous, ubiquitous sprite, untidy, nimble, cunning, coming always with a halo of ringing din around him. He buys three papers for five cents and sells them for five cents apiece. So every three sales that he consummates nets to his pocket a whole dime. He is found stationed along the sidewalks and in the middle of the streets. With an amazing *sang froid* he risks his neck and bones in getting aboard of moving cars and in dropping off the clanging dummies. He waves his papers in the face of passenger or pedestrian, and often makes a sale from sheer force of personal magnetism.

A big solemn man was once very weary and rather wished there were no world that he must learn and hear

of. He was swinging a street at the close of day when the street was wagons and trucks, and was thick with a rushing at that particular hour prolonged agony to a nerves. A newsboy sprang and tagging at his heel that he buy a paper. "I turned around and was refusing. "I don't want," he said. "But I'm only a chap!" responded the boy, sold his paper and the man laughing to himself.

The newsboy is a blessing that he nibbles at the fruit of the knowledge of good with never a price to pay thesaurus on legs. He knows nothing, and he knows no more. His startling cries on sidewalks are only abracadabra to the weary, is appalling and bewildering the joyous trebles of human entities piping in fire and explosions. The formula of all is the cry of the suicide!" This comports with a glib cadence does he know of the tragic soul self-poised for flight black invisible?



BOOT BLACK.



A heyday time with him is just after a lottery drawing, when all the world is giddy with hopes of a visit from King Mammon—as Jupiter visited young Danaë—in a glittering shower of gold. A man with a lottery ticket hidden in his pocket book, and a lottery number tucked in a corner of his skull, has no mind to grudge a minute to a boy who may be the messenger to tell of a change in Fortune's face.

The boys, as a rule, are kind to each other in providing change and exchanging papers. But when they quarrel, they suggest the chattering and tapping and squeaking of the battles of the brown sparrows out on the cobble stones.

The small, irregular place which opens into cable-laden market street, and which we all call Lotta's Fountain, holds the gathering of the clans of bronze-complexioned boys who sell to the marching populace, flowers which are a little older and much cheaper than may be had at the florist's. When the blue sky gleams through white heaps of irregular clouds, and the sun streams down in blinding showers of light, the Lotta's Fountain square looks like a topsy turvy rainbow. The greater number of the boys are in competition with the regular florists. They bring their flowers direct from the suburban nurserymen of Berkeley, Alameda or Oakland, and make them up into the enormous bunches which they retail to the swiftly passing crowds. The flowers are so radiant in their heaps ofasant color, that the boys are seldom troubled to the bother of a cry to attract attention to their treasures. They simply sit and dream and drone upon their baskets, and the colors and the sunlight do the rest. Clairvoyants, these dusky-skinned youngsters, quick to know if one is only a robber of the fragrance and the glow of their flowers, or if there is a

fair possibility of a sale. They know which way the traffic runs, and like a migrating Iris, they follow the movements of the crowd, as it takes its way northward up Kearny



SELLING FLOWERS.

street as the business men and clerks go; eastward toward the ferries as

the traveling public makes its way; with the swarming multitude which has its promenade around Cape Horn, going either up or down "the Rialto," or the constantly shifting crowd which ascends or dismounts the dummies as they stop in front of the fountain.

Many of the boys are as pleasant to look upon as the flowers which they carry. Some days it does not need a heroic reach of imagination to change that Lotta Fountain crowd of lads into a bunch of Roman boys in a corner of the *Piazza di Spagna*, or in a nook on the white marble stairs of *Monte Trinita*. They are, for the most part, Genoese with beautiful eyes and skin, but their features lack the delicate and regular beauty of their Roman brethren.

Of late the heavy hand of the



has been working woe for the flower peddlers. It would seem the big city of San Francisco could get on in its finances without pestering these young ones. But it is not so. For the boy to sell their flowers they must earn ten dollars per quarter, and each carries under his little coat a three-red tin tag, like a miniature shield, on which is stamped his name and the date of issuance and expiration of his license. At any time a stalking autocrat in blue may come and see this precious piece of paper, and if it is not forthcoming there will be a sorry boy and a basket of withering flowers up in the vicinity of the police courts. Indeed, the flower boys do not go the primrose path of fortune. They have orders as to exact places where they may safely display their baskets and where they may not stand. Kearny street is forbidden ground for all day; and then there are police orders which regulate their movements on all the sides of the square. The only haven of uniform peace is where the Chronicle Building stands on Market street. One day a bearded czar gathered them in, armed men, big boys and all, and lined them up to police headquarters. This was just after the licensing and regulation ordinance had been passed. Most of them were worth five dollars. But one boy with a dark brown face and very red lips, whose number is 13, was "let off for nothing." I am inclined to think he "took up" for nothing. There is a tribe of philosophers in breeches whose avocation takes them to the quiet streets, where they live in ugly houses with bay-windows that look out on cobblestones and pavements. These are the boys who are not obtrusive, not fond of noise and crowds, and boys with a small capital to invest. A match complete stock in trade consists of a dozen bunches of matches swung over his shoulders in a calico bag, a pair of legs to pack him, and a

solemn air of unconcern as to the general wagging of the world. His four dozen bunches cost him twenty-five cents, and when he retails them at four bunches for five cents, he nets on his investment thirty-five cents. There's many a mile, though, to be trudged before that big sum is cleared. Their business takes them toward the kitchen where nickels are scarce, not out on the thoroughfares where loose change flows free.

One day I met one of these small gentry who had sold only five cents' worth of matches in four whole days of marching. There was a meekness in his habit of conduct which gave an extra value to his matches. To hear him laugh and see him take his nickel would make one desire to buy his matches all day long, just like the man who despised trade and whose dream of opulence and wealth was to go along the wharves and flip dimes into the water, because he got nothing in return for them. This mild mannered child, in an amazing way, discussed the fluctuations of the match market. And as he faced about to ring the bell of a "no peddlers" be-signed house, he sapiently remarked that "matches would go up next year."

#### AVISO!

*Questo wharf appartiene esclusivamente per il uso e beneficio dei Pescatori della Citta e Contra di San Francisco!*



COAL PICKER.





CHINESE BOYS.

This is the big notice which scares the troublesome, idle small boy off the "fisherman's wharf." The boys who work about there have very little heavy drudgery to do. The men look to the boats, mend their nets and do the fishing. The boys do what they can as the boats go out and as they come in, heavy with their quivering, silver spoils. Yards upon yards of beautiful red-brown colored nets are draped to dry upon the railing around the wharf. The nets are the special treasures of the fisherman, and here the small boys' assistance is invaluable. With the greatest care they are freed from any *débris* which may cling to them, mended, and strung up. They are manipulated as gingerly and as anxiously as a lady handles her Valenciennes or duchess. An enterprising boy has a corner on the tanning of the nets. He goes out on the bay, and besides his fish he has a long prodded pole, with which he hauls unto himself all the driftwood which passes by his way. This is

brought in and boiled in cauldrons, and twice each v inch of net along the wharf into the bubbling, steaming, liquid. This tanning process makes the nets more or less impervious to rot and ruin coming from the sun. It is by this same method that sails acquire their deep-hued richness, so like to the very fisher-boat sails.

The boys hang the nets up and smooth them out with sinkers all on one side and floaters on the other. When they are dried, the hatches of the boats are lifted, and then the daintiest lunch is done. One boy stands on the wharf and another gets into the middle of the boat's small hold. The boy on the wharf flings the net to the lower boy, and then a hand over hand passing the net begins. The heavy sinkers pull it down, and it comes into smooth round heaps, without a knot or disturbing twist in the folds. The boys laugh at the noise of the whistle while they do it, but they think them wizards or spid who have a horrible mixture of magic, cork and thread ready for them when they are out on the waters of the bay. So expert is their skill, that when the net is for dropping it, the net is



AN "SEAB.".



the water without a break or pleasant place to work is the fishermen's Wharf." The rows of piles that support the wharf are far enough apart to make the space between them seem like the dark cells around a convent. Here the green boats rock rising up and down with every movement of the water. It is quiet about there, too—

"The noises of the city way thro' sultry streets and alleys," the crisping ripples leap and against the piles and wharves an anguished melody. Lazy boys have no call there, hang around away at fishing with hook and line; fishermen mend their nets and from shadowy cell to cell; but they go out and the boats come and one could never tell that one is on the very jump-off spot of a noisy, with a blustering, roar-amultuous town behind one. Certain times it is the very

and our hearts and spirits wholly under the influence of mild-minded melancholy; and brood and live again in memory of those old faces of our infancy—"

Thursday evening is a brisk time on the wharf. Then all the boats are filled with the fish for Friday market. The boys are useful in taking the fish out of the boats, weighing them and putting them into baskets sent from the fish-stalls in the market. During these times there is no place for dreams of peace and quiet. A polyglot pandemonium. The assembly of fishers and assistant lads is made up of Genoese, Austrians, Sicilians, and others. They shout and swear in their own language, and make an uproar to the confusion and fright of the stranger, who of course expects fights and disturbances. It is only sound

and fury signifying nothing, for though the Southern tongue be loud, the Southern arm is slow to strike, and a noise is quite as good as a blow when one wants only to bully. The boys make their share of the row, but they keep themselves well out of the range of a kick, and they know how to duck from a well-aimed cuff.

When the great ships come in from Mexican and Central American ports, or from the Islands of the Pacific, the market becomes crammed with the tropical fruits they bring to California. The fruit hawkers fill their little wagons with huge loads of fragrant pine-apples, bananas, mandarins, lemons, limes or oranges. Then are they seen climbing the hills and crawling through the streets with a juvenile annex on the seat holding the reins, or on the sidewalk, crying out the fruit and its price. Though only de-



"WILD GAME!"



sultory, this is a most pleasant business, the boy being allowed to have as perquisites as much fruit as he desires, in addition to the compensation for his services. Sometimes the boys go in for fruit peddling on an independent basis. They invest in a big box of limes or lemons, and station themselves down town just off the sidewalk where Grant avenue, Kearny or Stockton streets open into Market. There they gather in nickels, with nothing to do but sit on the edge of their boxes as they tell the people going by how cheap their yellow fruit is sold. These boys find in the crowd the fun that the others find in holding the reins over a jaded nag climbing up a hill.

Something of the same order of employment comes to other boys when the game laws expire, and quail, dove, duck and rabbits are in season. The game boys are like the fruit boys;

sometimes they go as carry the game, to ring trump up purchasers; again they invest for themselves early in the morning at the big market streets by themselves and profits for their own.

"Progress" is the tireless horse that must carry all the selfish, precipitous age. It is responsible for the dirty boot-black's occupation, and its insistence on the street corners and hideous stalls, bedizened with mirrors and high-colored advertisements where men go to have their shoes made shining. Counting perhaps there are a dozen boot-blacks in San Francisco. They are very small boys with a cheerful smile on their faces and a "doin'" upon their lips, and, like a soldier's knapsack over their shoulders, their small black boxes contain the trappings of their trade. These little fellows have small shares in the multitude which fills the streets and fares of the town. Their wares are neat and well-caparisoned rivaling the upholstered chairs and mirrored tables of the powerful in the splendor of added comforts. For a man who wants to be hustled as he stands alone on the sidewalk more than one foot-black takes their place in the quieter streets where their patrons undertake no risk or stumbles. A favorite haunt of these small cavaliers is the graveled walks that run between the grass plots in Union Square. A hurried pedestrian discovers upon his boots as he speeds through the madding crowd, and the youngster is hailed with gratitude. Even if there be no boots to polish, the square place to spend the shining a boot-black is not the boy hangs heavy on his hands, not sparrows at which one might throw small rocks? Are there any men to dodge and vagrant



"ALL ABOUT THE LOTTERY!"



benches on which to lounge, soak-through and through with sun? And whatever are nursery for, with their "bald-headed of humanity," (that is Jerome's affectionate definition of) sitting with dignity in perambulators, or rolling as if with boneless on the grass—what indeed are all for, if not for the sport of these *Gavroches*?

The district which lies between 4th street and the Potrero, from 4th to Fifth streets, there are innumerable timber yards and saw-mills.

These furnish a small amount of lumber for sale to both girls and boys. Blocks, beams, the fragments of rafters, shingles, planks and the ends of the redwood lie in profusion.

The children here asking may however much can carry away from them. They pile up small litter into gunny sacks, pick up the remnants of boards and lay them upon their shoulders.

The girls are as nimble as the boys at this, and get a fair share of the spoils. The boys are more inclined to their wood for

every trifling sum they can get for their home consumption. To a poor child this wood is no mean saving, and scattered stuff gathered during weeks of vacation and after school often makes a well filled kindling.

Along North Beach and where the waves wash the edge of the Potrero, drift-wood are swept in. This is picked up by the children. Always washed by the sea and often being made of more than fibrous pulp, it is

not so profitable as the trash of the mills and yards.

The intricate tangle of tracks running through and about the freight yards at Fourth and Townsend streets is a veritable mine to the children of industrious habits. Here they are thick, boys and girls, with their bags and sacks, picking up truck of all kinds, no matter what it is, so long as they can fill the bags—coal, ground to a shining black gravel or in big chunks; transparent glittering lumps of ice in every conceivable shape; handfuls of wheat or corn all mixed

with dust; fruit and potatoes—anything that could possibly be in process of transportation before it fell out of a box-car. The people in authority have no objection to this promiscuous picking, and the children are in for it simply to escape the tedium of unvarnished idling.

Travel to the tune of "Over the hills and far away" and find yourself up in the other part of town, and there you will discover a rare order of the small human buds. In that curious quarter, Chinatown, a hoary Oriental civilization has dumped a Mongolian detritus of strange-

facéd yellow men. Along the dirty streets and on the reeking pavements the baby offspring of this alien pack trot and run, and laugh and chirp. Tiny things they are, of the delicate color of cream, with eyes as black and bright as a squirrel's or a rat's; bedecked and gaudy are they with the colors of their little quilted jackets and their funny pantaloons. There seems to be no transition time for these small Chinese—from the fluttering little mysteries they evolve instantly into



A LITTLE WOOD GATHERER, NORTH BEACH.



those astute, sphinx-faced men who are their fathers. Nowhere more than up among these heathen hordes, does the pathetic trustfulness of childhood "transform the sullen street."

The hardest highbinder loves all the pig-tailed trot the alley-ways, in the language of the fathers.



EMILIE TRACY V. PARKHURST, FOUNDER OF THE ORGANIZATION.

## PACIFIC COAST WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION

BY EMILIE TRACY V. PARKHURST.

THE Pacific Slope is so remote from all the great centers of activity and mature civilization, that it is seldom quickened into concerted action on any question of vital social import until long after the older communities have taken the initiative. Once awakened to a necessity, however, the West takes its place and maintains it with the vigor, spontaneity and enthusiasm of youth and ambition.

Until within two years and a half, no provision has been made on the Pacific Coast for the protection, benefit and advantage of the working newspaper woman and woman author. In other parts of the United States, these associations have been established

ever since 1880, most of ones being organized for purposes.

In September, 1890, three years of preliminary action and preparation, and fifty invitations were newspaper women and author standing on this Coast, to meet in San Francisco, date at the writer's home. The tances are so great in not more than fifty women in person, but every one letters of cheer and encouragement and pledged herself to the support of the movement.

The Constitution and the New England Women's





NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

ciation was adopted, for it was that its simplicity and force was outcome of mature consideration experience. The election of officers then took place. Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster was unanimously elected president. Mrs. Eyster is an enthusiast in all that she undertakes, fitted with great tact, accustomed to public speaking, a woman with a circle of friends in every part of the world. For many years she has been a correspondent to many influential western papers. She has written for Harper's Magazine and almost every other leading magazine in the United States. At one time she was associated with Gail Hamilton in the editing of Wood's Magazine. She has written a number of books, chief among which are the "Sunny Hours" and the "Colonial Boy," the latter being published in 1890 by the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston. At present she is State President of Juvenile League of the W. C. T. U. of California.

Mrs. Eyster taking the chair, the following Executive Board was nominated and elected: Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr of Pasadena, First Vice-President; Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Ella Higginson of Whatcom, Washington, Third Vice-President; Mrs. E. T. Y. Parkhurst, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Sam Davis of Carson City, Nevada, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Mary O. Stanton, Treasurer; Mrs. Isabel Raymond of Santa Cruz, Auditor; and a supplementary committee consisting of Mrs. Mary F. Hall Wood of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Frances Bagby-Blades of San Diego and Miss Andrea Hofer of Chicago. Helena Modjeska, whose summer home is near Santa Ana, California, was made an honorary member.

The following active members were enrolled: Mrs. Caroline Severance, the first president of the first woman's club in Boston;

Mrs. Gertrude Francis Atherton, the novelist; Miss E. D. Keith (Dillon) of the S. F. News Letter; Mrs. Alice Kingsbury Cooley, the author of "Asaph;" Mrs. Mary E. Hart, owner and editor of the Pacific Monthly; Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter, associate owner and editor of the San Joséan; Mrs. Rose Smith Eigenmann, then of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences; Mrs. Lillian Shuey, author of "California Sunshine;" Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm of the Oakland Tribune; Mrs. Mary Bourne Watson of the Morning Call of San Francisco; Mrs. Virginia Hilliard of the S. F. Argus; Mrs. Mattie P. Owen, editor of the Golden Way; Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Curfew Must not Ring To-night;" Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCracken, author of "Overland Tales;" Miss Mary Lambert of the Oakland Enquirer; Mrs. Mary Bowman, associate editor and owner of the Santa Paula Chronicle; Mrs. Emeline North, trade



and shipping correspondent to St. Petersburg and Kiev papers; Mary Lynde Hoffman, author of several treatises on road and street construction; Miss Anna C. Murphy, Evelyn Ludlum, Mary Viola Lawrence (Riding Hood), Mrs. Sarah Sanford, Mrs. Carrie Blake Morgan, Mrs. Emily Browne Powell, Mrs. Julia P. Churchill and Mrs. Jane Martin.

The purpose of this association is primarily to bring about a more extensive acquaintance among newspaper women, so that by the frequent interchange of ideas and methods, concerted action may be brought about in all matters of vital public import. In an association of this kind it would be disastrous to permit the discussion of any partisan movements in either politics, religion, or reform; so the members have sought to find a common field which they might all till to advantage without a suspicion of inharmony. With this end in view they have begun to urge certain public improvements in the way of roads, streets, parks, libraries, village improvement societies, free exhibits of county resources, the suppression of criminal details of sensational cases in



EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

newspapers, the suppression of sensational advertising, the development of the kindergartens—in fact, anything that tends to the bettering up of the country, regardless of precedent or personal interest.

To facilitate such work, the Association will issue printed monographs prepared by some member thoroughly informed on a given subject. It is our aim to have the monographs a comprehensive, unbiased statement of the matter in hand, leaving each member the largest freedom of opinion, and the widest latitude for final action. We find the monographs valuable, chiefly because women, as a rule, are inclined to take prejudiced stands in controversial questions, owing to the incompleteness of their information. We give them a fair understanding of the situation, and they bring to bear intelligence and wisdom.

The first monograph issued by the Association was one on "Roads and City Streets," by Mary Lynde Hoffman. Mrs. Hoffman is a large property owner,



MINNA V. GADEN.



is written from practical knowledge of existing conditions. We not mailed this monograph to our peers, but to all Coast Boards of State Officials and editors of papers. Mrs. Hoffman, being a member of the American Economic Association, say had a considerable circulation through that body. Many leading papers quoted the monograph entire, and many others made long extracts from it, fortified by vigorous editorial comment. More than five hundred copies were sent to the Association during this essay—a better indication of its success than any number of personal letters possibly could be. Her monographs to be issued will cover the various topics mentioned in the previous paragraph. We have from the first that it was the intimate province of the newspaper to foster public spirit and to the promotion of public works. Newspaper men, are, as a rule, more hampered in action by their social or their financial patronage; women, editors and publishers, few exceptions, are free lances, and women special writers have the liberty in their choice of sub-

present, the only source of in-



FLORENCE PERCY MATHESON.

come of the Association is that which is derived from membership and initiation fees and from contributions. In time the association hopes to erect a handsome building in San Francisco, the rentals of which will suffice to pay the running expenses of the Association, as well as sick benefits, when it is required. The library of the Association is a source of gratification to the members. More than 500 valuable volumes have been contributed, besides files of many of the leading dailies, weeklies, monthlies. The Association wishes first to accumulate complete sets of the published works of members, then works by Pacific Coast writers, then reference books, and finally, rare and standard books. Our Librarian is a member of the American Library Association, and brings to bear not only a keenly intelligent knowledge of books, but the very best methods of classification and distribution, as well as of selection.

Among the members who joined our ranks during the first year are Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, of some of whose work Howells writes: "Nothing better has been written since the Bigelow Papers;" Mrs. M.



LINTON W. BATES.



B. M. Toland, the author of "Legende Laymonde" and other exquisite holiday volumes, that have been brought out from time to time by the Lippincotts; Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, whose serials appear in the Chicago Graphic; Mrs. Florence Percy Matheson, a writer of countless short stories, and

the wife of the United States Consul to Guatemala; Mrs. F. F. author of the latest history called "Atlantis Arisen;" Mrs. Taylor D'Evelyn, contributor to the Dublin and American papers; are also Mrs. Isabel H. R. the Santa Cruz Surf, Miss



HELEN GREGORY FLESHER, M. A.

daughter of Elizabeth Akers Allen; Mrs. Laura Lyons White of the Des Moines Times and Express; Matilde Reinhardt, sister to the court painter of Saxe Coburg Gotha; Ina D. Coolbrith, the poet; Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, the author of "Incog," and

Knapp, foreign and exchange of the San Francisco Call, Mrs. Neall of the early Overland, Mrs. Anna Morrison, Mrs. Ruthella Shultz Bollard, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Agnes Mann, Miss Sarah Severance.



SUSAN TAYLOR D'EVELYN.

When we consider that the writing of the general newspaper worker is the most part anonymous, we feel our ranks do not appear at a disadvantage when compared with those of other press associations. Our population is so scattered over a large territory, our slope is so remote and papers confined to such a small circle, that we cannot show many important nor influential Western newspaper connections. On the other hand, Western vigor of style being so much in mode now, and the necessity of winning as pressing here as elsewhere, nearly all of our writers keep from one to a half a dozen connections with influential Eastern and English periodicals. This gives our writers name and standing that an Eastern newspaper woman, with routine and assignment work, cannot command, except in a few cases.

It has often been observed that in the Eastern cities, women sent out on errands or details are compelled to go unattended, while here in San Francisco, a woman is sent out at all on a detail that involves the least exposure to the rough element, she is provided with an escort. Indeed, in San Francisco and other Western cities, women are not often assigned to other night work than that of dramatic and so-

ciety reporting, or lecture and association reporting.

Few women are employed on the daily press in San Francisco. The Call has one woman on its staff; the Chronicle employs one woman, but it is an innovation; the Examiner employs two and sometimes three women; the Post, the Bulletin and the Report have no women on the regular staff; the News Letter employs one, the Wasp three, the Argus one, and the West End one. The Press of the West is uniformly courteous to women workers and their efforts in the right direction.

With its support, the newspaper women of the Pacific Slope have broader possibilities and opportunities than any other similar association in the country, for the reason that the West is young and its condition formative, and the progress they are making is indicative that they are taking every advantage of their situation.

San Francisco, 1892.

This history of an organization from the pen of its founder needs to be supplemented but briefly.

In the death of its organizer, Mrs. Parkhurst, the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association suffered the loss of a woman who, forgetful of personal ambition, gave to its members the



ADELINE E. KNAPP.



wealth of inspiration which is the measure of a truly philanthropic spirit.

One of the charter members of the Association, a woman from whom Mrs. Parkhurst had received the highest encouragement during her task of interesting the women writers of the coast in this plan of organization, has well said: "If the end and aim of this Association had been no greater than the bringing together the women writers of this coast, the promoter of such a plan must have received our

to take advantage of the ties with which her was rewarded her. Her be never see the light of mendation. She put that which she gave av responding Secretary to tion, her letters and sem to the distant members, whose work she was touch, not only carrie and enthusiasm to all, work a power in the co

As Assistant Editor

FORNIAN, Mr  
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The Pacific  
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Mrs. Emily  
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The Executi  
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Charlotte Per  
Second Vice-P  
James Neall,  
President; M

Gaden, Corresponding Se  
Mary Lambert, Recordi  
Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, r  
cording Secretary; M  
Percy Matheson, Trea  
Adeline E. Knapp, Chai  
gram Committee: additio  
Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eys  
nes Manning and Mrs.  
kett.

Members well known  
the State are doing work  
not only the Associati  
whole Pacific Coast and  
world are in sympathy.



LILLIAN PLUNKETT.

hearty response." That this was not the sole end of its founder and builders might be attested by study into the objects of women's clubs, this Western organization included, and no woman who came in contact with Mrs. Parkhurst and realized her ability to disseminate ideas, could have spent her best years in the up-building of an institution of such limitations.

A versatile writer herself, and with the journalistic field open to her, Mrs. Parkhurst spent by far the greater portion of her time in urging others



ling of this commonwealth the  
es of Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr of  
dena, Mrs. Isabel Raymond of  
Santa Cruz Surf, and Mrs. Ella  
ginson of Washington, will long  
identified.

nong those achieving purely liter-  
distinction, Mrs. Kate Douglas  
gin and Mrs. Lindon W. Bates  
eceiving most favorable criticism  
are being welcomed into the  
ned circle of American authors.  
nong the members of the Press  
ciation engaged in editorial work

Adeline Knapp of the San Fran-  
Call, Genevieve L. Browne of  
CALIFORNIAN, Louise E. Francis,  
r of the Castroville Enterprise,

Frances Bagby Blades of San  
o, Mrs. Alice Moore McComas  
os Angeles, Mrs. Maggie Down-  
Brainard of the Pacific Tree and  
, San Jose, and Mrs. L. C. P.  
kins of Washington, are each  
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amiliar.

ong purely philanthropic lines  
Sarah B. Cooper's work needs  
eralding. Mrs. Ada Van Pelt,  
r of the Pacific Ensign, and Mrs.  
G. C. Edholm are actively en-



JEANNE C. CARR.

gaged in press work in the interest of  
the W. C. T. U.

Among those members who are  
regular contributors to Eastern and  
local journals, writing upon California  
subjects, are a number of Pacific Coast  
writers by adoption. Mrs. Charlotte  
Perkins Stetson, the great grand-  
daughter of Dr. Lyman Becher, is  
most known in the East through her  
contributions to the Eastern press.  
Mrs. Helen Gregory-Flesher, a reg-  
ular contributor to the American  
Press Association, to the local press,  
to New York Magazines and an  
occasional contributor to the Arena, is  
a Canadian by birth and education,  
holding the degree of Master of Arts  
from Trinity University. She was the  
first woman to claim and receive that  
honor from that institution, and has  
opened the door to all who have fol-  
lowed. Under the directions of an  
American newspaper syndicate, Mrs.  
Flesher visited Japan and did some of  
her first journalistic work in reporting  
and writing descriptive accounts of  
the opening of the Diet, or first Par-  
liament of Japan, and matters pertain-  
ing thereto, under the difficulties at-  
tending the fact that no woman had



LOUISE E. FRANCIS.



previously had access to its sessions. Mrs. Flesher has made California her home only within the last few years. Mrs. Mary F. McRoberts, an English-woman, well known in political and educational circles in England, and a contributor to its press from California, is another recent comer to the Pacific Coast, though a resident of California in earlier times.

Mrs. Emma Russell Endres, another English woman, and correspondent to the London Times, is a Californian by her adoption of the State as her home, and a busy contributor to the English and American press. Mrs. Endres is a student of political economy and is well informed upon that important subject.

Other members whose largest contribution to the press is for Eastern publications are Mrs. Carrie Blake Morgan, Mrs. James Neall, Mrs. Nellie B. Eyster, Mrs. Florence Percy Matheson, Mrs. Alice Cary Waterman, Mrs. Clara Spalding Brown, Mrs. Dorothea Lummis, Mrs. Evelyn



MARY LAMBERT.

Ludlum, Mrs. Lindon V. Mrs. Minna V. Gaden.

Mrs. Mary O. Stanton is upon scientific physics J. G. Lemmon on botany and Miss Rose O'Halloran, are among the scientists of the coast.

Mrs. Anna Morrison, Virna Wood, Mrs. Lil, Miss Mary Lambert, Plunkett and Mrs. R. Thorpe are numbered writers of verse.

Recent honorary members Jessie Benton Fremont, O'Halloran and Mr. George

As a member of the Generation of Woman's Club, the national League of Presidents, the Woman's National Profession, the Pacific Coast Profession is abreast with the organization, at the same time that responsible and the basis of strength.



MARY O. STANTON.





Do you know how the saffron sunset gleams  
Through the wonderful old rose-window at Rhiems?  
There's a row of saints, too, just below—  
You'd not believe how their forms can glow,  
Blue and purple, and gold and red;  
And we stood in the light their splendor shed.

Under that French Cathedral dome  
Our alien spirits were far from home.  
Yet, from its early cloistral days,  
Its flagellations, its hymns of praise,  
Its deep confessions, its monkish scrolls,  
Something descended into our souls.

The silence wrought like a subtle spell;  
The sense of space was a miracle,  
And memories there were thickly set  
As gems in an old queen's coronet.

Where all that penance, and all that pride,  
And much old anguish had lived and died—  
And white-hot rapture, and triumph cold,  
We brought our new world into the old;  
And right in those poor old martyrs' sight,  
We turned and kissed in the lambent light.

Did not the past, in cowléd gloom  
Rise from its desecrated tomb?  
Nothing! No ghostly index shook  
Curses at us. We calmly took  
A private view of the mystic place.  
To us, that kiss was its crowning grace.





## AMERICAN FINANCES.

BY MORRIS M. ESTEE.

WHEN business is moving in its usual channels, it does not matter what kind of money, how much or how little, is in actual circulation, because credit largely takes the place of money. But when there comes an ebb tide in financial affairs, then gold and silver is needed for business purposes and to sustain public confidence. Indeed, it is authoritatively stated that not more than three per cent. of the vast financial transactions of London are done with actual money, the check system being universally used. But when public confidence is disturbed, fewer checks and drafts, and more money are required to do even a less business. Credit is sensitive to attack, money and moneyed men are cowardly, and rightly so, because one dollar cannot strike back except with another dollar, and the man who has not the other dollar has no weapon for defense.

In times of great business depression the value of commodities depreciates, and the value of money appreciates—that is, property becomes cheap and money becomes dear. Therefore, those who own or deal in property suffer, while those who own or deal in money prosper—that is to say, so long as they can safely loan their money; but when business is paralyzed, money is useless as an interest-producing substance. It thus follows that, as a rule, dear money and less money is of value to the moneyed man, and cheap money and more money is of value to the business man; and as nearly all people are business men, and only a few are money lenders or moneyed men, the community is most deeply interested

in the prosperity of its business. And yet money lenders are as money borrowers.

In this connection it may be in mind that too cheap money is as dangerous as too dear money. Large circulation of inflated money has always been most harmful. There has never been a time when an inflated circulation of money has been a time when silver in the world to make money, even when both are used.

The following is an estimate of the gold, silver and paper money in the world, and although this is made by eminent statisticians, it is not claimed to be absolutely correct, the field being too large and the subject too great for mathematical accuracy: Gold coin, \$4,000,000,000; silver coin, \$3,300,000,000; money, \$3,900,000,000. The annual production of gold both in the United States and the world, is known. In a report of the Hon. Edward A. Lee, Secretary of the Treasury, 16th, 1893, it is stated that the value of gold produced in the United States for the year 1892 was \$77,995,442. Total production of gold and silver for that year was \$116,660,000.

It will thus be observed that the United States now produces now twice as much silver as the world's production of gold. In 1892 the commercial value of the world's

of silver for the year 1892 was 554,000, the total production of metals being \$263,870,660, the value of the silver produced 193,605,200.

It is thus seen that the United States produced for the year 1892, over two-thirds of all the gold and silver of the world. It may then be confidently asserted that if our financial condition rested upon the amount of gold and silver we produce, no country is financially stronger than the United States, and we are less fortunate in the amount of money we have in actual circulation than any country always granting that silver or its equivalent (silver certificates) is used as money.

The total amount of money in actual circulation in the United States on January 1st, 1893, exclusive of the amount in the Treasury and its branches, was \$1,611,321,753; and the amount in the Treasury was \$28,577, making a grand total of \$1,640,368,250,330 in the United States, and as the population is 65,000,000, this would make a per capita circulation of \$25.38, an amount larger than at any other period in the history of the Republic. It is thus obvious that we have about one-fifth of all the money of the world, while our population is a mere fraction of the world's population. It will also be observed that there is \$567,269,118 in coin and bullion, and \$331,614,112 in silver certificates, now in actual circulation in the United States, showing that the enormous sum of \$898,883,230 is in either the white metal or upon the white metal as security for circulation: and so it is not the lack of money that now causes this depression in business and industry, but it is largely caused by the effort to drive out of circulation silver and silver certificates, (and thus to increase the amount of money in circulation,) and to so change our tariff as to imperil our home industries, destroy our home and our foreign markets.

It requires no great knowledge of

the business conditions of the country, no research into the precedents of the past, nor exhaustive study of financial problems, to see that if the large sum of money, represented by silver and silver certificates, is retired from use as money, it will cause the failure of many of the best business concerns of the country, and shatter national and individual credit, and thus paralyze the business industries of the whole nation. Indeed, it is now quite impossible to fully anticipate the results of such an awful financial catastrophe in the United States. There does not appear to be any reasonable necessity for disturbing the relations between gold and silver, or the use of both as money metals, and there does appear to be a necessity for the continued use of both metals.

It is a striking fact that as silver depreciates in value, commodities also depreciate in value. Observe the price of silver for the past ten years, and then note the prices of the products of the factory and the farm; as a rule, they run parallel. Money becomes dear and scarce when the country approaches a gold standard, and we approach a gold standard whenever silver is talked down or driven out of circulation. This condition of things has existed in our country for many years. The only two articles in America which have risen in value are gold and U. S. bonds—the one because the creditor class has talked all money but gold out of confidence; the other, because our country persists in paying all the interest on our bonds in gold, when, under the law, and of right and in common fairness, some of it should be paid in silver—because the interest is payable in coin, and silver money is coin as much as gold.

Assuming the existence of financial distress which demands a remedy, how the repeal of the so-called Sherman Act (which authorizes the issuance of silver certificates for bullion purchased and deposited in the treasury) can afford that remedy has not

*Real*



yet been explained. Silver certificates are used as money like greenbacks. They pass everywhere and they are everywhere in circulation. Is it wise or needful to have less money, when the whole people are needing and demanding more money? and is it not a fact that the repeal of the Sherman Act will decrease the amount of money now in actual circulation?

In this connection it is not argued that some more efficient means cannot be found to take the place of the present system, nor is it claimed that the Sherman Act meets all the expectations of those who favored its enactment; but to repeal that law without enacting some other to take its place (which new law will retain silver as a money metal) could not fail to result most disastrously to the country. Indeed, financial legislation inspired by great monetary distress is always dangerous, and while it is true that the resources of a great country cannot be easily legislated out of existence, they can be imperiled. But a great nation cannot be impoverished because it has gold and silver, instead of gold only, nor will that legislation that regards only the creditor class of our people be conducive to the greatest good. On the contrary, that legislation only should be enacted, which justly measures the value of all property and the interests of all the people.

It is well to consider what would be the result if a single gold monetary standard were adopted all over the world. France would demonetize \$800,000,000 of silver; the United States fully \$600,000,000; Germany has \$20,000,000 in silver thalers not yet disposed of; Austria-Hungary has about \$50,000,000 in silver. In fact, every European nation has large and varying amounts of silver on hand now used as money. The business world would be paralyzed if silver should be thus demonetized. There are not five nations of the earth, if this were done, that could, for the

five succeeding years, pay interest on their public debt, unless they provide for the payment of the principal due thereon. It is not possible to say that the principal due thereon can never be safely demanded, but the best and most effective use that can be made of that money must be built up and sustained in the commercial world, and not destroyed. If we must have money, it should be employed in a sensible manner. True, if we have money of small transactions, there are hundred transactions where there are only one; and, after all, it is not financially wise who most need it. The law. Silver money capital, and is it not the wisdom to destroy capital?

"It is an incontrovertible fact," says Mr. James Platt in his book titled "Money," (Page 10) in the history of commerce, "no principle more firmly established than this: That as the country is increased, agriculture and industry will flourish, as capital is diminished, they will decline; that the man who attempts to annihilate any portion of a country where there is as much as the farmer who should dry up the mountain streams, turns the wheels of his mill, the farmer who should neglect the sun and the soil, will not fertilize his fields."

It is most true the question of money has a leading topic with students. Indeed, there are remedies for evils which exist or which are but slight and which, in time, would cure themselves. The strangest part of this problem is that those who have to lose by unsettled financial conditions, are the most anxious for financial conditions uns



and their way. Those who deal in money, and who of necessity are deeply interested in the ability of people to pay what they owe, are themselves constantly but unwittingly acting to make it impossible for the poorer classes to pay their debts. The law applies with equal force to nations and to individuals. The rich-est nation of the world, England, is a debtor country, and a gold and a silver standard country. The rest of the world owes England and Englishmen \$50,000,000 of money, which is nearly twice the amount of all the gold in the world. It is claimed that the total indebtedness of the world is \$100,000,000, and so the world cannot pay in gold, nor can English people ever be paid in gold.

Some people, and conspicuously the American people, have been persuaded into the adoption of the English monetary ideas, because the creditor class always dictates to the debtor. And as England is an old and rich nation, and as London is the great financial center, all nations seek that money market, and of necessity accept the terms of that market imposed upon them.

All the English colonies are indebted to England. India owes the debtor country vast sums of money, yet England, until within the last few years, has insisted on a silver standard for India and a gold standard for England, and because India produces wheat, England must have (wheat, cotton and rice) England goes into the market with the gold it gets of America and other rich debtor countries, after forcing the price of silver down to the lowest possible point, and then the same American gold to buy Indian silver at a British discount, and then pays out that same silver to Indian people in India at par, dollar for dollar, in buying articles which are in an English market with English products, like wheat and cotton. This is a keen, sharp-sighted business policy. Thus far it has worked admirably for England, and

this policy will be continued in India, although the free coinage of silver there has recently been stopped, but silver money is the currency of that country and always will be. Note the result. Wheat is lower now than ever before. And so are many, nay, most of the surplus American products. Who are the sufferers? Primarily, the producers—American producers, and indirectly every business man and every bank in the whole country, because financial unrest follows business depression, and you cannot long have prosperous banks and poor people, for dear money limits its use.

These are the present conditions, and they will continue to be the conditions until America declares its financial independence of England. By this, it is not argued that America should cease to trade with England, but rather that as America is now the largest producing country in the world, and has the most wealth (but not the most idle money) it is in a position to command the situation, if it is brave enough to do so. We produce what England wants and what she must have. In the past, our exports to England have vastly exceeded our imports from England, and this will continue so unless large and unwise changes are made in our tariff laws. Commerce is king—not gold. Gold is but one of the tails to the great financial kite. Commerce is the kite itself. Money does not always make business—dear money, never. Credit is better than money. And the man or nation that produces much and has much to sell, has credit and can command money the world over.

The business depression in industrial pursuits in England has already lasted a number of years, and it will continue so long as commodities continue cheap, and money continues scarce and dear. And to the producer money is always scarce and dear when commodities are cheap. The commerce of America will soon hold the mastery, if America only encourages that commerce by maintaining such a commercial and



monetary policy as will make money reasonably abundant and cheap at home, and thus encourage home industries. Once make secure the business of our country and our money will care for itself. True, London is today the great monetary center of the world. It will not always hold that supremacy. Every student of history knows that Florence, Venice and Genoa, each in its day and time, held dominion over the commerce, and at the same time, the banking of Europe. Silver was their standard. Do you inquire what gave these cities their financial supremacy over all other places? It was their commercial supremacy. It was not alone the kind or amount of money that they had in their banks or in circulation. It was trade that made them rich, and it was trade that kept them rich through so many centuries.

Commerce has made London what it is. Take from that great city her commerce, relieve her of her industries, deprive her people of even the present poor rewards for labor, throw a dam across the Thames, or make clear the air above her chimney tops, and London will cease to be a great financial center. Money gravitates as business moves. Commerce and money go together and are necessary to each other, but commerce holds the mastery.

It is most true that a number of the great financial nations of the world, conspicuously England and Germany, through influences which it is quite unnecessary here to discuss, have in recent years attempted to, and finally have, demonetized silver; and yet both these nations use a large amount of silver subsidiary coin, which is issued at par and passes at par. Paper money is also used by most European peoples, and conspicuously by these two great nations. And when issued and used as money, the government or bank that issues the paper usually guarantees its payment in gold, and the credit of the bank or nation stands behind the paper so issued. And yet,

whenever there is a great depression, or when there is a cease to pay in gold, becomes not gold enough. In a word, the standard when gold is not used but when it is most needed is none to be had. The promise in gold is a deception, says you only see the ghost of gold; it is wanted in the substance.

It is also a fact that substitutes the gold and silver of the world actually used in the arts, is not money, with the single exception in the United States, as a convenience, paper money is the representative of the value of bullion on deposit in the vault of the treasury. It is also a fact that in the last century, the commerce of the nations of the earth has very much increased, and for that reason money is required to carry on the business of the world than ever before. This large increase of trade and commerce is chiefly attributable to improvements in transportation, and passengers, and increased for manufacturing. It would appear that as a matter of exchange values, money becomes more necessary to mankind as people become more and more commercial. Gold and silver, being the most valuable metals, are the natural money of the world. Every civilized man knows both as money. It is the common sense of mankind to look upon them as metals. The tradesmen and farmers all over the world receive either in exchange for their commodities. And as the use of money is in the demand for it becomes a necessity. Without it no great or small, can be successfully established or carried on, and contraction of the monetary circulation would result in a monetary crisis reaching not only the stability of banks and business houses, but the stability of governments themselves.



a mistake to suppose a banker at from other people—he is a keen dealer in money, and an who deals in money is like her man who has something to He wants his goods (money) to a good price—to be in demand; whatever will make his scarce, and difficult to get, es its value, and thus appar-benefits him. He knows, as intelligent man knows, that there are two kinds of money in rld, and an equal amount of f he can destroy one kind, what s will be more valuable; and so of the moneyed men of the are for mono-metallism, because gle gold standard is adopted by nations of the earth, and silver is etized, there will be only about alf the present amount of in circulation; and he knows is alone would double the value money that is left, because it double the purchasing power of nd in a like proportion lower lue of all other commodities, e the commodities would neces-increase in amount, while the to purchase them would de-

word, we would then have dear and cheap commodities; the ho have money would be richer f; the men who have commodi-uld be poorer by half. But the are as one hundred to one. is a commodity and would go n the general fall. The result rily follows that as money be-scarce, there will be a lowering es; land becomes cheap as gets dear; the products of the and the farm suffer alike; and, ole have less money for use in rchase of needful articles, less e articles are consumed. And ome poverty, suffering and un-ith an increase of crime and g of the moral standard.

answer made to these argu-is that as money would be more, the relative value of com-

modities would not cngae, because one dollar then would be worth two dollars now. If the gold men think this is true, why not double the price of commodities and double the amount of money, and cheapen its value, and thus make two dollars worth but one dollar? If the rule is correct, why will it not work both ways? No, the fact is, the argument in favor of dear money is a narrow policy. If successful it only creates misery, want, unrest—it is not a creative, but rather a destructive theory. It will benefit the few and destroy the many. It is admitted that the intrinsic value of silver is less than gold—it always was less. Our laws make the coinage value of gold sixteen times more valuable than silver; but, owing to the fact that some of the nations, which are the money powers of the world, are demonetizing silver, the difference in the commercial value between the two metals is much greater now than heretofore, and so the same power that cheapened silver now demands its demonetization as a money metal, because it is cheap. The creditor classes, who are interested in making money dear, are doing this and will continue to do it, until the commun-ism of organized wealth endangers the peace of society. Indeed it has already imperiled the business industries of the world. Money cannot become dear if silver is continued as one of the circulating mediums of the world, because the supply will more nearly equal the demand; but the supply of gold is not largely increasing, while the demand for money is increasing as the wealth and commerce of the world increases. And so, on the one hand, it is a contest for good money and more money and fair prices for commodities; on the other, it is a contest for less money and dear money and cheap commodities; and this contest will continue and increase in force while these conditions continue, and they will continue until actual and practical bi-metallism is restored.

It is the logic of events, that a



single gold standard cannot be maintained for any great length of time, without causing depression of values and a financial crisis, for money is only valuable, whether dear or cheap, when it can be used in some form of enterprise. The borrowers of money are the men who do something, who build up and sustain the wealth of the world. They are the creators; and when money becomes too valuable to borrow, then commodities will be too cheap to create, because no margin of profit will be left to the producer, and dull times will be inevitable. It cannot be denied that a change in the financial system of a country is dangerous, because any change affects the value of property, and therefore, stability is more needed than improvement. No nation is great enough to impose its own monetary system on the rest of the world, unless it is to the interest of the rest of the world to adopt it. And a free people will not willingly adopt a monetary system which makes property less valuable and the masses of its people poorer. England has done this, for it is admitted by English statesmen that within twenty years, all property in England has decreased in value fully thirty per cent, its agriculture is in decay, its laboring people are migrating in vast numbers to remote colonies or to the United States, its manufacturing interests are not prospering, and while its rich people have more gold, its poor people have none, and they can earn none. Indeed, there is no encouragement for prosperous America to swap financial systems with England.

It has been well said that it is the paying ability of the people that gives confidence and sustains credit, and their paying ability depends on their prosperity. A bank cannot divorce itself from the community in which its business is conducted, any more than can our government at Washington sustain itself by opposing the clearly expressed wishes of the people of the nation. For a time, organized financial power can control even the

policy of a nation, but in an unorganized but resistless industries must be felt and won because they represent people and the best average of the people. It is nonsense that a comparative few of the men of a nation living in affairs in matters in which they are ally interested, fairly represent common business sense of a country. They are unwittingly a bribed jury: they cannot give an impartial verdict. Money can never be useful, cease to be useful when they rule as kings and should not be allowed to enter themselves at the expense of others to muddy the fountains after they have slaked their thirst. Banks are necessary, and gold is necessary for the prosperity of our country, labor, business enterprise, silver and borrowers of money are necessary to our industrial and commercial progress.

Silver and its uses is not bear it is represented to be. In large transactions neither gold is actually used. Banks are needed to stand behind the credit of the world in the present uses of silver.

Secretary Windom reports progress in December, 1889, annual product of silver of (coinage value) was \$142,000,000. His report shows where this silver is used, viz:

Amount required in India.....	\$3,000,000,000
Amount required in Austria and Japan.....	1,000,000,000
Subsidiary coinage in Europe and South America.....	1,000,000,000
Amount annually exported to China, Asia, and Africa, other than Indian coinage.....	1,000,000,000
Annual coinage of Mexican dollars.....	1,000,000,000
Indian coinage.....	1,000,000,000
Amount used in the arts.....	1,000,000,000
Surplus or balance.....	1,000,000,000



that report was made, there is no marked difference as to the value of that metal. It does appear, however, that our country requires more money. Then wherein lies the fear of too much silver coin, or of too many silver certificates? As before, these do not pass as money, and are hard times caused by too much money, and bad times come when we have too little money? Does any one claim that money is now too cheap or too abundant? Failures are caused by a lack of money, not because there is too much of it, and especially when money is gold or silver.

We are told that gold is leaving the country. This is true; and being so, would you make money less plentiful here by demonetizing what we have left at home? And would not even more gold be shipped if we lowered our credit by increasing the amount of money in circulation here? Gold is sent to Europe because we owe someone in Europe, and as we have lost confidence in ourselves and are making a political mistake in our finances, our debtors here have lost confidence in us, and will not give us their money.

Constant repetition of the menace that some of our own people make to our revenue system, and the proposal to lessen the amount of money in circulation, has already had its effect in disturbing public confidences. The fear of what is to come that will bring hard times, infinitely more serious than any actual injury inflicted.

Again, suppose our foreign creditors are afraid we will some day default in silver, and for that reason refuse to now realize on their American securities—would they not do nothing at any time when silver is scarce in America?

And, there is not a nation on the globe that can pay its indebtedness in silver. No, not even England, rich as

England. Too much indebtedness and too little gold is the reason. And so the statement that the United

States will pay its indebtedness in silver is a fallacy. In any event, our foreign creditors do not want their money as long as they feel their investments are safe. Once sustain our home industries, and our home credit will sustain itself, and our gold and silver will remain with us.

It is confidence we most need, and confidence must be created by our own people, in our own country. We must first sustain our own finances by encouraging American Enterprises. We must sustain home markets by protecting home made products, and thus give labor a fair reward. We must make more to sell to others and buy less from others. Then we will be more prosperous; our banks will cease to call in their loans, or to close their doors; property will enhance in value, industries will multiply; business will assume its usual channels, and as confidence is restored less money will be required to do the business of the country; the East and West will then join hands in building up and sustaining American credit at home and abroad. Wall street is necessary to the country, and especially when Wall street is right. But it is not necessary to sustain Wall street when Wall street is wrong. Prosperity cannot be written or figured into existence. It must grow, and its growth can be aided by wise legislation, but not created by it.

What legislation would be a remedy, is the question. Silver must be used in some form. If the Sherman Act is repealed, some other law must take its place. If free coinage, it would possibly be the free coinage of American produced silver. Another remedy is to prohibit the circulation of any paper money under ten dollars, and to coin no gold pieces less than five or ten dollars, as the case might be. Very little gold is now coined under five dollar pieces. England has no paper of a denomination less than twenty-five dollars. The small money thus taken out of circulation should be replaced



by larger money put into circulation, the object being to make all smaller transactions in silver money. It is estimated this would put into circulation \$400,000,000 of silver not now in actual use, and it would not drive out of circulation one dollar in paper or gold.

Even these remedies may not be the true ones. But one thing is certain, the American people and the American financiers cannot longer sustain themselves upon European precedents, because our conditions are American. We are all producers, we have no great standing armies, no cheap or pauper labour, no monarchical government, no class distinctions. Here the rich man of to-day may be the poor man of to-morrow, and nothing is truer than that the American

nation must prepare itself and hitherto untested elements. The increase of population of the central and Pacific States of the development of new industries, the production at home which hitherto we only from abroad, the new states into the Union changed industrial conditions of the older states, have given trend to business enterprise broader and more national American finances. And they must have a financial policy. Our country will then prosper the American people will foundations laid on American industry constructed by American industry sustained by American money.

## SILVER COINAGE.

BY HON. W. W. BOWERS.

THE Hon. R. P. Bland, Democratic Congressman from Missouri, the champion of the free coinage of silver, attempts, in an article in the April number of the North American Review, to show that the only hope of free coinage lies with the Democratic party and that it is a party question; that the Democratic party is on one side and the Republican party on the other. The attempt is a flat failure. His party to-day, no matter what has been its position in the past, is against him and against free coinage. If he does not know this, he is certainly one of the blindest men now in public life, as regards the status of free coinage of silver. The article has not in any manner advanced the measure to which he professes such devotion. Mr. Bland begins his article with a rhetorical fusillade of rather well-worn Democratic stock phrases, which have no foundation outside a Democratic imagination.

Great latitude is allowed the stump

speaker in a canvass, but man in Mr. Bland's position prepares an article for a leading magazine, upon an important question to which he has devoted time, the public has the right to expect reasonably correct statements of common, well-known facts, the condition of public affairs, and not carelessly or incorrectly stated, to set out, to beget distrust as to the correctness of what follows in the first paragraph of his article.

"The appalling demands on the resources of the country, to enormous appropriations of nearly one-half of which are appropriations alone; an onerous system of taxation, and yet a depleted treasury, makeshift and disjointed, unsatisfactory to no one; protectionism presented in the face of the annexation of foreign lands and peoples; all pressing for attention; etc., etc., etc."

Here in seven lines are



that are not only very loose, wholly Pickwickian.

What are the facts? These are not appalling; not nearly so of the appropriations are for the payment of pensions; the Treasury is not depleted; the country has the best and safest, most orderly system of currency it ever had, and its foundation, and its reason, is an immense stretch of imagination to discover where the question of Socialism comes in. "The appalling demands upon the resources of the country" exist only in the imagination of politicians and stump-speakers. If any class is appalled it is the money barons and speculators. They are appalled why should the people mourn? Fancy Mr. Cullam growing more and more appalled "at the increasing demands upon his resources" during the last ten years, made by the pay-rolls of employees, as it steadily and constantly increased with his business, and he grew richer and richer. He is not "ed" in the same way every man is at the rapid growth of the nation. It takes more money to run our first-class modern steamships than it does to navigate a prim-sal galleon, and the earnings and profits are correspondingly different. This is a fact our Democratic party seem to forget, or never to have

known. The total appropriation made by the second Congress was, for the first two years, \$1,004,178,000, and the total appropriation for the next two years, was \$313,268,000. That's very far from "nearly equal." In this connection it may be remarked that but for these pension bills, dead and alive, Mr. Bland might have been a member of the Senate of the United States. As for the "onerous system of taxation," only one-half the revenues come from the tax on whisky and tobacco. Mr. Bland take off this 50 per cent (?) tax from these articles? The largest half of the revenue

obtained from other sources comes from duties levied on imported articles that can be produced in this country, and if the consumer pays more than he would if the duty were removed, the difference is paid the American workingman in the way of wages. Not a workingman, nor any man in the United States has ever lost a dollar, or a penny through the national currency; not one dollar of it was ever dishonored; never, since the issue of the first bill to the present hour, has there been a moment when a national bank dollar was not worth a dollar anywhere in any civilized country; and this is the kind of currency Mr. Bland characterizes as "makeshift and disjointed." How many millions of dollars did the laboring men of this country lose through the Democratic "rag" money issued by irresponsible State banks between '40 and '60? There is to-day a greater "seeming preference" on the part of the Democratic party for that rag money, than it ever had for gold or silver. If not, why that plank in the last Democratic platform which reads: "Section 8. We recommend that the prohibitory (?) ten per cent tax on State bank issues be repealed." If that does not mean the re-establishment of these wild-cat banks, then it has no meaning at all.

Mr. Bland essays to explain a "seeming preference on the part of the Democratic party for gold in the days of Benton." Here is an opportunity for him to explain this "seeming preference," on the part of the Democratic party, for the old-fashioned Democratic wild-cat currency.

As to Mr. Bland's assertion that the Treasury of the United States is bankrupt or depleted, the "Statement of the Public Debt and of the Cash in the Treasury of the United States," made by the Secretary of the Treasury, dated May 1st, 1893, is the best answer. This shows that at the close of business, April 29th, 1893, there was cash in the Treasury as follows:



Gold coin.....	\$121,753,585.35
Gold in bars.....	80,529,773.73
Total gold.....	\$202,283,359.08
Silver dollars.....	360,359,922.00
Subsidiary coin....	11,113,573.21
Bars.....	110,315,196.23
Total silver...	\$481,788,691.44
Grand total coin....	\$684,072,040.52

This is rather a remarkable showing for a "bankrupt Treasury." Can the Treasury of any other country make one as good? The statement also shows that during the thirty days of the month of April, the public debt had decreased \$1,832,475.00.

As to the "problem of imperialism," that is so very far-fetched that it does not require further notice—so much for Mr. Bland's predicates.

A considerable part of Mr. Bland's article is made up of extracts from the Congressional Record to show that a larger number and greater proportion of Democrats than Republicans voted in favor of free coinage, that, therefore, the Republicans are responsible for the defeat. Is his deduction correct and his argument sound? Will he accept that rule in fixing the responsibility as to all other measures? If so, we will accept and will say at once that under such rule, the attempt to destroy the Union was a party measure, a Democratic party measure, for not only were the majority of those who took up arms against the Government, Democrats, but of the hundreds of thousands who did, every one was a Democrat—not one was a Republican. Yet we know that many thousands of Democrats were fighting in the Union army for the preservation of the Union. The Democratic party, as well as the people of the United States, has always and most justly held the party in power responsible for all legislation. The party in power, in any branch of the Government, is wholly responsible for all things done or not done in that branch. The responsibility cannot in any degree be shifted from the majority to the minority. The Democratic

House is responsible for done in that body, the Senate for everything in during the fifty-second Without exception, the party holds the Republic sponsible for the demonetiz ver in 1873, because they every branch of the Gov that time.

Mr. Bland says: "The vote on this question (i. coinage of silver) was in March 17th, 1892." This take. There was no act silver bill on that day, bu he refers to was taken on March 17th, 1892, and there were in all, ten votes on that day on the question. The House of Representatives the Democrats had 227 members, the Republicans 88, Mr. Bland pass his free coinage bill. Of these were the most recent vote on the question. On July 1st, 1892, Senator Stewart's Bill, S. 51, for the free coinage of silver, which bill was substantially as Mr. Bland's, passed the Senate by a vote of 29 yeas and 19 nays. On page 5,742 of the Congressional Record, giving the proceedings of the Senate on July 2nd, 1892, we find the following: "A motion from the Senate, by Mr. Platt, its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the Bill S. 51, for the free coinage of gold and silver bullion, and for other purposes, which the concurrence of the Senate was requested. (Applause on Democratic side)." A motion from the Senate asks a Democratic party to concur with it in voting for the free coinage of silver. On the 1st of July, 1892, as may be seen on page 6,133 of the Record, the most recent vote, save one, was on the silver question. It was adopted by the Senate. The adoption of the resolution of the Committee on Rules, the Silver Bill S. 51, for the free coinage of silver. This was defeated by a vote of 136. Of the 154 negative



Democrats and 58 Republicans ; for the second time, free coinage was slaughtered in the house of Representatives. The "applause" with which the Democratic side of the question greeted the request of the Senate to concur with it in the passage of a free coinage bill, did not materialize when the vote was taken. It appears convenient for Mr. Bland to forget these more recent events, but there has been a still later development of the silver question. It was on the 8th day of November last, that the Democratic party, as a party, voted against the United States voted for Grover Cleveland, the most unscrupulous and relentless, as well as the most ardent opponent of the free coinage of silver that could be found in the Democratic party ; who, before he was elected as President, is credited with an attempt to coerce the legislative branch of the Government into the use of the power he holds in the office of official patronage) to repeal the act authorizing the limited coinage of silver.

Great city of New York is the headquarters of the Democratic party. They are Mr. Bland's Democratic colleagues in that money center and an extra session of Congress was called at once, to absolutely legalize silver, and to repeal the Sherman Act. They are his Democratic colleagues who are attempting to hold an extra session by shipping gold out of the country. The extra session was called for the sole purpose of legalizing the further coinage of silver and to destroy its money character, for no other purpose. Already Mr. Bland's Democratic colleagues are at their tethers, eager to be strangled.

Another fact Mr. Bland forgets is that in every Democratic State candidate for the anti-silver Democratic nomination, four hitherto safe States left the Republican account of its uncertain position on the silver question. These States did not go to the Democratic

party, for its position on the question was no more satisfactory. The silver planks in both platforms were substantially the same—miserable and cowardly to the last degree.

So long as Mr. Bland urged the free coinage of silver as a business proposition, he was on a solid foundation. When he attempts to make a partisan question of it and calls attention to the record of the Democratic party upon it, he is floundering in mud ; for there is nothing in the past history of the Democratic party which indicates that at any time it was the friend of honest money. The record shows that it was always the friend of the worthless, irresponsible State banks, with their rag money, and during every year of its supremacy they flourished, and the people were robbed right and left. The bills issued by the banks in one State were worthless in an adjoining State, and after twenty years of almost uninterrupted rule of the Democratic party, in time of peace, the Treasury of the United States was bankrupt; Government bonds, bearing twelve per cent. interest, could only be sold at a discount of from twelve to fifteen per cent., for under Democratic business methods gold and silver were driven out of the country. We had only rags left. The financial methods of the Democratic party, as attested by its history, were, and are, dishonest and disastrous. The era of honest money for the people only came in with the advent of the Republican party to power. To-day the workingman who has a dollar, whether it is a silver, gold or paper dollar, knows that he can purchase as much with one as with the other, that it is good in any State, and that it will be as good to-morrow as it is to-day. This was not possible until the Democratic party, with its ignorant and defective financial system, was removed from power, and supplanted by the sound financial methods of the Republican party, under which this country has attained its present unexampled prosperity.

The Democratic party never did anything but drive the honest money out of the country. We had only rags left. Aimer

Part of the Democratic party has been changed by the money power. The Democratic party is so help me God. The

Under the influence of Mr. Bland's type, we have become. we have men who are sincere and honest.





## THE CALIFORNIAN NAVAL BATTALION.

BY W. F. BURKE.



UST two years ago, August 22d, 1891, a crowd of men met in one of the justices' dingy little court-rooms in the City Hall of San Francisco, and

together they were sworn in as the first company of naval reserves on the Pacific coast.

Soon after, another company was sworn in at San Diego, another and another followed at San Francisco in quick succession, and the four companies of the battalion being then formed, their officers met and elected F. B. Chandler, who had been identified with the movement from the start, as Lieutenant Commander.

This last act completed the organization of the California Naval Battalion. Almost without warning it had sprung into existence, and in a little over two months after the first company had taken the oath of enlistment, the Lieutenant Commander issued his first order, in which he assumed command.

The act of the Legislature by which the California Naval Battalion became a possibility, was approved March 31, 1891. It was entitled: "An act to establish a naval battalion, to be attached to the National Guard of California." It provided for "not more than four companies of naval militia, which shall constitute a battalion, to be known as the Naval

Battalion of the Nation. It further provided that it should be commanded by an ant Commander, that each should be commanded by a and should have in addition officers and eighty petty men.

By the terms of the act, zation of the battalion w conform generally to the p the laws of the United Sta ing militia bodies, and th discipline and exercises w conform as nearly as migh of the United States Navy sent existing, or as may prescribed by Congress. otherwise provided for, t ment of this new organ placed under the laws wh the National Guard of Cal the Governor has the same it as he has over the military forces.

It was also set forth that the duty, or any part of this naval militia, co formed afloat in United Sta and the Governor was em apply to the President for t commissioned or petty offi navy, to act as inspectors as ors in the art of naval war

Such was the act under "fresh water sailors," as newspapers delighted to cal ushered into the service of States and of the State of



may be seen, the act of the legislature, while providing for the organization of the companies, was woefully deficient regarding the means with which they were to be supported; and the legislature had adjourned only a few months previous to the organization of the first company, the prospect of financial assistance from the government was not particularly brilliant, and this was the first difficulty encountered.

The second was a question of precedence.

The first command had been sworn in as company A; yet without winning the coveted letter, of which they were so proud, was refused to the San Diego company, the second one organized, and the oldest company became Company B.

In the discussion which followed, the equality of the companies was strongly set out, and being recognized from the first, unified afterwards in a struggle for existence, now forms the basis of the organization.

In fact, the members of the Naval Battalion do not recognize the distinction in the mili-

tary use of the word, at all, but rates the organization as a ship's crew. The so-called company is a division, and to man a certain number of men on shipboard and to take a place in a land attack; the bill divides them into companies, however, and designation has stuck to them since.

The Naval Battalion occupies a position in its relation to the forces, both regular and militia, the naval forces of the United States. It partakes of the properties of both, and yet the true reserve man is

every inch a sailor. Following the theory of the organization to its logical conclusion, the finished reserve man should be a fighter of the first order. He must know the duties of a sailor on shipboard, first of all; he must know how to land on a beach or rocky shore, and that, too, in the face of an enemy; then when he lands he becomes a soldier, and a soldier's duties and the theory of land warfare must be familiar to him. He must be a good shot with his rifle, whether



EVENING COLORS.

on solid ground, on the rolling deck of a ship, or in the swaying "top" at the mast head. He must understand machine guns, torpedoes and powder in all its forms; he must be able to use his cutlass and revolver with deadly effect, and above all, those long black, wicked looking naval breech loaders must be as familiar to his hand and eye, as his vessel itself. He must be a sailor at sea, a soldier on land, a sharp-shooter in the top, a gunner on deck, and at home efficient in any or all of his numerous characters.









U. S. S. BOSTON.

In addition, with each gun  
furnished all the necessary  
and repairing tools and over  
ten magazines.

Consisting of a blue field, in  
the center of which are two crossed  
anchors, ruled in their cables and  
surrounded by thirteen white stars,  
was adopted. A fac simile of  
this emblem, in all battalion stationery,  
uniforms, on a button, forms  
the badge of the battalion.

A .50-inch breech loading rifle  
and its accessories was secured  
for the use of the boys at the  
Island Navy Yard, and  
from the beginning to look well for  
the future, when Lieutenant Com-  
mander Goodall, a man well  
known among the shipping men of  
San Francisco, was elected to the  
command. Captain Goodall is a master  
seaman as he took hold with him  
the battalion has prospered  
under his rule.

A small barge, fitted with  
sails and sails, was the next

addition to the equipment. For obvi-  
ous reasons she was called the *May-  
flower*, and her triangular sails and  
flowing ensign at the stern have been  
familiar figures on the bay ever since.  
From the time of her appearance, the  
nautical instinct in the men developed  
rapidly. When the cruisers *Charleston*  
and *San Francisco* came into the har-  
bor and anchored, this sentiment was  
at its height, and when the boys were  
invited on board to drill with the big  
guns and to behave like seamen gen-  
erally, there once more sprang up  
between the companies a fellow feel-  
ing, which has done more than all else  
to hold the organization together. It  
brought home to them the fact that  
though separated on shore, on sea  
they are all in the same ship's crew.

From the advent of the *Charleston*,  
Captain Picking commanding, the  
characteristic history of the Naval  
Battalion commences. Before that, the  
boys felt the terms "land sailors"  
and "fresh-water sailors," which were  
freely applied, had as much truth as



ridicule in them, but the *Charleston* has been the means of making real seamen out of the raw reserves, and to speak ill of the gallant craft in presence of a reserve man is as bad as to belie his commander.

The *Charleston* entered the service of the battalion in July, 1892. On alternate days the city companies used

to demolish them with and shell. Thousands of the city watched the truly a magnificent on great many the inquiry was the meaning of those beams of light, shooting gigantic ghostly arms, first information of the



COMPANY B, AT EIGHT-INCH GUN, FIRING.

to muster all the men available, and they would row out in their own barge to the white cruiser, and would drill for hours at her guns. After some weeks of this, a night attack was planned, and one moonlight evening the nine boats of the cruiser were manned by two of the city companies, while the third manned the search lights on board. The boats tried to come close enough to launch an imaginary torpedo with deadly effect, while the great streaks of light shot across the water, spying them out, and enabling the men on the machine guns

talion, an organization been in their midst for year.

August 6th, 1892, in order No. 10, came to gather upon the Folsom at 7:30 A. M., August 12 proceed on board the *Charleston* trip to Santa Cruz. Some time was, the men hurrying for vacations—those had any, and those who had influence to bear upon to get another; as a result Battalion formed upon

at parlance, means  
 each man wore his  
 bit and tan canvas  
 and that he carried  
 sack, containing his  
 a tin plate and cup,  
 and fork. Over each  
 er was slung the  
 s, wrapped in the  
 poncho, around each  
 as hooked the belt  
 onet with its scab-  
 and in the hand was

cruiser *Boston* was  
 harbor at the time,  
 e was ordered to  
 any the *Charleston*  
 a Cruz. She took  
 the men, however,  
 acefully saluting as  
 arleston passed her,  
 k her place off the  
 rd quarter, and in  
 y escorted her sister  
 wn the coast.

run down was a  
 il one. A slight  
 swell gave the ship  
 ough roll to keep the  
 reful of their steps,  
 t sufficient to dis-  
 ny stomach. The  
 and men of the  
 ton behaved toward  
 talion in a way to  
 astify the statement  
 e "white squadron"  
 ned by gentlemen  
 ilors. There was  
 laugh at any of the  
 actions which at  
 aracterized the re-  
 en, but instead the  
 took the boys in hand and there would be no provisions for them



CHARLES M. GOODALL, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER.





LIEUTENANT C. H. CROCKER.

men were called to quarters, and were made to "cast loose and provide," "secure," "prepare to ram" etc. Then first and second boarders were called away; first, second and third riflemen were called away, and altogether the ship's decks were kept lively by the men hurrying to and fro with shot and powder, rifles and cutlasses. One of the reserve companies was formed into the powder division, and the men stalked about in their long white robes and wooden shoes, to the amusement of all, until the reason for such a costume was explained; then there was no more laughing.

When off Santa Cruz, Governor Markham boarded the vessel and inspected the men, both regulars and reserves, and then the companies were landed at the wharf. They were marched to some bath-houses, in which the men were to spend the nights of their stay in Santa Cruz, for there was not room on board the cruisers for the battalion. Here quarters were paid for out of the company's funds, and not a word of complaint came from the men when they had to sleep on the hard floor, for

they saved money that provided their own; the State had made no provision for the expenses, but the boys cared little.

The next day, Saturday, the companies again boarded the *Charleston*, and all day they pegged away at the big guns. The loading and sponging were done by the reserves, the regular seaman at each gun, ever, to prevent accidents, green gunners soon picked up the knack of firing just as the completed her upward march, then some really creditable shooting was done. If a ship in place of a target, probably have been sunk, would have taken even some went rather well.

On Saturday afternoon from the *Charleston* and *Boston* naval reserves marched to umbus, the militia camp, from the coast, and they fought the big parade held. It was hoped to have the the beach and attack a infantry, but there was not



LIEUTENANT LOUIS H. T.



or such a manœuvre, and bereserves had not yet been given ges, either blank or ball.

unday morning the *Charleston* l anchor and started for home. ly really notable thing on the was the Sunday inspection, in the naval battalion shared. ing was found in good confor the *Charleston's* men had y and without a word of comcleaned all the big guns after rves were through with them rday, a proceeding the boys l closely, and from which they many bits of information he mechanism of breech-blocks r-carriages.

as during this homeward cruise e boys responded to their hurch call" at sea. Down on th deck they assembled, where table, and beside it a small ord where officers and seamen ither with heads uncovered. nple services transformed the eerless place at once into as

solemn a house of worship as any on land, and rank and distinction were alike forgotten for the time being. Just below, the foam swished softly around the steel prow of the vessel as it drove through the water, and the sound blended sweetly with the voice of the chaplain, as he offered a prayer for "poor Jack;" while the steady even roll of the vessel, the forbidding steel sides and deck beams, and the gurgling of the waves on the cut water beneath, emphasized the prayer and brought the words home to the reserve boys with a meaning they had not seen before. In the minds of more than one, that simple sea service is one of the most vivid memories of the trip.

Being Sunday, of course there was no drill, so the boys amused themselves as best they could. This was disastrous, for following the well-established rule that an idle mind will work evil, the thoughts of quite a number turned to their stomachs, and as a consequence they became seasick. Even



DRESS PARADE.



then, however, the regulars never cracked a smile, but kindly offered valuable assistance to the stricken reserve men, who recovered quickly under the treatment and were all well before the vessel arrived home.

The three days' trip ended without an accident, and as the boys left the white cruiser, the cheers they gave came from the heart as well as the head. It was echoed back from the decks more than once, and when the *Charleston's* men stood upon the rail the better to see the departure, the officers of the ship did not order them down.

The cruise is ancient history now, and every one is familiar with all its events, those who stayed at home as well as those who went; but, nevertheless, it is still a subject of armory conversation, and will continue to be such for a long time to come. The only drawback was that Company A of San Diego could not go also. Company A has now had fully as much drill on the cruisers as the other companies, however, and is quite as efficient.

At present, the battalion is in a most enviable condition in every way. The companies have turned out several times, and the organization is looked upon as being a permanent, prosperous and efficient element of the State militia. The battalion is relieved from all apprehension on the score of finances, for the State allowance began in July, and by special act, an appropriation was made to pay armory rent from January, 1893.

The drill of the companies is, in infantry tactics, substantially the same as that of the army, only it is not so exacting. They have, in addition, their field gun drills, their boat drills, their cutlass drills, their lectures on seamanship, and when a cruiser is handy, their drills on ship board.

On this last matter, however, the battalion will soon be made independent of periodical drills on visiting ships of war, for the *Pensacola*, that famous old frigate which made such a gallant record for itself during the late

war, will be ordered from Mare Island for use as a receiving vessel, and will have sufficient number of men from the regular service of her. She will be converted rifles bored for and with a good second modern machine guns and modern 6-inch rifles mounted on board. It is to have her old frigate again (she is now dismasted) and she will carry masts. Her engines in her, however, and intended she shall take out into blue water for her. She will be moored to her decks, guns, and times be at the service.

The original organization of the companies, prescribed by the State, has been closely adhered to, with changes which experience has shown to be much needed. Each company has six officers and sixteen privates, the membership of each company being six or over. The petty officer is chief boatswain; the chief gunner's mate is master; the boatswain's mate is quartermaster; the fore-castle, captain of the main-top, mizzen-top, captain of the three coxswains, a signal bugler. This number is too large, as it provisions not found on a ship such as the navy. It is probable that the list will be revised.

There will be more received in a short time, federal appropriation, organization of the battalion made. It was decided to purchase of three 1-p rapid-fire guns, a number of belts, some cutlery sufficient to cover the





THE "ALBATROSS" FROM MARIE ISLAND





COMPANY C, AT SIX-INCH RIFLE, FIRING.

The Hotchkiss guns each cost \$1500. Each has three mounts—a boat mount for use in the barge, a barbette mount for use on earth-works or land fortifications, or on shipboard, and a field mount for use as light artillery and in street work.

The new equipments are even now on their way here, and when they arrive, and when the *Pensacola* is placed at its disposal, the California Naval Battalion will be one of the best equipped militia bodies in the United States. The men will have fine new rifles of the latest pattern; they will have three of the best rapid-fire guns made; they will have a ship—a real ship with a glorious record, and not an old hulk—for drill and for cruises; they will have modern breech-loading rifles for heavy ordnance practice; they will have all the necessary boats for boat practice, and the only

thing lacking will be just illustration in the theory of torpedo warfare.

The best thing about them and the characteristic make it a credit to them to the service, is the elevation of the men to anything but sailors of reserve. They are very proud of their uniform, and when in civilian dress the little "battalion button" is conspicuously displayed on a man's coat. In addition to this, many of the boys have had their names engraved with all manner of figures dear to the nation, but constant intercession of the officers is putting a stop to this laudable ambition to be "officers." The officers are all young and many of them have risen from the ranks. The complete list

officers is as follows: Charles  
odall, Lieutenant Commander;

A. Brooks, Lieutenant and  
nt; Fred H. Stahle, Lieutenant  
dnance Officer; Shafter How-  
Lieutenant and Paymaster;

B. Northrup (San Diego),  
nant and Surgeon; Albert H.

, Ensign and Assistant Sur-  
James G. Decatur (San Diego),

and Assistant Ordnance Offi-  
company officers—Company A:

n D. Bloodgood, Lieutenant;  
M. Simpson, Lieutenant Junior

; Thomas M. Shaw and Joseph  
shaw. Ensigns; Company B:

s H. Crocker, Lieutenant; Cecil  
mis, Lieutenant Junior Grade;

C. Calden and W. F. Burke,  
s; Company C: Colin A.

Douglass, Lieutenant; Ewald J.  
Schneider, Lieutenant Junior Grade;  
Edward E. Manseau and John T. Mc-  
Mullen, Ensigns; Company D: Louis  
H. Turner, Lieutenant; William E.  
Gunn, Lieutenant Junior Grade;  
Theodore F. Tracey and Chauncey  
M. St. John, Ensigns.

The Lieutenant Commander is a  
well tried sea captain, who has com-  
manded more than one large vessel,  
and among the other officers are sev-  
eral ex-man of war men and a number  
of yachtsmen, so the battalion is not  
without nautical hands to guide it.  
The boys are willing to learn, and the  
teaching is easy, for officers and men  
are bound together by two inseverable  
ties. One is the flag under which they  
serve, the other is their love for the sea.



U. S. S. PENSACOLA.

## WHEN TIME HAS CEASED.

BY CHARLES P. NETTLETON

When Time has ceased and back from whence we sprung  
We go, all men shall be forever young,  
And even here must God's immortal youth  
Begin in souls that love immortal truth.





THE LONG QUIET WINTER EVENINGS WE SPENT ALONE TOGETHER.

## IN SAN SEBASTIAN VALLEY.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

MY father was dying. All night long he had been lying in a stupor, his breath coming more and more feebly, and his pallid face sharpening in the dim light of the sick chamber. All night long I had hung over him with the agony of a love about to be deprived of its single treasure. All night long Señor Martinez, my father's old friend, had shared my lonely vigil, begging me again and again to lie down and take a little rest. I paid no heed to his entreaties. Between me and the desolation of complete bereavement, lay, at the most, but a few hours, and every moment was precious, though anguish-laden.

The faint light of morning—morning in a California coast town, gray and chill, struggled into the room. Señor Garcia arose and turned out the gas, then stepped noiselessly to a window and opened the shutters. He was an old man, with antiquated courtesy.

He moved noiselessly, but it might have been the sun from the dim glare of gas white light of dawn, awoke His eyes, sunken but strong, rested on me with a look that had been the childhood, and that had when I joined him in vain after years, to share time the wandering life since my mother died. His tender affection in them was by a great anxiety. I lay against his, and try as I could not repress the great welled up from my bursting

"Marian!" His voice a whisper, but it recalled reason. I lifted my head to meet his look bravely.

"Marian, marry—" failed, and it was only after an incoherent whisper regained it—"Garcia."



with the Señor to the old Mission church in San Sebastian valley, where the Garcias, for generations past, had been christened, married, and had their funeral services read over them.

It was there, in the entrance to the ancient church, that my girlhood rose in sudden revolt against the step being forced upon me. The pain I had suffered had benumbed my mind, and I had been in a lethargy, unable to feel or to think. A sudden horror and repugnance possessed me. In the presence of the witnesses who had been called to the ceremony, and of Raoul Garcia, I protested against the outrage that was being done my youth.

"I consent to this, only because it was my dying father's request," I cried. "Remember, although I bear your name, there is a gulf between us that can never be passed. We have no interests, no sympathies, no tastes in common. You are an alien, of an alien race."

The two witnesses, grave men of property, resident in the neighborhood, moved away in their embarrassment. My heart was full of entreaty as I looked at the old Señor. If I entertained any desperate hope that he might at this last moment release me from the pledge I had made, it was disappointed. He winced a little under my bitter speech, but I noticed with contempt that he turned to Raoul, after his custom, as if to ask his advice. There was a moment of indecision. I felt Raoul's glance, calm and searching, rest upon me; then he gave an almost imperceptible motion of his head.

There was a chime of bells overhead.

"It is time to enter," said the old Señor gravely.

I could not answer. There was a light touch on my arm, and I felt myself borne through the doorway and over the tiled floor, nearer and nearer to the voice of the priest, solemnly intoning some Latin sentences unintelligible to me.

I stood before the altar, blind and

unseeing. The beautiful of the Catholic Church fell on my ears. A heavy benediction was placed on my finger. The priest pronounced a blessing I have never heard before, asking that the shining emblem of eternal union, mystical of the union of our hearts, consolation in trouble, a protection, a guard against danger. But as he pronounced us wife, the full terror and desolation swept over me. My husband led me, weeping, to the church, and placed me in the place that was waiting. Once in the friendly shelter I abandoned myself to uncontrolled grief, and when I was aroused when a man's voice spoke low, said kindly:

"Marian, we are home."

I lifted my head and saw that we were in a long avenue lined with palms, with the gray-green trees beyond. Before us, shaded by orange trees fragrant with their fruit, its broad veranda draped with white, was a red-tiled adobe house. It was Raoul Garcia who sat in the doorway. It was Raoul, who grave and dignified, led me past the swarthy faces gathered to greet me. Raoul Garcia, my husband, gently left me at the door of the house. I lingered, my hand on the door, looking after him as he went down the long dim corridor. I must have felt my gaze, for he turned and looked back. There was a deep regret in his face at that instant I awoke to the knowledge that this marriage had cost him a sacrifice greater than his own.

The months that followed were peaceful, although they were sometimes lullied into a strange and at times rose to some extent was almost anguish. I never saw my husband except at night when he handed me to my distant courtesy, and even then



a semblance of conversation, that the old servants, watchful and sympathetic, might not guess too much of the strange relation in which we stood. But when we rose from the table, Raoul always hastened to excuse himself, and betook himself to the orange grove, where all day long he spent his time, directing and instructing the men, who, like the most of California day-laborers, were neither intelligent nor industrious if left to themselves, and needed constant supervision.

The old Señor was my unfailing companion in these days, and I grew to love the gentle, unworldly gentleman, as I would never have believed possible in the days of my early acquaintance with him. His very weaknesses had a tender grace that endeared him to me. His inertia was inborn. If he was in a sense selfish and self-seeking, he was tenderly sympathetic. His vices were petty, and his virtues were as large as his warm old heart. We drove and rode together through the shaded country lanes, and he told me the history of the crumbling ruins that marked the spots where great haciendas once stood, with their hospitable doors flung wide to welcome the strangers who came but to ruin and destroy them; and the sad, romantic history of Southern California, with its piteous undercurrent of wrong and injustice, became impressed upon me, until I was stirred with a fierce indignation towards my own people, and was almost ready to proudly claim kinship with the race that was so fast disappearing before them.

The long, quiet winter evenings we spent alone together, the Señor and I, sometimes reading, sometimes playing a game of piquet, an old-fashioned amusement of which he never tired. As the days lengthened and grew warmer, we sat on the veranda, where the air was laden with sweet scents from the garden and orchard, and one night, when all the air was pulsing with harmony, I lifted my

voice and sang a little snatched from a German opera, of which I had been fond. Before I had finished the first stanza, a rich man had joined me, and when I had turned and saw Raoul standing in the shadow of his folded arms resting on the balcony.

My surprise almost burst into an untoward speech. But he had been acquainted with an opera singer only to students of classical music. How was it that he, this man who had set down as ignorant and pronounced so easily the abilities of a language so foreign to his own?

The Señor unconsciously answered me.

"It is something Raoul learned at Munich, when he was painting there, after the fashion of Madrid."

"You are an artist?" I asked Raoul, and some of the astonishment I felt crept into my voice.

"I once thought of becoming an artist," he corrected me.

"And gave it up?"

"The road to success was too long. The ranch needed me. It is better to be a good farmer than a mediocre painter," he replied.

After that, when we sat on the balcony, it sometimes happened that Raoul would stroll around with us; and sometimes we sang together, and sometimes we talked of books and magazines, or he discussed with his father the operations on the ranch. The constraint between us was wearing away, and while there were times when I still rebelled against the chance that had deprived me of my choice in the shaping of my life, I began to feel like a welcome guest in the quiet household, and the friendly shelter of the warm house had thrown their protection around me in my woe and loneliness.

The current of a quiet life was evenly that the time seemed to approach which it approaches a great



When we look backward at the rapid flight of morning I awoke to a light. In place of the things that old Manuela had for me, my room was full of rich-hued stuffs, morning and evening costumes, evening and bonnets in proper proportion in bed and looked at with eyes dazzled by the light, my brain reeling with anticipation. Remembering the eighteen, and sorrow came to me even as I stood in the hold of the enchanted world who are young have no permanent kingdom.

A soft rap on the door, entered, bearing the water that she asked for my morning bath. She knotted her wrinkled dress, her complicity in this secretly planned and executed

of the gowns, a morning-robe of maroon, faced with white and embroidery that shone with colors at sunset.

"I will lay aside her dark dress for this, so in harmony with her beauty, now that I am young," she said humbly.

Her speech engulfed me in a flood of memories. I pointed to the door, and she left the room. It was the meaning of the robe. The past was to be the past that held my heart, the one true, the one that I had ever been asked to commit myself to. It was that in my dreams I had seen with pleasant possibility that face to face was a reality and uncertainty from the past in dread.

The length went down to her ankles as in a quiet robe of white, but I did not neglect to give grateful acknowledgment to the woman, who was always so ready in a woman's dress, and to

whose never-failing forethought I knew I owed this kindly provision, which neither my own inclination nor interest would have prompted me to make for myself. The Señor listened to me with urbanity, and complimented me on my appearance. Raoul, who came late into the breakfast-room, did not appear to notice any change in my apparel, and hastened through the meal, excusing himself before we rose from the table.

Afterwards I remembered that, beginning with this morning, we drifted further and further apart. I did not observe it at the time. The gay outside world stepped in between us, attracting me and repelling him. Our next neighbors were the Vernons, people of wealth and standing, whose house was always filled with guests, and was the centre of festivities of every sort. Mrs. Vernon had paid me a formal call soon after my marriage, which I had returned, but she had respected my mourning and made no effort to press further attentions upon me. Now she came often, and with gay insistence brought others to see me, and bore me off with her into a life of luxurious pleasure-making that was, at first, like a glimpse into an enchanted world. Our valley was largely populated by people of wealth, who had been attracted to it by the salubrity of its climate, the charm of its scenery and the fertility of its soil, which enabled them to make their homes beautiful by surrounding them with tropical growths and orchards that yielded a bountiful supply of fruits for the table, while making easy additions to their incomes. Yet the valley was so languorous that one might soon have wearied of it, unless some strong stimulus to activity were supplied. The poor, and those possessed of small means, found this stimulus in the need of constant industry to assure the successful growth of the season's crop. A few, like Raoul, appeared to become grossly absorbed in work for the very love of it, but with the majority the invention







diversions seemed the main e. So it came about that one would be a riding party to ant cañon, and on another a in honor of some newly-quest, and on others musicales, ties, high teas, while old-sports of every kind were y revived, and the feet that readed the mazes of the Ger-a waxed floor one night, he Virginia reel on a barn more merrily the next, and kings, candy pullings, spel-and quiltings disputed favor his and Browning clubs.

hamed to say that in this gay rith which I mingled, there ag men who paid sentimental to me, a married woman. back through the perspective I can see that this was an e result of circumstances. young and pretty woman—pretty after a pleasing girl—before the gray came in my lines began to mark my face uch a woman is plainly seen le countryside to live on dis-is with her husband, and to pleasure where he does not ere will always be thought-unprincipled men to pay to her, and to make senti-peeches that no happy wife s. Sometimes I parried these recklessly burlesqued them ; s my cheek was scorched with id I administered gentle re-eling all the while like some bird which lies helplessly at y of its captors. Even kind Garcia's faithful attendance fficient to protect me from ents, for the old gentleman's was not acute, and his eyes heir keenness.

at Mrs. Vernon's that I first y Davenant, a young lawyer, taken up his residence at the le hotel down the valley. his day, when the glamour of s long since faded, I cannot owledge the inexplicable at-

traction of this man. Though of polished manners, his natural intelligence quickened by years of foreign travel, he still retained a certain youthful ingenuousness that endeared him to men and women alike, and made him most popular at all social gatherings. It is small wonder that I was innocently flattered when he singled me out for especial attention, or that my vanity was touched by his laughing confidences. Yet all his little courtesies were so delicately rendered and with such strict regard for the proprieties, that they came as a genuine relief to the old Señor, who might well have wearied under the weight of social obligations that fell upon him as my cavalier in these gay days, nor did they seem to reflect upon Raoul, who was far from being the only young ranchman who buried himself in the management of his land, in those days of splendid toil, which transfigured thousands of acres of grazing lands into rich expanses of orchard and vineyard.

Yet it gave me pain to discover, as time went on, that the pleasant home life had become a thing of the past. I would have liked to maintain with Raoul the pleasant relations that existed between his father and me, to have exchanged gay badinage and light confidences, but he seemed to have retreated to an immeasurable distance.

I was not accustomed to defeat, nor could I abide half way measures. If we did not seal a friendly compact of some kind there would soon be open hostility between us. I tried to think of some plan that would bring him into friendly relations with me, and make us in some sense a sharer of each other's interests. Like an inspiration one day the thought came to me that together we would remodel the old garden about the house, which grew rank and neglected. I called him to me as he was passing down the avenue.

"Raoul, help me to restore the old garden, and make it pretty and attractive once more."



He smiled at my enthusiasm, but did not seem loth to follow me as I led the way through the weedy paths, pointing out vines that needed pruning and shrubs that should be cut back, and where new plants might be effectively placed. He even made a few suggestions of his own, and initiated the work by breaking off dead roses and cutting away straggling branches as we passed. We strolled on to the banks of a little pond, fringed with wild dock and grasses.

"We will plant callas about this and make it beautiful with the sacred lotus and white pond lilies," I cried. "And here on the bank we will have a rustic summer-house. These unsightly stones shall be flung into the pond."

"This unsightly stone," he said, laying a reverent hand on the larger of the two, "was my mother's favorite seat. A pear tree used to shade it. It died years ago. And here, on this small stone, I used to sit at her feet."

It was the first time I had ever heard him name his mother, but I knew from his father and old Manuela how he had idolized her. And once, in crossing the courtyard, I had had a glimpse of her room adjoining the one in which he slept, which was set sacredly apart by his orders. The quaint brass bedstead, with its silken canopy, had been brought from Mexico, and in a niche at the side of the room, was a shrine of alabaster. Her work-basket stood as she had left it, and on a light stand was a withered bouquet that she had placed there.

Something swelled in my heart. Was it indignation at the slighting esteem in which he held me, or some other feeling that I could not define?

"Your mother was everything to you," I said. "You loved her dearly. Since you lost her you have not room in your heart for another human emotion."

"Yes," he said sadly, "there is room; plenty of room."

"But no one to fill it?"

I spoke bitterly. He could not tell me more plainly how to him. He did not reply towards me, and turning away, I hastened along the paths, leaving him standing.

In the months that followed seemed to be leading a dual life. On the one hand I was swept on by the ever swelling tide of the sensations that encompassed me, in a region of enchantment, where the flowers were ever gracious and men were always courtly, I often thought of the paragoning of Raoul and his plodding life. There were times when my wedding ring was an intolerable weight, and I looked down with loathing upon the great white deep bedded in the heavy gold. Why had he married me? I asked myself the question many times. A fierce outburst on the threshold of the church freed him from every obligation to my father. Our acquaintance had been too slight to have been possible for him to fall in love with me, if indeed his self-restraint did not make it impossible. He should ever have conceived a violent passion. Could my father have attracted him? These Americans had lands, but they were often poor in ready wealth. They threw away the suspicion as unworthy and returned again and again.

When I went out in the early morning and worked among my flowers, I was a wholly different person. I was one who has not tried it, and the glorious recompense of it was in the California garden, where soil and mate are the gardener's friends. The most delicate plants take life lustily, and thrive with that repays one a hundredfold the care expended on them. In the winter the paths were clean and the garden bright with flowers. Early in the season I put Miguel, the old major who had combined the offices of butler, man and head gardener, to the great pear tree that stood



nd to transplant it, with a of earth around the roots, stones on the margin of the he tree seemed never to dis- it had been moved, and ing came it burst into bud and soon flung grateful over the low seats. Raoul ke of this to me, and I did whether he was aware that een planted there by my i, but I found, and it was a omfort to me in those days, oon fell into the habit of re to sit when the sun was ed to slip down in the morn- a book or magazine that I he would like to see, and ing there; and sometimes I t down and looked out over ul scene that had contented f the fair young mother and in years gone by; but when ul riding up the avenue, or voice in the orchard, I stole ay.

ge serenity, that was like the age, came to me in these ing hours, and it was good at my sharp words on my day had been forgiven and

The Señor was kindness ness itself to me, and with eemed to be on as friendly ous relations as it was pose with a nature seemingly d reticent.

came when I was suddenly y undeceived. A baby girl, ne of the field hands, was n the avenue one day as e down, silent and abstracted, d gray horse prancing and ainst the curb of the strong bit, impatient for the free e open road, a few rods fur- The child saw him coming, l irresolute, directly in the ae fretting horse. I cried ning, but before I could es- the sheltered path where I ng, the horse had swerved ild had gone down. For- was a spent blow from the

steel-clad hoofs, and in an instant the little one was up again, sobbing:

"Señor Garcia! Oh, Señor!"

He, who held himself in strict reserve with all his relatives and friends, who had never addressed to me, his wife, one word that was more than kind, or that courtesy did not claim from him, was smitten with the tender reproach in the child's plaintive cry. He sprang from his horse, caught the little one in his arms, covering her face with kisses, stroking her hair with a loving touch, murmuring his contrition in tones so sweet and tender that they might have been those of a mother giving loving consolation to a dear child in trouble. Then, as smiles came back to the little creature's face, he mounted his horse and rode away, grim and impassive.

And I? I crouched behind a clump of cannas, burying my face in my hands. At last I saw and comprehended the full measure of the crime to which I had so unwittingly contributed. I had been given a glimpse of the unfulfilled longing of that empty heart. He, who had such a wealth of affection to lavish upon a woman who could have been his fitting mate, who might have been the royal master of a happy home, had foregone all this to give his name and protection to a shallow, selfish girl. Oh, if my father had never urged this cruel marriage, but had only been content to send me back to the safe shelter of the convent where my youth had been spent.

Yet the child in me still awoke to happy expectation of each day's varying pleasures; and it was a girl's innocence that encouraged Harry Davenant's apparently harmless attentions, until he himself taught me the deeper meaning that lay behind them.

We were returning from an after dinner ride, and as I separated from the rest of the party, Davenant left the others and rode up the long avenue with me.

"You shall have the reward prescribed for all the knights of chivalry,"



I said thoughtlessly, snatching a red rose from a vine that overhung the road, and extending it to him with mock ceremony.

He caught my bare hand with the rose, and held it so tightly that the thorns forced their way into my flesh. Then he loosed his hold upon it, raising a haggard face to me.

"There is a ring on it, but the ring is heavy, too heavy for your little hand," he said, and he rode away.

Raoul was coming to meet me, but a few paces away. I shrank from his touch and look. How much had he heard or seen? Indignation at him, at myself, and above all at Harry Davenant, possessed me as I walked stiffly toward the house.

A few days later Miguel took me over to the neighboring city, that I might match some crewels for a sofa cushion I was embroidering. Raoul had gone to a neighboring ranch that day, to make selections from some lately imported nursery stock, and the old Señor, complaining of a headache, had lain down for an after dinner nap, so I slipped away without telling any one of my purpose. I soon completed my purchases and was waiting for my change, when my attention was attracted by a tableau and a dialogue on the other side of the store, at the dress counter. The customer was invisible, being hidden from view by a stack of odds and ends, lingerie and baby garments, such as are often displayed down the center of a village store, and was evidently hard to please. The counter was littered with rich stuffs, and as often as a new piece was unfolded it was waved impatiently aside. Finally the merchant opened a box and shook out some bright stuff with a golden shimmer.

"Ah, that will do," said a man's deep voice.

"I thought it would please you, Señor," returned the merchant complacently.

"It is one pattern only? That is good. You may send it to the usual address."

Some coins jingled on the floor. I caught up my own little bundle and hurried out upon the street. I had left Miguel, bidding him to go fast—fast for home. For the unseen purchaser was Raoul; Raoul, my husband, who had no interest whatever in the matter, who had never so looked at one of the prettiest girls with which his father's house had been provided; Raoul, buying for some unknown woman whom he was accustomed to see, for had not he directed the goods to the usual address?

Once speeding along the country roads, I shrank back at the corner of the carriage, shrank and frightened. It was the first time in my life that I had ever come face to face with the reality of evil. Raoul, my near relative, sister or cousin, such gifts might properly be given to him. And was this the secret of his withdrawal from society, his dislike of all familiar intercourse?

In this hour I passed from girlhood to womanhood. A hatred of evil seemed awakened in me, who had hitherto lived on the shallows of life, found no purpose, no holy purpose as I battled in the world. I turned my wedding-ring to my finger, and looked long and long upon the pure luster of the gem there.

No matter how empty my life, I would wear it unsullied. The pain and sorrow of the world should be increased by the weight of it. What I had witnessed only strengthened my resolve to check the advances of Harry Davenant.

A week later, as we sat at the table the Señor complained of a headache. There was to be no party that night, in the low valley, and we were among invited guests. The day was warm, the drive would be long and tiring. I hastened to arrange our excuses to our hostess.

"Miguel can ride over at



ologies," I said. "It will make  
ference to Mrs. Maynard. A few  
more or less do not matter in  
ormal gatherings."

"I will go with you," said Raoul

"Do not trouble yourself for the  
" I said quickly, and the re-  
sistance of his baseness lent cold-  
ness to my voice.

"I have promised Mr. Maynard,"  
said Raoul simply, and I knew  
the firm way in which he spoke

childish pleasure on her withered face.  
I crossed the room, absently pulling  
out the pins that bound my hair, and  
wondering what one among my dresses  
would make the most quiet toilet for  
the occasion, when I stopped in sur-  
prise beside the bed. Spread out upon  
it, by Manuela's careful hands, was a  
costume fit for a princess. Ashes of  
roses in the shadow, shimmering gold  
in the sunlight, a web of misty lace  
about the corsage and a knot of Mal-  
maison roses at the breast, holding the



RAOUL IN THE ORANGE GROVE.

the matter was settled: All that  
on I went about the house in  
indecision, longing for the  
which might have enabled me  
ine the doubtful honor of my  
d's escort. A few months be-  
would have been gratified by  
er of his company. Now I  
ver him. How many  
elf in the Senate. How many  
all have him in Congress some

looked up at Raoul, stalwart,  
g, his grave face intense with  
se, and wondered that I could  
have thought him dull and com-

secret of all color in their  
hearts.

My eyes swam with  
knelt beside the bed. The cattlemen are  
silken fabric to  
was the  
made bitter threats. I do not  
found this unexpected call he has had  
to-night."

He had voiced my own brooding  
anxiety, vague and undefined before.  
Mr. Maynard went on as if to excuse  
the liberty he had taken.

"We live so far apart that my wife  
and I have not seen so much of you as  
we would have liked, but I cannot help

ance  
ard was



"said Harry Davenant, in a significant undertone.

Mr. Davenant, my husband and I have no confidences that we do not share. I said aloud, that all at the moment might hear.

Raoul flushed a fiery red. No one had heard his speech, but, knowing well, the men shot mirthful glances at him, and the ladies tried to restrain as if they had not observed the incident. I glanced timidly in Raoul's direction. He and I alone knew that his speech was a daring fabrication. His face, his eyes, his gratitude, profound respect for the message his eyes conveyed to

me at that moment Raoul seemed to have thrown away his accustomed restraint, and showed him in his true guise, a deep, earnest thinker, a polished conversationalist whose words were never too far from the point. Davenant attempted to hold a discussion with him, but soon floundered, hopelessly of his depth. Yet when Raoul addressed half the company, including every woman, was being excluded from the conversation, he was able to shift it to topics in which all could participate.

Before the meal was half finished, a messenger arrived and a note was brought to him. He looked dismayed and read it.

"They expect me to speak at Los Angeles to-night," naming a village miles away. "I have had no preparation, no——"

"Don't say no chance for preparation, Señor. You can easily dispense with that. Mrs. Garcia, your husband is the best extemporaneous speaker we ever found in the county," said Raoul, turning to me. "We must be careful of Preston for helping us cover him. He will distinguish himself in the Senate. I predict that we shall have him in Congress some

day. I looked up at Raoul, stalwart, with his grave face intense with earnestness, and wondered that I could have thought him dull and com-

monplace. He excused himself to the company. A sudden intense desire possessed me to go with him and hear him speak that night.

"Raoul, take me with you," I cried.

He looked at me for a moment wistfully, as if wondering what caprice led me to make this plea.

"It is not best. The road is rough. I must ride fast for I am already late. Yet I do not like the thought of having you go home attended only by Miguel."

"If I might have the pleasure," put in Davenant eagerly.

Raoul brushed him aside as if he had been a fly.

"If Mr. Maynard would be so kind," he began.

"Certainly, Garcia, leave your wife to my care," returned our host, rising to accompany him to the door. Raoul hesitated one instant, then crossed the room, stooped over me one moment, and was gone.

All the life and cheer of the company seemed to depart with Raoul. Our host and hostess seemed singularly overcast, and made a sorry feint at eating. As for me, the kiss my husband had left on my forehead seemed to burn like a living flame. When we rose from the table it was a relief to find that they made but a faint protest against my desire to return home at once.

We rode for a considerable distance without speaking. Mr. Maynard was the first to break the silence.

"Mrs. Garcia, I do not wish to alarm you, but if you can influence your husband, try to discourage his taking unnecessary risks. The cattlemen are highly incensed against him. They have made bitter threats. I do not like this unexpected call he has had to-night."

He had voiced my own brooding anxiety, vague and undefined before. Mr. Maynard went on as if to excuse the liberty he had taken.

"We live so far apart that my wife and I have not seen so much of you as we would have liked, but I cannot help



being interested in all connected with you. I knew your father very well before he lost his property, my child."

"My father—lost his property? My father was a rich man, Mr. Maynard."

"Ah! Then I was misinformed." He corrected himself quickly.

His quick evasion aroused my suspicion.

"Mr. Maynard, tell me truly. I am not a child. I am a woman. I must know."

He honored me by believing in my sincerity.

"Your father lost his money in speculation two years or more ago. He died penniless, and in debt."

"And all the pretty things that I have had, the money with which I have been so liberally supplied?"

"Comes from Raoul Garcia."

"Mrs. Garcia," he suddenly added, "I am going to show you a very great proof of my confidence in your true heart and good judgment. I am going to tell you something that your husband may never forgive if it should come to his ears. The Garcias are not rich, but they never forget a service done by a friend. Your father once did them a very great kindness. He owed a debt of honor when he died. Raoul secured it by mortgaging his orange grove. He will free it in time—if there are not too many hindrances. The large subscription you made to restore the old Mission the other day made it necessary for him to ask a new loan. You are not offended at me?"

"I can never thank you enough."

I stood on the veranda as he mounted his saddle horse and rode away in the moonlight. The ranch was very peaceful, and from the servants' quarters came a cheerful babel of tongues as Miguel halted on his way to the stables. Within the house it was silent and deserted, for the Señor had retired early. Manuela came hurrying in to wait upon me, but I dismissed her, telling her that I should need her no more that night.

Left to myself, I took a light and went to my room. Although I had been reduced in a moment from imaginary riches to the knowledge of this debt of debt, I was happier than I had been since my girlhood. I opened my drawers and took from their hiding in the closet all the pretty clothes that Raoul had given me, and cried over them a little and rejoiced over them more, reminding myself of the needlework that I had learned in my convent life. I would make them over with my own hands. Raoul would buy nothing more for me for many years to come. I would insist on directing our household expenses by all manner of cunning economy which he should never learn, though it would soon be lifted.

I stole to a room that looked toward Los Penascos. It seemed as if I could see the little settlement twinkling in the distance, but the road that formed direct connection with it, the road which Raoul would come, was lost in miles through a narrow cañon, a blur on the moonlit landscape.

Through the open window I saw this gap in the hills, straining to catch the distant clatter of wheels, but only the mournful cry of a night bird broke the stillness.

Every moment increased my anxiety and dread, and lent new force to the forebodings of my husband's friends. At length I sprang to my feet with sudden resolve. If the meeting should be short one, or if, as Mr. Maynard intimated, there had proved to be no meeting at all, but the call was a ruse to decoy him to the place, I might have started for home long before might even now be entering the gulch of the lonely gulch. He must pass through it alone and unprotected. Whom should I call—Miguel, stupid old Felipe—and waste precious time in arousing the sense of the possible danger, or perhaps he laughed at among these the next day for my foolish fancy. It was foolish: how foolish I



to myself by going alone down the traveled road that led to the gap in the hills, and waiting there until I heard the beat of Sultan's hoofs.

I reached up a dark shawl, wrapped it about my head and shoulders and stole down the driveway and the dusty highway, until I came where the road branched off to Los Cosos. The cañon was all in view. It required all the courage I mustered to turn into the lonely cañon, its inner bank overhung with wild clematis, the outer bank lined with treacherous bowl-shaped shrubs, a charming picture by day, gruesome by night.

There were voices around a bend in the road. The black figures of two men were silhouetted against the light. I felt I ought to be along before they grumbled one.

"But yer cursed mouth," said the first, "He'll be along soon enough. I hear that?"

Coming up the gulch came the sound of a clattering stone, detached from the horse's hoof, and I knew Raoul was coming, unconscious, to his death.

There was but one thing to do. I fled from the road into the tangle of brush below, and fought my way through them. The wild blackberry snared me in a prickly mesh.

The sharp thorns of the mountain lilac bristled in my path. My foot slipped on slimy things, and once a needle pierced my foot, but I scarcely heeded it, while a sharp pain that was almost like physical assault assailed me as I realized that the dress Raoul had given me was reduced to rags and tatters.

I heard one of the ruffians above shouting to "take a shot at the critter in the brush," and the other was admonishing him to save his skin for their chosen victim, and to alarm him while there was yet time for his escape. A little further on I regained the road, and

fled swiftly down to where Raoul, humming an old Spanish ballad, was leisurely climbing the grade.

The big gray horse stopped with an intelligence almost human. Raoul leaned forward, startled, incredulous.

"Marian, is it you?"

"Raoul," I cried, "they are waiting for you in the bend above the spring. Turn back. Ride fast. Leave me and go. I can go back the way I came."

For answer he stooped and lifted me to a seat on the horse behind him.

"Put your arms around me. Hold tight!" he commanded.

He wheeled the horse and dashed down the road to where an old mountain trail crossed it, a hundred rods below. The animal sprang bravely up the steep ascent. So lightly did he step, moving always in the shadow of the brush, that it seemed as if the waiting ruffians might be cheated into a belief that their ears had borne false witness. Yet our progress was painfully slow. The horse labored under his double burden.

"Oh, Raoul, I wanted to save you. And I have only made your escape more difficult."

Raoul drew off his glove and held my left hand close pressed against his heart. The deep, strong throb made the blood leap in my own pulses. All fear, all pain, all uncertainty fled. Toiling up the rough mountain trail, with death lurking in the pass below, I felt a happiness, a glad exaltation that I had never known before.

We were leaving the shelter of the brush, and coming to a portion of a narrow spur which laid bare in the moonlight, directly above where the assassins lay in wait. His master was putting Sultan through a series of odd maneuvers, facing directly towards the cañon, and advancing by side-long steps. Even as I realized that my husband had interposed his own body as a shield between me and death, there came a double report from the hideous hollow. I felt a stinging pain in my head, a warm stream



trickled upon my hand. Sultan made a grand leap across the open space, and I knew no more.

When I came to myself I was in a room that was strange to me and yet oddly familiar. Where had I seen the brass bedstead on which I was lying, the faded silken canopy, the little alabaster shrine, the quaint draped figures on the wall? I raised my head weakly. A wandering branch of honeysuckle strayed into the window, and at the foot of the bed an old man's figure bowed. Señor García hastened to my side. The solemn tenderness in his face brought back the memory of that terrible night.

"Raoul—my husband—where is he? Ah, he was killed! His blood fell on me—"

"Hush, my daughter, while I tell you," said the old man soothingly.

"Father of Mercies, but what can one do when a woman cries after this fashion? As for me, I resign the task."

For I was crying hoarse, hard, dry sobs that sear my very being. Who came so quickly to my aid, ing me into his arms, his face, my neck, my hand, calling me his dear, thanking God that I was to him once more? My soul, alive and safe! I praised!

"And the blood, Carrión's scratch in my shoulder, the other ball that was fired at my aim. And a miracle saved my darling!"

I had not observed my hand was bandaged. He held it tenderly. There was a tation in the gold circlet on my finger, and an ugly furrow in the flesh beyond it.

For my wedding ring, aside the bullet aimed at the band's heart.



## EULALIE.

BY GEORGE MARTIN.

Dear eyes whose love light is my day,  
 Dear ruby lips that shame the morn',  
 Dear heart whose longings bid me stay  
 E'er by that fount where love was born;  
 Bright love that hovers o'er my life,  
 Sweet spirit born of fragile clay—  
 O holy essence guard from strife  
 My soul,—my heart from passion's sway.





BY JOHN CRAIG.

is an element of adventure  
le of smuggling that ap-  
o the popular mind; but  
magines for a moment that  
e customs officers, who are  
a weather eye open for the  
er of the McKinley Bill's  
d on beds of roses, just let  
is cigar and cosy seat by  
and go out on one of the  
ht jaunts of these officials.  
ms force at San Francisco  
best in the United States,  
the administration of  
y Phelps and Paris Kil-  
ctively collector and sur-  
port, many gigantic frauds  
nearthed and thousands of  
d the Government. The  
osures, followed by the  
Deputy Collector and the  
the former Appraiser, have  
l that even wholesale bri-  
dinates can not long with-  
arching inquiry going on  
e in the customs de-  
ere. The keen detective  
cial-Inspector Noyes, and  
vigilance of Deputy-Sur-  
l, Chinese-Inspector Rud-  
reter Rickards, with the  
inspectors, have made it a  
ing to attempt to run in  
nd goods.  
ulties in the way of the  
ers at San Francisco are  
ter than those any others

have to contend against, owing to the  
principal contraband article—OPIUM.  
This admits of being smuggled in  
every manner conceivable to the  
imagination. And again, the Chinese,  
who are foremost in the work of  
bringing it in, are the craftiest people  
on earth and the most difficult to deal  
with.

There are few classes of people  
who exercise more cunning in carrying  
out their work than the smugglers. In  
bringing contraband goods into a large  
port like San Francisco, there is no  
bold, daring work of hand-to-hand en-  
counters with the "coastguard" of the  
novel—no rakish craft lying off shore  
awaiting the signal rocket to run her  
cargo in. Bold men there are, and  
bad, who engage in such work, but  
there is little question of personal brav-  
ery with them, their boldness lying  
entirely in their methods. When it  
comes to "ways that are dark" the  
opium smuggler is alive to every con-  
ceivable device to bring in the costly  
drug.

When it is known that prepared  
opium brings very close to \$20 a pound  
in San Francisco, and that the duty is  
\$12 a pound, the incentive to bring it  
in without paying tribute to Uncle Sam  
is apparent. Li Yuen, or Hong Kong  
opium is the finest of the product,  
while the Victoria opium is the next  
in quality.

One of the favorite methods of



smuggling the drug on steamers coming from British Columbia is by means of the false-bottomed trunk. Beneath the false bottom many hundreds of dollars in opium can be placed. The Chinese resort to all manner of devices, down to false heels and soles to their shoes. They have even been known to bring in the drug in grindstones, which have had holes drilled in them, and then covered so cleverly that even experts could not detect that the stones had been tampered with. Within a month a large quantity of opium was discovered in a shipment of salmon from Portland. It has even been brought in barrels of nut oil. During the latter part of the past year, fully \$15,000 worth was discovered in a shipment of playing cards sent down by way of Portland, though originally packed in Canada.

The vigilance of the customs men has made it so difficult to smuggle any large quantities in on the regular China steamers, that the heavy contraband shipments are generally run in on "tramp" steamers or sailers. One of the boldest pieces of work was discovered in February, 1891, when over \$40,000 worth was seized from the bark *Bischoff*. This was invoiced as *chow*, and consigned to Sang Yuen, a mythical personage for whose creators the officials are still yearning. Several vessels, arriving previous to the *Bischoff*, had large consignments of *chow* for Sang Yuen, and the supposition is that many hundred thousands' worth have been brought into the port in this manner by the mythical heathen. So cleverly was the entire affair manipulated, that a large portion of the goods was carted to a store in Fish Alley, in the Chinese quarter, before the fraud was discovered. By the time the deception had been found out, the goods had vanished, and inquiries for Sang Yuen brought out the usual "no sabbe" from the stolid heathen there. *Chow* is a kind of prepared food, composed of chopped vegetables. It is brought here in large

quantities for the use of the Chinese population, and the wily and mythical Yuen were alert to the advantage of the large importation in their opium undertaking.

The customs men are posted by the authorities at the ports, whenever suspicious amounts of contraband are expected on an incoming vessel. Boats are stationed by the inside of Fort Point, to watch the smugglers' accomplices passing packages of the drug that are thrown overboard. This is a common "running in" contraband, a hard matter to tell just where the vessel's course, the goods are dropped. Many times, large quantities of opium have been thrown as high up as Point Reyes, where they have been picked up by the customs and shipped into the city in butter kegs, which excite no suspicion coming from a dairy concern. In former years, large lots were smuggled in by way of the Little did the patrons of one-lito's wharf restaurants think polished hardwood ceiling could slide aside, at the magic one of Smuggler Whaley's sacc and reveal choice lots of L. But they use this place. Smuggler Whaley, whose link with that of the famous *Halcyon*, was formerly a customs employee, and hence knew "ropes" in the workings of but this very knowledge has fight shy of San Francisco other fields for his gigantic contraband opium. The still at work, however, but shipments are few and far for so many have been seized years by vigilant customs in that it has become a losing

Some months ago over worth was seized from one of steamers. Only recently, on 27th, 1892, fully \$10,000



board the steamer *Oceanic* of a line, through the efforts of McGinnis. The speculators opened the drug, had selected a place well fitted for the purpose under the steerage storeroom, at the extreme end of the forward hold, where water tanks, placed about ten feet apart, which rest on the ribs of the keel. Underneath these tanks is a space about ten inches high which is accessible only from the narrow crack between the tanks. To add to the difficulties of search, the space above and between the tanks was piled full of rice mats. Between the lower bunks and this pile of rice mats was room enough for a man to crawl into this space. Inspector Smith made his way, foot by foot, crawling through the rice mats, he reached the narrow space between the tanks, and with great labor the bags were moved aside, until the lantern could be thrown into the dark hole. Nothing could be seen at the bottom, but by bending his head into a sort of shepherd's crook the inspector discovered the space under the tanks, and the hook succeeded in bringing up the deadly drug. Tin after tin was thus brought up, until 1,080 tins were found, worth over \$10,000.

Smugglers of opium give great trouble to customs officers, and engineers and "stokers" on the steamers are inveterate smugglers of this class. Every nook and corner of the incoming steamer is searched by the searchers. Places where fresh paint has been put are especially sounded, while suspicious bolts are pulled out in the hope of finding secret hiding places by the employees. With their long noses the searchers go over the entire ship, probing and turning over everything in the bunks. The steamers coming from the North, are subject to the closest inspection, and the entire cargoes are overhauled if there is a suspicion that all is not as it should be.

Not long ago one of the inspectors, who had formerly worked in a local iron foundry, took it into his head to take off a plate from the boiler on one of the steamers being searched. He asked the engineer for a wrench with which to do this. The latter laughed at him, telling him it would be impossible to turn the rivets, as they had not been moved since the steamer was built. Nothing daunted, the inspector went at the work. Rivet after rivet was found immovable, but soon three were



OPIUM SMUGGLER.

found that turned readily, and when these were loosened the entire plate came off, revealing the hiding place of a quantity of opium. The others were merely bolt-heads welded on to the iron to baffle zealous searchers who might try to turn them.

One amusing instance of the discomfiture of the petty smuggler is related by the Surveyor's deputies. A dignified and fairly well dressed man, wearing a high silk hat, was seen to come down the gang plank of one of the North Coast steamers. As he neared the wharf end, he spied a woman eagerly awaiting his arrival, when politeness got the better of discretion, for as he raised his hat to





CUSTOMS INSPECTOR ISSUING BAGGAGE CERTIFICATES.

greet his female friend, two five-tael boxes of opium fell from it.

Some time ago a deputy had an exciting fight with a man who was apparently a cripple, when first grappled with. A hunchback was seen to go aboard one of the steamers being searched for opium. Something in his manner attracted a deputy's notice, and when he came off the deputy approached for the purpose of searching him. No sooner had he done this than the man sprang upon him and a tussle began. In the mêlée the "hump" disappeared from the smuggler's back, when some three hundred dollars' worth of prepared opium fell to the ground. The man escaped up the dock, and though several arrests were made, so altered was the man's appearance without his "hump," that no conviction could be secured.

A customs boat is nearly always stationed under the wharf during the stay of a China steamer, and from time to time the officers see planks, pieces of scantling, and tins—with floats attached—thrown overboard for some waiting boatman to pick up. When seized, they nearly always prove devices for smuggling in the costly opium. The planks and scantlings have long auger holes bored in them; these are filled with the drug and then carefully plugged up. Innocent looking boards are taken from a steamer and laid carelessly to one side on the

wharf. They are not the presently some watchful covered them and they "sneaked off." These full of opium. In the Sur is a trophy in the shape "dummy" plank, four by fourteen wide. This very thin redwood so cleverly that it could hundred dollars' worth of Another instance of smuggling came to the eyes of men about a year ago, wearing a Paul Boynton was discovered making around the bay, close to steamer. A large package had just been passed out vessel's dead-light, and the smuggler was about to take when captured.

An exciting incident in the San Francisco Customs occurred some time back "tramp" steamer came. Some one was seen to board a huge package, to and a float was attached. days and nights a boat-looker watched under the Pacific to see if any boats would



After waiting in vain for several days they had about decided to give up, when late one night two boats were seen to pull toward the bay. They waited about for some time, when one began hauling on the line attached to the float. The officers tried to pull quite near before they were discovered, but on reaching a certain distance, the smugglers stopped the work and took to their heels. Then came an exciting chase. The smugglers headed for the other end of the bay, and in the dull, dark light of an over-clouded moon, they were seen making for Oakland. The Custom House boatmen doubled their oars in the attempt to overhail the fleeing craft. Bullet after bullet was fired with a warning to stop; but the boats were ahead knew better than to stop, disappearing up the Creek, in the blackness of the night they were captured. Few such exciting incidents occur in the routine of the local customhouse and their usual task is to take measures to check-mate the work of crafty law evaders.

It is, naturally, the chief arm in "the" by the smugglers, but means the only one. Chinese men nearly always wear in several pieces of silk underwear, besides packed in baggage full, and invariably



HON. T. G. PHELPS.

they wrap their legs about with as many silk handkerchiefs, scarfs and the like, as will permit locomotion.

Recently, when one of the large steamers was at the dock for repairs, preparatory to taking her from the China route and putting her in the Panama trade, numbers of mattresses were thrown on the wharf with the apparent intent of letting them get in the air. One of the Surveyor's force, though everything seemed quite right, took the precaution to rip open one of the mattresses. Instead of the customary filling, he found it stuffed with some of the finest silks that have come into the port. They were principally silk nightgowns, and beautifully wrought. The other mattresses were similarly filled, and the "find" amounted to an immense sum.

In connection with the smuggling of silk goods, perhaps the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated in this country were recently unearthed by the San Francisco Customs Officers. One of the wealthiest importing firms of the city had for years been bringing into the port the costliest of silks, while paying only a nominal duty on them, to the discomfiture of its rivals in trade. By a system of wholesale bribery, this firm had the silks invoiced and shipped to them as "crash toweling," on which the duty is slight, and when selections of cases were made



HON. PARIS KILBURN.



for the inspection of the Appraiser, those that carried a secret mark were selected by the bribed customs man, and contained, of course, the character of goods specified in the consular invoice. This work had been going on for a long time, but Inspector Eager, an alert official on the Surveyor's staff, opened one of the other cases in a shipment, disclosing silk goods instead of the toweling specified, and thus one of the largest government swindling schemes extant was stopped. Over a

quarter of a million dollars, saved by this firm but no evidence was to be had on the consignment since the payment of \$70,000, the shipment, the perpetrator swindle were released. Deputy Collector, who it is said have connived at the swindling in Canada, said that the law's demands, for the Department has refused to issue the requisition papers issue



## A FOREIGNER'S MISCONCEPTIONS.

BY EX-GOV. LIONEL A. SHELDON.

IT seems quite difficult, if not impossible, for Europeans to comprehend our system of government, or to pass impartial judgment upon its practical workings. Having been organized on a theory and with a machinery for which there were no precedents, and when the whole world was monarchical, it was but natural that at first its success should have been doubted, and that it should have appeared Utopian to those who believed there could be no stability except in the maintenance of the principle of heredity. It is surprising, however, that after a century of successful experience, our system and methods should be misconceived and disparaged by Englishmen who profess confidence in the good results of popular control, which they claim is the underlying principle of the British constitution. The explanation probably is that having been reared under institutions which combine recognition of heredity with popular rights, they form judg-

ment from their own surroundings and are unable to distinguish their own and a government which recognizes the single dominant principle of the people.

That continental Europeans misconceive and err is surprising, for generally they are acquainted only with institutions founded upon monarchy, aristocracy, or class distinctions, or all combined. On the other side of the Atlantic, public affairs are managed by a few individuals, even when the rights are most enlarged, while in this country the great body of the people participate actively in political affairs, recognized as the masters of the government. In Great Britain, where the domination through the House of Commons is presumed to exist, public affairs are managed by a few leaders, and consequently there is no independence and freedom of action which prevail in this country.



leaders, certainly no establishment to leadership. Nominees, in a sense, leaders for a time, and there are always a few influential, on account of their public duties or meritorious public services. In Great Britain, the Prime Minister is the leader of the opposition, and dictators, and partisans of obedience almost as impenetrable subjects do a crowned head. Jackson, in the zenith of his power, was not as potent a party leader in Great Britain as either in the government or

It is apparent that the intelligent foreigner is liable to misunderstand us, because our institutions and methods are so unlike any other world has ever known, and the most thorough observer, and the exercise of imagination to comprehend and justice.

Mr. Bryce is a late European author who has elaborated a work upon the American laws, and political measures of this country, which bears the title of *The American Commonwealth*. He represents a good deal of his knowledge concerning the machinery of our institutions, but he manifests an ignorance of its practical operation. From his standpoint, the American leadership is a radical defect. The President independent of Congress, which is also independent of the two branches of Congress, is independent of each other; and the Cabinet are above all except that of the Chief Executive. It is a puzzle to him that we do all with all this independence without some one to dominate all branches of the government. In fiction, the British king is the power, who graciously condescends to the popular wishes in the House of Commons, and a nominal perpetuity and stability is his weathercock. We live in fiction. The President is chosen for prescribed

terms, and to carry out the views of the people as expressed at the time of their election, until they are regularly succeeded. In this there is a steadiness that does not exist in Great Britain, for there, though the king endures, Parliament is liable to be dissolved, or the ministry changed at any moment, and even for a trivial reason. Leadership in that country by no means assures stability, for its placidity is frequently disturbed by leadership rivalries.

Mr. Bryce presumes that in consequence of the independence and co-ordination of the several branches of government, there cannot well be harmonious and co-operative action. The fact is, as a rule, in no government on earth do the several branches act in better accord than in the United States. Even where there have been wide and positive political differences, or differences upon measures not partisan, but of highest importance, in matters of general administration, there have been no conflicts of serious detriment to the public, and ordinary legislation takes place as a matter of course, uninfluenced by party affiliations. Mr. Bryce is greatly mistaken on the subject of official intercourse and co-operation between the president, the cabinet, senators and representatives. Under most circumstances, intercourse and consultations are free and frequent. Bills relating to subjects within the jurisdiction of any department are referred for investigation and opinion, and often bills are drawn in the department by request of a committee and sent to Congress for enactment. Concerning the public business, one branch of government never withholds information from another; no secrets are kept which relate to the public interests, except where their disclosure would be detrimental.

Another feature which this author criticises, is that there are two independent committees in the lower house of Congress, one having control of the raising of revenue and the other of its



expenditure. He cites the fact as a curiosity, that in a late Congress the chairman of ways and means was a free trader, and the chairman of appropriations was a protectionist. It is not necessary that these chairmen should be in accord as to the principle on which revenue should be raised. All parties agree that there should be money enough to supply the reasonable wants of the Government. Every Congress, as a basis of action, takes the reports of the fiscal department, showing the estimated revenues, and the sum necessary to carry on the Government, and before any change is made in the revenue laws, the committee and the secretary of the treasury make a careful calculation of the effect upon the receipts. The expending committee is careful not to go beyond the revenues.

Some of the largest appropriation bills are withheld till near the close of the session, that action may be intelligent and in accord with changes that may have taken place during the session. That appropriations are sometimes deficient is not a danger or a source of grievous inconvenience, though it is a practice that Mr. Bryce is disposed to criticise. It is true that the deficiency has become one of the regular appropriation bills, but it should be remembered that Congress is in session in each six months of the fiscal year, and that appropriations rarely, if ever, run short the first six months. There are reasons for making short appropriations, one of which is to encourage economy on the part of the officials, and another, which is hardly worthy, is for political effect, that the party in power may make profit of the record as proof of its economy before an election, well knowing that the deficiency will be provided for at the next session. It is a practice, however, that the country has come to understand, and as a political makeshift it has become impotent. No political party has the temerity to block the wheels of government by withholding

adequate revenue, or by refusing efficient appropriations.

In Great Britain, the budget is a party proposition, and both the raising and the application of revenue; and is carried through under the whipspur of the party leaders. Here financial requirements are plain stated, not as party measures, but the information of Congress and a country. No member of Congress feels bound to support recommendations of the administration for partisan reasons, though occasionally a thumb-screw of the administration is applied to secure the adoption of recommendations, but its pressure is as often successfully resisted as submitted to. Here the desires of the people are regarded more than the wishes of the executive. Thus, and especially since the war of rebellion, the financial affairs of the Government have been managed with the greatest success, notwithstanding the disjointed methods, as Mr. Bryce regards them, that have prevailed. Though at times there is some party antagonism, the restraint of public opinion is greater than in any other country, and it compels general harmony of action, especially so far as to secure proper care of the public interests. The very nature of our institutions forbids leadership of the character existing in Great Britain. Leaders are not selected by Congress or committees, but by the people.

The States being so largely independent of the general government, and having policies so entirely their own, it seems logical to Mr. Bryce that in every State parties should be formed on local questions; but to his surprise he finds that the national parties carry on State campaigns the same as they do those which are national. The State governments have nothing to do with economic or international questions, or with state or international commerce. The great subjects with which the general government deals, are



in some phase or other, while questions are as a rule, speedily disposed of. Work in the mending and in the other completely ephemeral. Parties formed present State issue, would be to disband when it is disposed of others would have to be upon something new. For more than a hundred years there has been a controversy over revenue and financial questions, and as to the relations of power between the federal and State governments, and it is not likely to be an end upon lines of policy which have an end to differences of opinion on these subjects. The election of the legislators has a direct effect upon national policies. The local parties can act upon State as well as parties formed especially for that purpose. They do for themselves, and it not unfrequently happens that one party carries the ticket, and the other secures presidential electors. This occurred in 1888 in New York, and came happening in 1884. The iron party does not prevail in this as it does in Great Britain, since the voters feel more at liberty to follow their convictions than in that country, and intelligence being more general, there are men in this country who have opinions. Notwithstanding their social activities and engrossment, American voters give more study to public questions than their British counterparts, though a most grievous evil in our business men are not enough in regard to public

Mr. Bryce feels that it is a weakness of our institutions that we substitute of leadership, he pictures being subject to the dominion of present bossism. That we suffer from want of leaders, and also believe have bosses would seem to be paradoxical. Leader may be a more dignified than boss, but common understanding the two

words have substantially the same meaning. We have had bossism and sometimes it has been grievous, but it can only exist where party organization is iron bound. Bossism began with Aaron Burr, who first taught the lockstep of party discipline, and it was continued under Van Buren and his associates and successors in the Albany Regency. There have been so called leaders in all the States since the beginning of the Government, but few of them have possessed the dictatorial powers of a real boss. There has been more bossism in New York than in all the other States combined, and it may be accounted for on the ground that the great monetary and commercial metropolis of the nation is in that State. It is true that in New York City bossism has continued, with occasional brief intervals, since the days of Aaron Burr. It is this fact which is seized upon to give character to the whole country. The character of a community often suffers from the conduct of a single individual, and the nation in the minds of foreigners, has been brought into disrepute by the practices in that city, for they take that as a sample of the whole. In all other places bossism has been ephemeral, and it is growing more and more so as time advances. In the last few years the boss has been squelched as soon as he has made his appearance, and nothing will sooner bring defeat to a party, outside of New York City, than the domination of a boss or ring in nominating conventions.

It is true that all parties have National, State, Congressional District, County, Municipal and Township Committees for purposes of organization, disseminating information, and conducting campaigns, but they rarely attempt to dictate nominations or party policy. This is all done by conventions in which the people are directly represented. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury are as emphatically bosses in British politics as any men have ever



been in American politics. An able advocate of a principle or measure often has great influence in this country, but he is never clothed with the powers of a boss. In Congress parties are not held together by "whips," as in the British Commons, but by interchange of views through caucusses and individual intercourse, and by concessions and compromises. It is often that they split upon particular questions, and they fall apart permanently when a question is overshadowing and time is required for its ultimate solution; such was the slavery question.

Mr. Bryce has been quite industrious in endeavoring to get at the bottom of our methods, but he has fallen into error by relying too much upon surface indications. It is the habit of our partisan newspapers to attack opponents unsparingly, and stump speakers are inclined to fall into the same vein. From these sources he has evidently acquired the idea that our practices are loose and corrupt. He has read the newspapers and has talked with politicians, and especially with those who have more party malevolence than intelligence. Reading the Democratic organs, a stranger would be led to believe that the Republican party and its leaders are corrupt and dangerous to the country, and the same impression would be made as to the Democratic party by reading Republican papers; and if our own people believed what the newspapers and politicians say, it would be doubtful if any one could be found who really loved his country.

So much vilification is practiced, that quite a percentage of our own people affect to believe that all officials are dishonest. It is not to be wondered at that foreigners, who do not go to the bottom of conditions, should be misled, but one who investigates, for the purpose of putting his views in writing and for publication, should look beneath surface appearances, and study the character and conduct of the body of the people. If Mr. Bryce has

done this, his perceptions are or he has given more weight to "flashes of light as air" than to "solid foundations strong as proofs of hoar old oak." He has gleaned everything that is criticisable to sustain his view, but he has failed to note consistently that our whole history discloses continuous and successful efforts to remedy defects, remove a punishing official delinquent, and to improve conditions. If he had gone among the masses for information, he would have discovered the energy and solidity of character on earth excelled, and probably equaled. If he had investigated thoroughly and adjudged with the impartiality of an impartial author, he would have arrived at the conclusion that dereliction, fraud, and crime have appeared occasionally and in localities, but the people have promptly and effectively applied the corrective, and generally the country has been freed from political or official abuse. He has made bad things prominent, and kept that which deserved condemnation in the background, illustrating the truth of the saying of Antonius that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is often interred with their bones."

Mr. Bryce speaks of our methods as devoid of system, and our legislation in considerable part, more particularly that of the new States, as crude and unassimilated; and ascribes to the want of leadership and prevalence of bossism. Then he speaks of such system and well-adjusted legislation as could be desired, but he does not mention leadership and the prevalence of bossism as not the causes of defects. They are the results of conditions which people in old Europe do not easily comprehend. We are a comparatively young nation, and a large part of the country is new, and have not fully passed out of the transition of colonization into that of civilization. Our people have been slow to the settlement and development of the regions. To perfect a system



and experience—we are yet but a very old. Crudeness is a more recent feature in the new than in old states, for the latter have had time to devote to public affairs. This, however, is disclosed in part of the nation. That are differences in the legislation institutions of the several States, necessarily proof of defects or of excess. We have no positive standard of excellence, and it was never decided that we should have. Each is free to adopt its own local conditions and environments dissimilar, and it should not be held that methods would be the

The States have sole power to legislate on the subjects of marriage, divorce, the descent and distribution of estates, sale and conveyance of property, and many others within their respective territorial limits. The British Parliament has legislative jurisdiction over states, territories and colonies, but our Congress has not. Our system is dual and distributive, that of Great Britain is single and central. It is difficult for Europeans to understand this, and that similarity is not necessarily the measure of excellence.

It is true, as this author says, that we may have suffered from the fact that those who wish to engage in public life are not sure of a career. A career is more certain in Great Britain than in this country. There, we are under the patronage of leaders, party committees, and the people are very little consulted as to whom candidates shall be. The percentage of men capable of filling high office is less in that country than in this, and hence competition is greater.

Population in this country increases through immigration, as well as natural increase; there it is unchangeable, relatively. We have a greater number of questions, and new ones frequently arise. The people take sides in accordance with convictions, with less restraint than in party organizations and leaders.

It is true that there is an idea, more or less prevalent, that favors should be passed around, and to confer an office is supposed to be a favor, and then there is some sentiment to the effect that it is advantageous to a community to have numbers of men experienced in public affairs, even though they have gained but a smattering of knowledge. There is no doubt that the greater the experience, the better is a man fitted for public position, and that it is unwise to change a capable and faithful officer, more especially a representative to a legislative body. Not all constituencies have made the mistake of frequent changes. The South has been more devoted to continuous service than the North, which in large part was the secret of its almost continuous domination during the first seventy years after the adoption of the Constitution. Upon this subject a favorable change has been and is taking place, and there is better assurance of careers to those who display ability and demonstrate their devotion to public interests. Rotation in office in the past was not due to the fickleness of the American people, but to the circumstances and conditions which existed in the country.

There can be no doubt that spoil is the support of bossism. Men, devoid of principle, can be massed in a body to support the pretensions of a man for sinister objects. At the beginning of the government, and for forty years thereafter, appointments to office were rarely made on partisan grounds. There was a radical change about sixty years ago, and for thirty years the idea was dominant among political leaders, that success of party was best assured through providing places for partisan workers. During the slavery conflict, fidelity to the "peculiar institution" was deemed the paramount qualification for official position by the supporters of that institution. That serious demoralization followed, is undeniable. That we have suffered at times from extreme party feeling, and the false idea as to the best means of



party success is undoubted, and the country has become very largely advised of that fact. Public opinion has changed, and now the prevalent view is that party success is best assured by giving the people the best possible government. To destroy the spoils system is to sap the foundations of bossism. The favorable change that has taken place is not made prominent in the volumes of the American Commonwealth. Cities, the world over, are the "sores upon the body politic."

The country is the seat of stability, virtue and patriotism, and ours is also the abode of general intelligence. If Mr. Bryce, instead of holding up the cities as illustrations of our methods, had left them out, and given the bucolic population its deserved prominence, he would have presented quite a different picture of our institutions and practices, or if he had placed the two side by side, showing how small the areas are where bossism and corruption prevail, as compared with those free from such defilements, the European reader would be able to gain a correct impression and a just appreciation of conditions in this country. He should have made more conspicuous the fact that individualism has been developed, until it embraces the largest percentage of the voters; that crimes against the ballot are generally deemed among the most heinous; that legislation to prevent political frauds and official corruption, is fast approaching perfection; and that investigation of misconduct in all classes of government is frequent and searching, and that punishment of the guilty is unsparingly inflicted. The history of the country demonstrates that the people are equal to any emergency, whether in combating national perils or in correcting abuses.

This author indulges in classification, and points out a few spots as oases in the general desert of bad practices and neglectful indifference. The most favored localities are, in his opinion, some of the New England States and Northern Ohio, and there

are others which are not so bad as to be able. He names New York as the worst place, and New England as good. He is correct in his idea that the most prevails, political bossism. There can be no doubt of the haste and hubbub of the development of a new country. The people are intelligent in public affairs, and the government is founded and administered with regard to system and really requisite. Contrary to this, its government is inordinately expensive, fluity of offices and expenditures, and in this respect the little improvement, the State more than forty years in California have. The output of gold, in after its cession to the United States, was sufficient to enrich the country. Wealth was easily acquired, and prices of property and lands were remarkably high. Large ranches resting on government grants were purchased, and the construction of transcontinental lines and general development enhanced values. The population was sparse, and all earned their living by the sweat of their brow. They gained more or less wealth, and they thought less of the character of their government and more of their private interests. Public burdens were so light that the masses. Under such circumstances, it is fortunate that an expensive and irresponsible government was not established.

New conditions have arisen. The population has vastly increased, and wealth in the aggregate is very much larger. It is very much more difficult to live by toil in the West than upon the farms; and this is sensibly felt, especially in the West. They are intelligent enough to look into public affairs.



of officials the utmost economy, of legislators such action as will save the machinery of government and lop off unnecessary expenditure. In future their wishes will be heard, and favorable changes may be expected.

In respect to future progress, California is not exceptional. A similar feeling prevails throughout the country and more especially in the newer states. The masses of the people see the necessity to develop a higher degree of political morality, and to remodel systems of government by the removal of excrescences, crudities, and extravagances. Such movements are on foot when Mr. Bryce investigated and wrote, and they have proceeded immeasurably since that time. The American people have ever manifested a tendency to reform, and have usually progressed in all respects. Important facts, having been in the background, render the noticeable features pointed out in "American Commonwealth" unobscured and conspicuous. The author has only retracted some of the statements which appeared in the first edition, by leaving them out in the second, and if he will impartially restate and rewrite, he will afford accurate information to his Euro-

pean readers, and remove the injustice that he has done to this country.

To contrast American methods with those of Great Britain does not tend to demonstrate the defects of the one, nor the excellencies of the other, because systems of government are so dissimilar. Our constitution is written, and contains a concise and succinct declaration and limitation of powers, in which the boundaries between the three branches of government are clearly defined. There is comparatively little discretion conferred, the autocratic principle has no lodgment in the instrument, and powers and duties are so clearly and specifically defined that there is little danger of irregularity, and positive usurpation is impossible. A designated leader is unnecessary, and the waves of temporary bossism beat with comparative harmlessness upon the rocks of the Constitution and the laws enacted thereunder. The British Constitution is an ideal more than a tangible thing. It is unwritten, and to discover and comprehend its principles one must delve through the musty records of parliamentary legislation of centuries. The so-called British constitution is flexible, and can be distorted into any form emergencies demand.

## THE CLIFF AND THE SEA.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

Like some imperial fortress dark and lone,  
With frowning walls, the cliff o'erhung the sea;  
And little waves caressed it tenderly,  
Yet each advance was coldly backward thrown.  
Then angry grew the sea, and on the stone  
Heaped mighty waves that struck with thundrous shock--  
Yet all in vain they beat upon the rock,  
And wind and wave subsided with a moan.  
Then spake the sea in deep and sullen roar  
That echoed far along the rocky strand--  
"Behold! My waves shall break upon this shore,  
And I will lash the cold repellent land  
Until this cliff that proudly towers me o'er  
Beneath my feet shall be but grains of sand."

LYCEUM THEATRE.

I expect

Dear Cameron

I am very glad  
that you are about  
to publish your  
photograph & as  
as I consider it  
remarkable work  
of photographic art.

It is certainly a  
masterpiece and a perfect  
example of what can  
be done in Sun-painting  
& on all sides I am told  
it is an excellent likeness.  
Sincerely yours  
Harry F. Jones.

The accompanying letter is of special interest as referring to the frontispiece,  
considered an extraordinary example of artistic work.





## HENRY IRVING.

BY PETER ROBERTSON.

WITH the passing of Edwin Booth, the American stage has lost its only great serious actor. We have Joseph Jefferson we still claim a representative of the house of Molière, but Edwin Booth lived, we could, air show of reason, dispute with and the possession of the greatest pearean actor. When we consider und of characters in which Edwin Booth was notable, it is not difficult to believe that the history of the will rank him with the greatest whose names have been handed down from generation to generation. It will be written of that, in a period of quite unintermitted interest in the theater, and advanced education in the greatest actors and dramatists, he reached the height of his fame coeval with development. His death leaves, it dispute, on both sides of the Atlantic, the palm to Henry Irving.

In this brief article the writer does not propose to enter into a deep analysis of the English actor compared with the American

Such comparison, between men so widely different in temperament, character and method, could

have little practical value. Their positions, in relation to the drama in their respective countries, have little resemblance to one another, although it might have been the same, had Edwin Booth succeeded in his ambitious scheme when he built Booth's

Theater. It was fate that Henry Irving should be as conspicuously successful as Edwin Booth was conspicuously unfortunate in the same ambition. Henry Irving is, to-day, one of the most prominent figures before the world; but the American actor who has just been laid in his grave amid the mourning of a mighty nation, need not envy him, if envy be possible.

There appears to have been only one great actor whose success was almost instantaneous. Garrick made from the first a triumph; but the history of the others is a record of years of obscure toil, of discouraging experience. There is such a thing, apparently, as the development of genius; yet it seems strange that men and women can work for years without impressing upon the public their exceptional ability, then suddenly spring into fame and universal acknowledgment.

Henry Irving was born in 1838, on February 6th, at a small place called Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. He assumed the name of Irving, his real name being John Henry Brodribb. His parents did not intend him for the stage. It may be said, in general terms, that nobody has ever succeeded who was intended for the stage. Actors and actresses alike seem generally to oppose their children taking up their profession; and when Henry Irving was born, the stage was by no means a pursuit looked upon with favor by people like his parents. They gave him a good



education and then found him a desk in an East India merchant's office, from which he ran away and became an actor. He made his first public appearance at Sunderland, and, perhaps, felt the usual disappointment upon achieving no immediate fame. He played minor roles, but he was in the best of company, for he supported such artists as Miss Cushman, Helen Faucit, Vandenhoff, Robson, Charles Mathews, the younger, Ben Webster and Wright. This was variety of work and study, surely. Miss Cushman and Helen Faucit were both serious, as was also Vandenhoff. Robson and Wright were two of the best low comedians; the memory of Charles Mathews stands yet unrivaled as a light comedian, and Webster was a character comedy actor of note. In 1859 Irving made his first appearance in London, at the Pioneer's Theater; but it does not seem to have been a notable début. He revenged himself by going to Manchester and playing Hamlet, for which he appears to have been let off. In 1866 he had begun to assume some importance, and from then till 1869 he played in the St. James' Theater, the Queen's and Drury Lane, in London.

Perhaps the most memorable event of Irving's career was when, on June 4th, 1870, a new comedy by James Albery, called "The Two Roses," was played at the Vaudeville Theater. In the cast with him were Thomas Thorne, Amy Fawsitt, and H. J. Montague, afterwards an idol of Americans, who was taken ill on his benefit night some years after, at the California Theater, and had to leave the stage, to which he never returned. The part taken by Irving was a singularly clever study of character, called Digby Grant, Esq. It suited the actor, who found all his peculiarities useful and decidedly effective. Although it did not at once place him in the front rank of success, it attracted a great deal of attention to the actor. It was a notable performance, and many, who had never noticed him, be-

gan to say he was exceptional. It was a year and a half later that he made his triumph. The Lyceum Theater managed the Lyceum Theater, relieving in Irving, they saw the adaptation of Erckmann-Chapman's story of "The Polish Jew," Leopold Lewis, and called it "The Bells." The story is a study of the character of Mathias, a to-do innkeeper who, in the murdered Jew, and whose science has worked him up in the agonies of a dramatic murder, in a dream in which he supposes he is being tried and hanged, brought out so well. Irving's intense dramatic feeling for London was talking about it, and he was crowded to see the tremendous and Irving's standing as an actor established. He was met by a fierce discussion. On one occasion, one clique called him the greatest actor of his age and another called him a trickster on the stage. Lady Louisa, always a warm supporter of theaters and theatrical folk, took an interest in the new actor, and his patronage Irving very quickly turned into social and artistic popularity. He followed up his success at the Lyceum himself and played "Hamlet" in an elaborate production. Again the fierce fight broke out, his opponents sneered at him, and his friends declared it the greatest Shakespearean performance ever seen.

It is hardly doubted that this season at the Lyceum Theater was a heavy loss; but it established him as a manager. The newspapers were not all kind to him. Many virulent attacks to end his Shakespearean performance degrees he won them over. No actor is treated with so much respectful interest in London as Henry Irving. His enthusiastic, careful and elaborate productions of Shakespeare were compelled admiration; but



ago there were accusations of drunken and champagne," which the actor laughed down. The series of Shakespearean productions, which have now come to be of world-interest, included "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry VIII," "King Lear," and others. His Hamlet met with severe criticism, but his Shylock admitted to be a revelation. The actor had always been played in dingy costume, and with repulsive characteristics. Irving dressed Shylock in some picturesque robes, and made him point out of the character. He gave him dignity and address, and a sympathy for him, which the actor had not drawn before. His performance, as any one would expect, was a success. The character was rather out of the actor's line. In productions at various times "Faust," an adaptation of the tale of Lammermoor, "Louis Riel," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Charles II." The latest is "Becket," a person's drama. The criticisms of "Henry VIII" credit Irving with giving a decidedly strong Cardinal York. His Mephistopheles has ranked with his best work, and is unquestionably the greatest XI the stage has seen. His "King Lear" met with some violent criticism, and stirred up quite a feeling. He was accused of taking liberties with the text, and his performance of that night was so criticised that it ended immediately.

Whatever may have been the difference of opinion as to the artistic value of Irving's performances, there has been, from the beginning of his theatrical career, but one exception of praise for his brilliant presentation. Historical accuracy, consistent with stage effect, artistic taste, elaborate costuming and magnificent scenery, with wonderful attention to detail, have been noted in everything. The best artists have been engaged by the experts on all subjects connected with the plays have been consulted,

and it is conceded freely that he is the best stage manager on record. He has carried stage presentation to a point of perfection of taste and of detail that leaves little room for further development.

Almost since his commencement at the Lyceum, Henry Irving has held his envied position. Such was the effect of his work that he drew to the stage a kind of attention it had never attracted before. He gave to the general public a revelation of new phases of its artistic possibilities, and illustrated the pictorial as well as the literary and dramatic value of the great plays, which, it may be said, had up to his time been looked upon as fanciful stories and studies of abnormal character, written for dramatic action. The picturesque, so far as the eye was concerned, had never been taken into consideration, and, indeed, it was a reproach against him that he sacrificed dramatic to pictorial art. But that peculiar class of people known as Shakespearean students, who could quote the great dramatist's lines from beginning to end, and loved to evolve an occult meaning out of a misplaced semicolon or a misspelt word, naturally objected to any new and radically different treatment of Shakespeare, from that they had been accustomed to. They resented Irving's fine scenery, artistic costuming, effective lighting and free and unstinted use of pictorial accessory. To them it was flippancy—it was almost desecration. Irving had thrown tradition to the winds, and with that class of critics and students, every tradition concerning Shakespeare was sacred. In these later days we have still the serious individuals who go to the Shakespearean play with the book, and note every speech cut out, every line misread, every word mispronounced, and score them as vital flaws in the impersonation of the character. But they are either very young gentlemen who are just in or out of college, and are primed with the scholastic analysis of Shakespeare's



lines, or very old men who have no conception of the meaning of dramatic form, and who want Richard III and Othello to roar and froth at the mouth.

At first Irving had much to contend against in the carping of these critics, who, it may be said, for generations had made reputations and crushed ambitions. It was not in old days supposed to be given to all intelligent minds to comprehend William Shakespeare. He was so deep as to be occult, in the estimation of those who learnedly argued as to the meaning of obscure expressions, and devoted their time to trying to discover hidden abstruse thoughts in passages that were perfectly simple. Irving's startling innovations brought all these eccentrics out, but they also drew into the discussion another class of intelligent people, who had hitherto been content to listen to the learned arguments of the oracles. It began to be discovered that there was nothing occult about Shakespeare; that he was a dramatist of human nature of a perfectly comprehensible type, and that while many of the beauties of his lines might not be effective to all minds, there was absolutely no mistaking his meaning when a proper reading and representation of his dramas were given. It remained for an American to give the *coup de grace* to that weird metaphysical study of a simple, clear and meaningful writer, and when Ignatius Donnelly evolved the Cryptogram, the absurdity reached its climax, and the Shakespearean controversy was practically laughed out of existence.

Partly because of the interest stirred up by Irving's production of Shakespeare, and partly through the peculiarly favorable state of the public mind at the time, the stage took a decided bound forward. It became more than a question of a new actor; it was a different movement from that which rivalry had raised in the previous century. For the first time the public began to realize that the

drama was something very different from what it had been supposed to be, and actors were more than ever interested in the play. The play became a series of adventures, which had more interest of real people in real life than their adventures, which had always been potent on the imagination. The play became more thrilling as they became more real. The appearance of reality. The great acting of the past had been a background of incongruity, the illusion was produced so that the unimaginative and imitative in the audience felt alike a sensation. Scenes were made beautiful than ever the imagination had painted, and every feature, romantic, dramatic and picturesque was heightened to an unequal point. That the class of critics had ruled the theater so long, and fought against the new order of things, was to be expected, for the reputation and success of the actor were put into the control of the general public, whose money was the actor's fortune and whose praise was his fame. This class may be included in the newspaper and magazine, but the portion referred to particularly, has no parallel in America. A class of dilettanti, of clubmen, of aristocratic men, whose verdict had been feared.

So quite apart from the question of his relations to the theater, an actor, Henry Irving rose to a position of head and champion in the dramatic profession. Actor him had secured fame and power, but with the rise of Henry Irving the "patronage" of the profession disappeared. Irving, in respect, as well as admiration, in his early days Irving had all of his fellows, have sought for his benefit, and been pleased the patronage of people, not on record that he did was then a part of the contest he had achieved his ambition with strong friends and behind him, he established



t acting was an honorable  
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and literature felt that the  
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ip with them. Irving was  
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of dramatic art before their  
s. Twice, in 1881 and 1891,  
l the session of the Philo-  
Institution at Edinburgh;  
e delivered an address at the  
y of Oxford; and on his  
merica in 1885, he lectured  
e Harvard students, and  
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s success in London had an  
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l his profession, and lost no  
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acknowledgment it had not  
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lines. Nothing is more  
in all his speeches than his  
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o his friend John L. Toole,  
median, who has for thirty  
ore made England laugh.  
natural that Irving should  
yes towards America. For  
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ondon public; America was  
idly as the greatest "show"  
the world; Irving's absence  
lon for a season would only  
ppetite there for more Shak-  
or other productions; there-  
etermined on a trip across the

water. Then a rival came into the field,  
an actor who has made many friends,  
but no great fortune in this country.  
Wilson Barrett, who had become a  
very prominent manager-actor in Lon-  
don, aspired to produce Shakspeare and  
reach up to at least an equal place with  
Irving. He made elaborate prepara-  
tions to produce "Hamlet." He had  
archaeologists and artists engaged on  
historically accurate pictures of Elsin-  
ore, he dug out of history all possible  
facts that might be useful, he re-read  
Shakspeare and hit upon the novel idea  
of making Hamlet a boy, he spent a  
large amount of money. But his  
Elsinore and his Danes were too close to  
historical accuracy, and the costumes  
were not as picturesque nor pretty  
as people wanted. His Hamlet and  
the production alike made no success,  
and he left the field to Henry Irving  
again.

Irving was received in America as  
became a distinguished stranger.  
While there was no hesitation in con-  
demning his faults, it was admitted  
freely that he had gained his position  
in England by merit. He commended  
himself to Americans by what they  
have found lacking in dramatic mana-  
gers among themselves—enterprise.  
He was not only a remarkable central  
figure, he was a great artist in stage  
management. There was no stinting  
of money in producing his artistic  
effects. He appealed to his audiences  
by combining in one representation all  
the artistic necessities; and the  
Americans will pay for that kind of  
thing, no matter who, French, German,  
English, or American, puts it before  
them. It is not my purpose to con-  
sider at present, Irving's status as an  
actor. This sketch deals entirely with  
his place before the public, his influ-  
ence on the development of the stage,  
and the means by which he has  
achieved a standing no other actor  
or manager has ever had.

In considering his work, it is neces-  
sary to allude to Miss Ellen Terry.  
When Irving decided on his ambitious  
scheme, he engaged the best English-



speaking actress to be his coadjutor. Some critics consider Ellen Terry as remarkable an actress as Sarah Bernhardt, and unquestionably she has been a most important factor in Irving's success. Nowhere has she failed to win the highest praise, and she probably claims justly half of the triumph that has come to him. She has won all her audiences, and frequently it has been said that without her Irving would not have found America so easy to conquer. It was a stroke of the same genius that led him to success, the engagement and retention through his prosperous career of the distinguished and winning artist. He himself has never failed to acknowledge Miss Terry in his speeches before the curtain, in such a way as to show his recognition of her value.

Although no man has ever been so advertised, by paragraphs, articles in the newspapers and magazines, as well as through the usual channels, it cannot be claimed that he has been made by advertisement. Irving's position is his advertisement. He is one of those men about whom the public likes to read, and the newspapers and magazines will print and pay for articles about him, for which meaner mortals would pay them handsomely, if they would accept the proposition. His position he has earned fairly, by hard work, by constant devotion to one aim, and by living up to his pretensions. The honor and credit that have been given to him are deserved; he had to win them before they were granted to him. And there is honor in doing what he has done. If it were for nothing but having dignified a discredited profession, having opened up a new career for educated men and women, and showed them they can hold it without derogation of social position, which he has done in England, and helped to do in America, he has done the world a service. He has commanded for the stage a respect and admiration of which any one may take the benefit, and those who have ability, the profit. The value of this morally, is consider-

able. As for the moderns who have been made a charge against him, he has done little to help them, that he has given no aid to the contemporary movement, that he has given no aid to the contemporary movement, is unjust to blame him. It is that have been imported from America are any guide to the abilities of English drama, most excellent judgment of the old, rely on the older writers. It is thing Mr. Pinero has written, call for the powers of an Irving, or warrant the enormity of such productions as the I have accustomed to. Irving has "Becket," Tennyson's poet. This is a concession to the of literary people, but not claimed that Tennyson is a poet, however beautiful as plays may be. There can be development of modern Shakespeare through the production by the mild comedy dramas of Grundy, or the melodramas of Pettit. At present there be no attempt in England grand dramatic works, and it see where Irving could get the material, even if he were to develop the modern drama.

To sum up Henry Irving is one of the foremost figures in the world of art to-day. He is an actor and an artist, he utilizes actors and artists. He has many painters about who friends and enemies quarrel. There are many actors of great merit. There are artists of great merit. Henry Irving is not a painter, every production he has shown the acute artistic power of the painter. Such success achieves are not made by a leading mental faculties, by directing power having other command. Henry Irving has the best of artists with whom consult, but no man can consult the numerous artistic factors for a theatrical production.



en at the Lyceum, unless  
self an artist.

er rank history may give  
actor, and it is hardly likely  
trunk some of his great pre-  
he is a man of unquestioned  
talent and original concep-  
is not a man of petty points;  
he does that is new is bold,  
and significant of a strong  
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ucing so wonderfully as  
made his career the be-  
of a new era. He has  
value in the drama far be-  
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vated it, or at least presented  
ublic its elevated character.  
erhaps saved it from degrada-  
he Lyceum Theater in Lon-  
een a standing protest against  
ent school that has obtained

some slight hold there. But there is no  
calculating what hold it might have  
obtained in face of the puny modern  
play, that has been all that England  
has had to pit against it, of a modern  
kind. In fact, it is not unlikely that  
Shakespeare would have died out in  
London, for the threadbare representa-  
tions the great dramatist receives in  
the other parts of England, could never  
keep him alive in a metropolis; and,  
after Irving, who is there to play the  
great roles?

Even as a London manager, Henry  
Irving has had a notable effect  
on America. Those elaborate pres-  
entations, art, taste, and a strong  
dignified central figure, make a stand-  
ard by which ours may be measured,  
and the natural result of a high stand-  
ard anywhere is to improve others.  
That Irving is to be credited person-  
ally with his success, is proved by the  
fact that here, in America, where  
there is a public ten times more inter-  
ested in the theaters, we have been  
unable to establish a theater like the  
Lyceum in London, for want of the  
man to take the place he holds.





## NEVADA FOOTPRINTS.

BY ROBERT H. DAVIS.

THERE is, in the quarry yard of the Nevada State Prison, located two miles east of Carson City, Nevada, a system of prehistoric footprints of both man and beast, which has baffled the scientists of both America and Europe for the past fifteen years. We speak more especially of the prints supposed to have been made by a human being, who was of gigantic proportions and immense stride.

The first evidence of animal life was found during the wardenship term of the late C. C. Batterman, who at that time was engaged in getting out rock to construct a shoe-shop for the utilization of convict labor, considerable of which was on hand at that period. In this work a granite boulder was found, in the sandstone of the quarry. It was used as a date plate in the face of the building.

One day in blasting rock, the prisoners came upon the remains of an enormous mastodon elephant, lying on its right side. The tusks were in a fair state of preservation and were taken out almost intact, and varnished so as to further preserve them from the action of the air.

Time told marvelously upon the fossils, and they now amount to almost nothing, having fallen away in thin flakes of lime and completely lost their shapes.

Warden Batterman paid no particular attention to this discovery, probably considering it the only fossil there, and in consequence very little thought was given the matter.

Mr. Batterman was succeeded by Major Garrard, who took more interest in the fossils without history, than his predecessor, and he at once went to work to preserve all the specimens and data obtainable on the subject.

He was not satisfied with the conditions which he himself met from time to time, but in connection with Mr. Hanks, ex-Sheriff of Esmeralda County, he determined to fix the matter as far as the sciences would permit.

Under his administration, a portion of the sand stone quarried away for public use in various parts of the State, the wonderful tracks became more visible and increased in number. They were seemingly made by some gigantic man, walking on the shore of what must have been a lake or an arm of the sea, covering the area now known as Eagle, Carson Valley, with an outlet through Dayton into Churchill County to the lower Sink of the Humboldt River.

The prison is situated at the foot of a low hill, sloping to the plain on all sides except to the south, where it abuts against a ridge of massive sandstone rocks. The hill consists of strata, nearly level to the top, but really dipping about three degrees to the west, and it is evidently a remnant left by erosion of a much more extensive deposit. It has been cut into on the northern side down to the level of the plain, so as to form an almost level quadrangle of about 100 yards square, surrounded on all sides by vertical cliffs from ten to twenty feet high, on which the level of the strata are well exposed.

"The strata exposed in this quarry," says Prof. Le Conte, "consist of heavy-bedded grayish and buff sand stone, separated by thin layers of shale. The sand stone, in some places, especially in the east, is strongly affected with cross-bedding, indicating deposit by rivers."





2. Hole in Sandstone Rock, once filled with Root of Sage Brush, taken thirty feet from surface. Imposed Sagebrush Root winding round Clam Shell. Fig. 3, Petrified Root on Piece of Clay. Made by Slimy Snail, found thirty feet below surface; rings running around center represent moisture. The clams were all taken out of clay and sandstone strata.

#### OBJECTS FROM AN ANCIENT LAKE.

loaded currents—in other flood deposits. We have here, probably the mouth of the stream. The stone has been eroded down to an even shale, rather than two shale strata, feet apart, which form the prison yard. These shale are the track-layers. The upper forms the floor of the eastern part of the yard, then a drop of about two feet to a track-layer which forms the rest of the yard. The yard, thus cleared, is literally thick with tracks of many species and mammals."

Here the tracks of horses, wolves, birds, elephants, many suppose to be the tracks of human beings. Warden Harkness has been as anxious to climb the cliff and explore further as any scientist would be, and interfering with other work

in progress, has done everything in his power to discover new tracks, and at the same time keep the old ones in a state of preservation.

As a result of this quarrying, stone has been removed from an area of about two acres, and to a depth varying from ten to thirty-five feet, showing the hill to be composed of layers of sand stone, alternating with seams of clay. As above stated, Warden Garrard and ex-Sheriff Hanks went to work with a purpose in view, and opened correspondence with the Curator of the California Geological Museum, C. D. Gibbs.

Prof. Harkness says of this correspondence: "At one of the meetings of the Academy, Mr. Gibbs read the correspondence, which so impressed the members that it was determined at once to visit the locality. The formation, to which allusion has been made, is called by Clarence King, in his Geological Survey of the fortieth par-

allel, the 'Lower Quaternary.' Referring to this region, he says, 'It is composed of sandstones and clays, worn down from the adjacent high mountains and deposited in the water and on the shores of a lake, many hundred miles in area, that at one time extended along the eastern base of the Sierras, and to central Nevada, and having an elevation of 4388 feet above the sea level.' Pyramid, Win-

the sandaled foot of six series of the track being represented by footprints in regular showing plainly the dal. Besides this, in the form of the sandal from the others. This series is to be seen the eastern side of the cliff is fifteen feet in



PLATE 2—Figs. 1 and 3, supposed Human Footprints. Fig. 2, Mastodon Footprint. FIG. 2, FOOTPRINTS.

nemucca and Walker Lakes, and the sinks of the Carson and Humboldt are now the lower points of this prehistoric lake, which spread its waters in the pliocene age, and which Mr. King has called Lake Lahontan.

"It also gives evidence of having been at one time the shore of some lake or pond, local and isolated, as its level was above that of Lake Lahontan. Presumably we stand upon the shore of this ancient lake, and as we look about us we see the footprints of a variety of animals, among which we recognize those of the mammoth, the deer, the wolf, of many birds, and most important of all, the imprints of

the tracks. This series of three of the sandaled foot of the elephant and two of the elephant and two of the elephant. These tracks were even a layer of sediment, inches in depth, for this is compact sandstone. In the pressure of the foot entirely surrounded it. The imprints furnish evidence, I believe, that the feet of the tracks were padded. In no single instance find conclusive evidence but when we study the we find that which



furnished by others which fol-

nearly all, the toe portion is  
own, it being as smooth as the  
of a mason for  
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f the animal,  
wing to the  
ar formation  
calcareous de-

ferred to, no distinct imprint  
bottom of the foot can be traced.  
prison yard besides the above  
ed tracks, those of birds are

found in abundance. Many of these  
tracks show but three toes; in some  
instances, however, there are distinct  
impressions of four. The extreme  
length of the longest  
toe in any one of  
these bird tracks is  
five inches, and the  
stride measures a  
little more than two  
feet. Several very  
distinct tracks of deer  
are to be seen, as well  
as those of a horse,  
the imprint of which  
is the same as that  
of the horse of to-  
day. Still other  
tracks, resembling  
those of a wolf may  
be traced for twenty  
feet or more, when  
they are also lost in  
the cliff, and near the  
western limit of the  
quarry there are in-  
dications of a large  
animal having wal-  
lowed in the mud."

Dr. Harkness prob-  
ably refers to the  
hollow where the re-  
mains of the masto-  
don were found at the  
time the shoeshop  
was being built, as it  
is the only spot in  
the prison yard bear-  
ing any evidence of  
the kind mentioned  
by him. By walking  
southwest from this  
spot to a thirty-five  
foot wall, we come to  
the extinct geyser  
course shown in the  
illustration, with the  
various formations in  
the towering wall  
behind the two in-

dividuals at the base.

This geyser must have simply been  
covered up and squelched by the de-  
posits of shifting sand, only to break



PLATE 3—ANCIENT GEYSER HOLES.



out in some other spot, as about 250 yards north of it, there are three immense swimming tanks for the use of the warden and the attaches, constantly fed by hot water from springs of like kind. They have never failed to flow, and all the water used by the institution is from this source.

The clam shells and other fossils in Plate 1, are taken from a three foot deposit of clay and sand-stone, at the base and thirty feet to the left of the extinct geyser. Figure 1, of Plate 1, shows the course of the root of a sage-brush in the center of a sand-stone rock. It is about two inches across and penetrates the stone. Figures 2 and 3 are the outlines of petrified roots imbedded in the clay and protected during the countless years by the soft sediment. In the right hand corner of Plate 1, Figure 4, is plainly visible a portion of a snail hole, the dark rings running around it indicating the discoloration made by the glutinous substance thrown off from the body of the little creature. The interior of this slender hole is polished, still retaining its luster equal to that produced by new varnish. The clam shells in this place were all taken out of the clay and sandstone strata shown in Plate 3, extending from the elbow to the feet of the person sitting down. The prisoners have converted them into table ornaments of different kinds, to be sold to the visitors at fifty and twenty-five cents each. Very few people have visited the State prison without securing some relic to take away with them, and although 5,000 visitors and curiosity seekers have investigated these signs of the dead races and species in the last two years, there still remain tons upon tons of specimens which are being constantly brought to light. Warden Frank McCollough has in his possession a few arrow heads, stone-plates and vases found in the quarry by the blasters. The arrow-heads are made of the finest transparent flint, and measure from two to five inches,

The plates and vases are in form, but absolutely inde being made from a hard gray considerable of which can be the surface at the present day

In this portion of the yard, footprints of the human being seemed to strike a thick layer of mud, into which he sank several feet each step. Most of these tracks were made on the northwest and finally disappeared against the western wall, which is the highest part of the yard. Coming out from the wall are several round tracks, made by some of the feline animals. They are sixteen in number, and extend from the southeast to the southern wall. They blend with a wolf track, and finally become indistinct in the soft mud. It appears to be a hard formation, and contains considerable sand in it. A plate of the cat track can be seen in the wall, resting on top of the petrified bone. Perhaps at this point it would be well to explain this fossil. It was found by a prospector between Carson and Wiley's Station in Esmeralda County, protruding from the ground with the joint up, about two feet long. He attempted to remove it from the ground, which had become firmly set in the mud, but it was solid as a rock. He broke it off without securing any assistance, and brought it to Nevada, where it was placed in the collection for some months. At the top it measures eight inches, and when struck it gives out a metallic sound similar to that produced by iron when struck with a hard instrument. It is extremely heavy and the surface is very distinct. At the broken end it is as hard and brittle as delicate bone.

This bone created considerable interest among medical men, and was pronounced by some to be the bone of an extinct race of human beings, existing many thousands of years ago. In its petrified state it weighs about forty pounds, some say five pounds heavier than it is.

The late Samuel Coleman, ex-Superintendent of the U. S. Penitentiary in Carson, became very much



he fossil, and agreed to sub-  
sufficient funds to secure the  
bones necessary to complete  
on. The discoverer appeared  
to locate the exact spot and, in  
time, the interest died out.  
is said to be a fragment of  
of men who walked upon  
s of the extinct lake, and  
footprints on the clay to  
the scientists of this present  
era, and furnish food for  
cranks.

be well to further ex-  
pictures in Plate 2: Fig-  
and 3 are casts taken from  
ts in the tunnel, illus-  
Plate 4, Figure 2 being the  
fect shaped foot (twenty-  
s) in the series. There are a  
ole number almost equal to  
ure 3 is one of the smallest  
ard, it being slightly over  
inches in length. Figure 6  
s the tooth of the mastodon  
bedded in a block of sand-  
in a perfect state of preserva-  
e masticating surface, still  
with enamel, can be plainly  
the right side of the fossil.  
measures nearly four inches  
e top, and resembles dirty

7 represents the petrified  
f the shin bone of a masto-  
sandstone surrounding it.  
e spot near the center of the  
he bone referred to. It is  
irty inches in circumference,  
s can be chipped out with a  
knife. It goes through  
and appears in the same form  
er side.

8 and 9 are the cameo and  
asts of the frog of a horse's  
outside line of the entire  
g very plain in Figure 8. It  
the same size as the hoof-  
he horse of the present day.  
of these tracks have been  
to the present time.

4 and 5 are excellent casts of  
bird referred to by Professor  
The longest toe measures



PLATE 4—FOOTPRINTS IN THE TUNNEL.

five inches. These tracks are very  
thick along the base of the eastern  
wall, the highest point in the prison  
yard.

The largest cast in Plate 2,  
Figure 2, is taken from one of the  
mastodon tracks, and is twenty-five  
inches in diameter; the ridge slightly  
inside of the outside edge represents  
the track. They have been uncovered  
in the tunnel some twenty feet, and  
appear with unfaltering regularity as  
the work progresses. All the indica-  
tions in the fossil line point to the fact  
that these tracks are genuine.

Since the excavations were made, a  
fossil jaw of the elephant has been  
found, also fossil teeth of the horse,  
but both crumbled upon being exposed  
to the air.

Professor Le Conte inclines to the



belief that the supposed human tracks were made by a quadruped, and says: "The strong argument for the bipedal theory is the apparent singleness of the tracks and the absence of toe marks, while the one strong argument for the quadrupedal theory is the wide space between the right and left series of tracks. To this may, perhaps, be added also the size and shape.

"It seems to me that inductive caution requires that the judicious mind should hold itself in suspense, awaiting more evidence. Meanwhile, however, my own mind inclines strongly to the latter theory.

"Since writing the above, I find that Professor Cope, in *American Naturalist*, vol. 16, p. 195, and Professor Marsh in a letter to me, regard the strata of Carson quarry as belonging to the Equis Beds. The age of these beds is still doubtful; some regard them as upper Pliocene, others as early Quaternary. They are probably upper Pliocene. The Carson strata, therefore, are possibly deposits from King's Lake, Shoshone, and not Lake Lahontan. From deposits of this age three species of gigantic ground sloths are known, viz.: two species of *Morotherium* and one species of *Mylodon*. It is not at all improbable, as suggested by Marsh in his letter, that the supposed human tracks were made by one of these. The size, the stride, the curve and the straddle all agree with this supposition."

Opinions of the many people who have come from all over the United States and parts of Europe, are so numerous, conflicting and varied that it has been impossible to quote more than two or three, these being from scientists and geologists who are considered authorities. Estimates as to the age of the prints range from 3,000 to 325,000 years, and, in consequence, it is extremely difficult to establish an accurate figure.

It is quite evident that at some time this entire country, running up from the Gulf of California through San Bernardino County, taking in Death's

and Panamint Valleys, was the Pacific Ocean, which through Nye, Churchill, and Esmeralda Counties, Nevada, into Pyramid Lake, at which point immense coral can be found to-day also have taken in Sixty Lake, near where the town of Independence stands, as well as Eagle Lake. The Valleys, already mentioned, are a low range of hills, south of three or four miles, but shells have been found, and fragments are scattered around the lake. These shells have the appearance of at one time belonging to the

Throughout the entire United States we cannot find such a field of scientific research as the quarry at Nevada State Prison, while the scientific men of the world are estimating and theorizing the origin of the impressions, the touch of time is slowly passing, that which at some future date will be of great importance to the

The Nevada World's Fair Commission have taken from the place two of the human tracks and numbers of bird and animal tracks which are now on exhibit at the Exposition, in the center of the State of Mines and Mining. Geologists and scientists from all parts of the world have taken such an interest in the United States Geological Survey has already extended aid, and an officer of the Bureau of Land has been appointed to take charge of them and to conduct the research as soon as possible. They probably attract as much attention as any one scientific discovery on the Pacific Coast.

Many of the best plaster casts made by Prof. Harkness in the past some years ago, are also displayed and arranged in the relative positions which they occupied in their original situations in the hard clay.

The clam shells, showing the existence of water, and the formation of the deposit, are arranged as an exhibit, in connection with the footprints, coming



the same locality. The petri-  
fied and bone fossils are being  
studied by geologists, who  
think that in them lies the key to  
the geological era in which they  
were animated with life and motion.

Mr. James A. Yerington, Chairman  
of the Commission, says the most rep-  
utable authorities claim that Nevada's  
State Prison quarry is productive of  
more food for scientific research than  
any other spot in America.

## MARGARET.

BY DANIEL MORGAN.



HEY had worked to-  
gether in his studio  
side by side for a year;  
he as master, she his  
pupil in sculpture.  
Long hours of silence  
and hard work, varied  
by a half hour's inter-  
val of thought, wrought the magic  
touch which accentuates the  
attitude one assumes towards  
one's work, whose aims, whose ambitions  
are with his own.

He was of a strong, high-born  
type, whose very strength sometimes  
made him cruel in his judgment; his  
temperament being even, he had never  
known the fierce fire of a danger-  
ous temptation. His art was his all.  
Outside world existed for him  
as a source from which he might  
obtain materials for the sustenance  
and development of his genius; love,  
however, all centered in his mistress,  
true, he had his ideals to which  
he clung with unvaried tenacity, but  
viewed them only as ideals, hav-  
ing no time nor inclination for anal-  
ogous practical experiment.

He was silent, deep, discerning,  
sometimes so tenderly womanly that  
he would pause in amazement when  
an incident in student life called  
for the rich melody of "the woman"

in her, which at other times she so  
jealously guarded. After such mo-  
ments she was prone to work harder,  
dig more vigorously into the defense-  
less clay as if to punish something  
tangibly for her previous moment of  
softening, for it was evident she had  
schooled herself to "hard lines;" and  
at each recurring evidence of weak-  
ness, she took fierce delight in prun-  
ing. But toward the faults of others  
she maintained ever the sweetest flow  
of sympathy and forgiveness. Fre-  
quently, when the studio was  
crowded with those who consti-  
tuted the class of which she was a  
part, and when the malice of idle  
tongues was turned against an absent  
one, she had been known to drop her  
modeling tools, her breath coming  
quickly, her eyes even tearful, saying:  
"O girls, don't speak that way. None  
of us know what motive led to such  
acts; far less do we know how deep  
the sorrow, how cutting the pain and  
sense of failure. One never knows  
what one might do himself."

Her character for firmness and  
gentleness had won for her the gen-  
eral respect and regard of those who  
knew and felt her daily influence, and  
thus it was her wishes met with ready  
compliance. By her assiduity she had  
won a step in advance of the class,



and certain hours she occupied the studio alone with her master, a man seventeen years her senior, and it was at these times she was particularly reserved, worked harder, seemed more absorbed in thought, until the teacher himself fell to studying his pupil more deeply. With questioning wonder he marveled at her choice of subjects. Why should a young, vigorous life with such consummate skill, delicacy and wondrous conception seek only to trace, with the feverishness expressed by the vigor of her strokes, the lineaments of sorrow-crowned humanity, as she drew from the clay the embodiment of a burning truth, working its way towards something as yet unformed—undetermined. She became of infinite and absorbing interest to him. Intuitively he arrived at a confirmation of the existence of some hidden pain—some definite sorrow, but never speculated as to its full import. He was too calm, too self-centered for that.

He grew to look forward to their hour alone. All through the long morning he found himself questioning: what would be her mood? Would she receive his lighter thoughts? Would she brighten under them or, as so often before, by a sudden look whose sadness fell like a weight upon his heart, silence him completely, and turning gravely towards her work question as to the probable result upon a face where sorrow (always sorrow) sat for the first time? Would the lines remain permanent, or were they to be pictured softened, as though about to melt away at touch of some happier experience?

Thus from some hidden power she possessed of moulding others, she drove him to thoughtful words, and silently they worked on, hearts and brains replete with widely different matter. The only sounds evincing life were the deep sighs of her anxious moments, the click of the tools now and then, and the noise of the clay as it fell in response to the ploughing of the tools. At such times she made

vigorous onslaught, here and there a curv indentation, a line drawn. After such he returned home depressed. Why did her m rarely, and why this al somberness? And yet, b ring from that unrespon the power of a feeling, s unless she herself could fee able to turn to one's self a and power of that tende strength! Would it not the very essence of life all—all spent upon lifeless

In vain he argued with vain he strove to conqu ings of his nature, which to to gather to himself th thought of what life would with such a companion.

One day she seemed to talk, and prattled on until sh the story of an erring girl, pupil, whose heart had mad victim of deceit, man's hearti tion had completed. He interested to see what t thought would take, and wh last exclaimed: "Yes, I h ceeded in breaking her chain freed her from him, for I ta how and why to despise him make a new world for herse of love."

"You have done this, you do you hope for the regen this woman through this on ence? No! believe me the lost—lost! Do you underst will never regain herself. S on from experience to ex down, down to the very despair, if she have feeli left to be cognizant of it, a dreamer. Women do t they sink."

Something made him p it a gasp from her, or h ined it? But there she him, perfectly colorless, set, hard and firm, dilating.



"I believe that?" she ex-

do," he replied. "It is only accepted history of . . . It is not only a falling the path, but more—a unge into utter ruin! You o yourself to interfere." g in her eye forbade him e. She turned her head ified poise towards the bust a she had been working, voice clear and strong she

ght!"

at he dared not speak, be- would only be hurt by his rence with her on the sub- he preferred his own com- ce, he would rather silently e conversation on amicable r he recognized with that of head she also possessed and pride, as well as a fiancé which would not be a his heart, too, he admired rmly applauded her disin- , futile as he believed her

lent was all but forgotten t not by her. His words l to beat their way into her ey stood out in plain char- he very tapestries which : the walls of the studio. his, and she could but as- hat belonged to him as re- c his sentiments. She grew more reserved each day : he thought. But work! eemed all ambition, and her ulses sometimes threatened to the task so well begun, before had she seemed so h the power of wresting rong vigorous strokes the and life of her thought. rogressing," he would so-

ent on in this way until he he suspense no longer, and ing to himself that he did he woman, he resolved to

It was a sad gloomy day in late fall, the clouds hovering near the earth, enveloping all mankind in their threatening aspect—a discouraging omen, surely, for a mission from which he hoped so much. Coming into the studio, he paused to scan the face wherein he might read what meant so much for him. Never before had he endeavoured to call from out the written lines of the human face the deepest import of human emotions. Not even in the most anxious moments of early art training had he felt the power lying hidden in the contour of a visage, whose power for good or evil seemed accentuated now by his anxiety.

She met his gaze openly, for she was of that frank nature which scorns a half-met look, and turning towards her work was about to begin.

"Do not let us work just yet, Miss Headrick," he said. "I—I want to talk to you. You are such a strange creature; I do not understand many of your ways. I sometimes even fear to approach you, and yet—" he paused here a moment, "I have seen you portray some of the most lovely attributes wherein a warm full nature shone, and I have been held in admiration by your wealth of womanliness. Then again you have been so bitterly cold, so depressing, that I could not draw a conclusion of it all. The coldness seemed foreign to you, not as of yourself, but a forced condition. Tell me of yourself; are you then the real woman, or—or—. I own that in your strength of character you have won upon me, until I am no longer of any purpose unless you are near me or in my thoughts. All that is high and noble in me you awaken, and all that I ever hope to be, it is only in the power of your nature to draw from me. In your work you have carved out my destiny. I am a stronger, better man in every sense, and feel and know I owe it all to you. I love you truly, sincerely, as a man loves, not as a boy, whose fancies might be lit by the soft smiles of a woman—but as one



who holds as sacred all her higher attributes. In you I see them—strength, sweetness and, above all, truth. Tell me, now, may I hope?"

"You are cruel—cruel!" she cried out, her voice trembling and her whole form quivering with emotion. "The love for which I have so hungered for years! This is more than human heart can bear," and she burst into uncontrollable weeping.

The man stepped back, speechless with amazement.

"I do not understand," he said, quickly; "is it then a crime to offer you the very love you crave?"

She crossed to the window, standing there trembling in every limb. Then a sudden resolution seemed to move her and she turned and walked firmly toward him. He had by this time sunk into a chair. She cast herself abjectly at his feet, but when he would have raised her, she determinedly refused to change her position, and he, powerless from shock, awaited her next movement. She partly raised herself so her face looked squarely into his. Then with dilated eyes and lips trembling, she exclaimed, "Listen! You have offered me what I admit I have longed for with all the power of a lonely soul—waited for, prayed for. But you yourself have made it impossible for me to accept. Your love is such as will never be offered me again, but—but—" she dropped her head, but only for a moment, for she was a brave woman and her resolution was taken. Slowly she began to speak, and she seemed to gain courage as the words fell from her white lips, never faltering until she had finished.

"Do you recall the words you once uttered when you spoke of the hopelessness of saving a woman who had fallen, and how you yourself said you had no faith in their repentance nor ultimate self-mastery? Well," her voice trembled and she paused. He looked into her pale face, startled and bewildered, then his own countenance blanched and a low exclamation burst from his lips.

She sprang up and started toward the door, but suddenly he put his arm as if to restrain her. Her blazing eyes, cried out, "I—do not dare to weaken my weakness. Betwixt you and I but one path; that path I follow. To me this is death. How could you understand means to me?—you who are so perfect. Did you ever know it means to spend the hours in repentance? In all this you have no faith. Well, I know." And she sat upon the floor with a low wail as if the whole burden of her sorrow had fallen upon her and she was overpowered her. "Oh," she said, "the agony of those who feel themselves lost, the harshness of fate which demands the heritage of a long agony for one false step, at least, you can understand. It was cold and why I could not follow. I have felt it—have known it—long bitter years. Whilst I was absorbed in your own self-respect, even suspected the long dream over which I have come. I have learned by actual suffering that it is to fall into the pit from which you say there is no return. I feel of remorse, of conscious failure, and a new language, gave to me strange notes, fraught with grief and love towards the erring. I know such as your love I shall never know again, but I can bring some comfort to others. Therein lies my work. Yes, more than that redemption. Through one gift I have learned the first essential of self-knowledge. I was arrogant, yielding, unforgiving. I saw the cause for such a fault in others, but went my way rejoicing in my own strength. Alas, for human weakness—human certainty. I, the creature who scorned a weakness in others—was crushed, humble to the very centre of my being by whom? A false love speech had the soft glamour



me first by a glittering  
sentiments, so fraught with  
of destruction and deception,  
ore I conceived of his power,  
o absorbed my faith and re-  
t when his plan of weakening  
rejudices began, I never even  
l him of it. After two years of  
panionship, in which we re-  
the fields of art, literature  
study of the finer subtleties of  
s powers, we became as one

I recount to you the mortal  
hen awakening to the full  
a misguided soul—the hatred  
ast of self, the tortured hours  
ssness? Ah, no. There are  
for all these agonies; only  
o have had the experience  
m, for they alone can feel. I  
w that face, and the eyes so  
rnest, into which I once looked  
a trust and said, 'I, at least,  
nd a perfect man.' Imagine,  
an, after I had gained full  
ness of our mistake, when I  
appeal to him in the name of  
ue and honor which he had  
bheld so firmly—he, the one  
eart in all the world whom I  
would understand and sorrow  
—O, when I now look back it  
e last blow was the heaviest,  
and miserable as were my  
I still held to the hope of  
g our former state. He, who  
d appeared so God-like in his  
with trembling lips confessed  
lity to overcome, and I, try-  
elieve my own ears, stood  
What? he would not even  
e answer rings in my ears  
t is impossible.' Stung with  
owering with fear, I shrieked  
roaches upon him, which  
o rend his very being, for he  
and fro like one about to fall  
deadly blow. Once he held  
long white hands as if for  
id—oh I had so loved him!  
would show me mercy? *Not*  
re he stood, self-convicted, a  
in his own words. Where

then was strength, where was aid? It  
was then I read within my own soul  
the answer, 'All power lies within  
ourselves.'

"Hardened by his weakness, de-  
termined to conquer self, I turned and  
fled, vowing never more to look upon  
him. Letters of entreaty, of despair  
were sent me, in vain. I remained  
cold and firm. True, there followed  
moments when to recall the tender  
words, the gentle care which had been  
his to bestow, my poor heart frenzied  
almost to madness, and at such times  
there raged the fierce battle for self  
mastery. I came here, art attracted  
me—you know the result. Five years  
have passed away since I last saw that  
man. In those years I have known  
what death, bitterness, repression of  
all that is human in my heart means,  
but never have I forgotten that I have  
a stern duty before me, the determina-  
tion to rise from my fall purified by  
the fierce flames of a nature whose  
over-powering strength had been my  
downfall. This it is which makes me  
love all women, impels me to hover  
over them, as it were, leading them  
away from the dangerous paths whose  
pitfalls I know too well.

"You are stupefied, and no wonder.  
If my frankness seems brutal to you,  
think it is but another manifestation  
of my great love for you. Never  
could I tear myself away from you  
had I not deadened your love by my  
confession. I could not bear to inflict  
upon you the sorrow which will now  
be mine alone. I have been kind to  
you, oh so kind. And to myself—" she  
paused here, almost overcome, "yes,  
to myself I have been true."

She sat sobbing quietly. He re-  
garded her helplessly. He could not  
realize that the ugly tale was aught  
but a madness seething through his  
brain. She a frail woman? O no!  
Had he not looked up to her, had he  
not tested her in every way? Impos-  
sible! This thing she told him was  
a fancied emanation of an over-  
wrought brain. She had worked  
too hard, poor thing. Why had he



not cautioned her? My God! was she then going mad under the strain? Her choice of subjects too, flashed confirmation on his mind.

Why, when he had directed her in the study head of "Silent Sorrow," and had spoken of the necessity of the deep lines furrowing around the mouth, the compression of the lips, accentuating the expression, had she answered with such strange conviction: "I know?" Ah, she did know then? But this thing she had told him just now could not be true.

Do not false women betray themselves, and would he be apt to love a woman unworthy of it? Never! But she was now tearing off her apron in excited jerks. She cast a damp cloth over the bust on which she had worked so many hopeful hours, and was evidently preparing to leave the studio.

He, still benumbed by the unexpected disclosure, seemed totally unable to rouse himself to action. Thus she succeeded in her preparations without protest from him, and was about to turn towards the door when there burst from him a sudden appeal.

"Margaret, you are certainly not going to leave me now and thus?"

She had grown calm now, fixed, determined, and her voice sank so low it was but a faint moan when she said: "And why not? There is nothing else to be done. Once more must I take up the weary burden of my crime, so painfully regretted, so wretchedly worked out. Again it rises before me like the Nemesis that it is, casting me out once more with no shade of comfort save the knowledge of my own strength to dare the right. How could I stay where daily my eyes were tortured with the look of questioning pity yours would bestow? Ah, I am strong and brave, but not brave enough for that. Never! you will forget me some day, but I trust you will never cease to regard with gratitude the woman who spared you the agony of knowing that your life had been more closely knit with that of a

woman who had fa-  
for your charity. G  
moment there stole  
radiance of a ten  
quickly changed to  
determination to clo  
that won or charm  
heart.

"You will not leav  
"Wait! Let me thi  
go mad—I cannot co  
horrid thing being t  
must not leave me  
paused, as visions of  
ideas of women rose  
wilder his sen  
momentarily his lo  
quickened perception  
she read the thoug  
through his mind; v  
replied: "It must b  
At one bound she  
away. He dared not  
had shown such bra  
be too weak in him  
daunted courage.

Flying like one  
reached her room and c  
her bed in abject mise  
again her weary brai  
the pictures of that pa  
before her bristling w  
of remorse.

After the relief of  
assumed command,  
but one thing now. I  
Ah, how many times  
that question before.  
great unknown. Whe  
shelter? And the voi  
answered: "Away, f  
this scene of bitterness  
heart-cry still goes up f  
ity still yearns for ten  
can give it. Go!"

This calmed her. Ri  
steady motion, she  
effects, packed her sma  
and, telling her land  
called suddenly away, s  
the night, dry-eyed, str  
but determined. At  
journey, thoughts we  
seemed to question her



had she not taken that great leap, he was unsuspecting, and perhaps devotion of years would have pointed out the error. Then there came before her visions of a life of peace.

No, never had she harbored such thoughts, much less lived them. Best as it was. And he? Left to utter misery of so sudden a change to all his dreams, what could he do but go over again all the sad words for word, gesture and action, and still he could not see the dark mystery of his mistake.

For a while he rose and gently he bust on a pedestal in a corner where it stood for so many years and the sad lines traced there by himself seemed ever to deepen as they sank down in that heart so long becalmed by the shadow of his life.

Not long in despond from the scene of such suffering, he wandered in his thoughts replete with this vision of life so rudely thrust upon him.

Searching through the inner recesses of his heart, he began to question himself. Was he right to have held such views—and why had he held them if they were not true?

What did he know of such things other than he had learned from those who know? Did they know more?

Were they right? Perhaps. Or perhaps not.

All that he did know was that he loved her, cried out for her, needed her, and now she was gone. She would never return, that was certain.

From her firmness of character, from her brave and noble she had shown how brave and noble she had been. "To save him! Merciful God, I should have shielded her."

His heart forgave her everything. Had she not proven herself true and was a wrong never to be forgiven?

Oh, cursed prejudice that blinds and blunts the very instincts of humanity. Does not the same God love man as over woman, and are they daily transgressors of the very law which hold so relentlessly over them?

They term the "weaker sex?" When is justice? Surely not in the human laws which now sway men and women. But purity is a necessity in woman. True, but are not all her tendencies towards it, and if she fail does she do so wilfully? Not always—far from that. And shall all be judged and punished for the few? God forbid! If man was endowed with stronger character and physical superiority, was it not that he should shelter the weak? For what reason had he been given the power if not by strength and tender pity to win back the erring? Again and again he came back to the old truth. Prejudice—prejudice. The growth of an error ancient and barbarous plucked from the very tree of man's selfish pruning, handed down from father to son to an unthinking people and grounded into the instincts of the unborn, that woman's heritage was the bondage of inequality.

Man, in his assumption of superiority, holds out one hand, enticingly displaying the golden apple of delusion which voices the sweet sentiment of "protection," and in the other he holds an iron mallet with which to crush woman to the earth if she dare be the weak dependent his philosophy has made her. Now the whole truth burst upon him because it touched himself, forcing him irresistibly to face the workings of a law which has dual aspects. There was no escape from the rule that crushed out life and hope from the erring—he must suffer, too. Every phase of the case flew like darting flame through heart and brain, resulting in untold misery to him, lessening hope, weakening his power to act. Where was comfort? Nowhere. Into that dark and misty future there was spread before him naught but confusion, nay, almost despair.

Without her he began to realize the futility of attempting to bring his best efforts to fruition, and so time wore itself out in useless regrets, through long years of unsatisfied longing and bitter retrospect, souring his genial nature, causing him to doubt and question all other truths which had formed the basis of his moral training. Art lost



its glamour and life took on such somber shades that the spark of genius that had glowed and brightened in the younger days, now smouldered, blackened and died.

Thus time found him years after, with broken purpose, his hand stayed, as it were, in the very act of consummation, when the dreams of crowning greatness resolved themselves into a hideous nightmare, only too real in its destructive power. He still taught his classes, still filled the ordinary roles of life, but there never more quickened within that brain the fire of conception.

Thus the crime of one man checked the ebb and flow of another's life and its fruition.

Some time afterward there appeared in an art journal a sketch of a woman's career in the far West. She had devoted her entire life to the cause of woman. She had opened a class in sculpture, to which she admitted and taught women who were desirous of learning but had no means. Her home was likewise an asylum for frail creatures, whose motives for recovering a life of rectitude she strengthened. She was described as never smiling, save in tenderness upon these sorrowing sisters. Nothing was known of her former history and none cared to question, so effective had been her work and so beloved had she made herself by her unselfish devotion to so rare a charity.

He, reading these lines, felt instinctively that in that description he had found the one woman who was all in all to him. He would go to her and

at once, and show her see justice in its broad would lay at her feet tory which her life s Yes, he would go no tion, and impatient t arranging his studio when a letter reached dear familiar ha seemed too good to h when he was flying to Tearing open the lett the same characters, ously written—words with many quivering O God! It could not going to her to right wrong, and would G die unrewarded for and sacrifice? True— was no hope, she mus passed beyond the s love, human retribution to tell him that she truly, unselfishly, and alone she had been true womanhood and him.

With terrible apprehension he hastened to heart he hastened to still living?" burst fr as he entered the hou he was ushered into chamber where she lay thank God. "You must live, dear brave the love that shall cr my wife!" She seen the sound of his w The poor wasted hand his neck, a smile call stole over her white sunk into a quiet slum







#### THE PREVALENT RATE WARS.

RECENTLY there have been greater fluctuations in rates on the trans-continental railroads west of Chicago than for years. They are reminders of the when railroads recognized the principle of competition and reduced rates to sequestration. Eastward of Chicago there is an apparent conflict between the great lines that lead to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other points on the Atlantic coast, and rates are comparatively low. Railroads early discovered that rate wars are destructive to their income, and traffic associations and pooling agreements were invented to avoid them. It soon transpired that roads in various sections broke their agreements, and surreptitiously cut rates. Pooling was resorted to, which is practically purchasing good faith, as long as percentages granted to the members of the coalition were satisfactory, traffic contracts were generally kept to a fair degree of fidelity. The interstate-commerce law makes pooling unlawful for interstate traffic, which yields more than one moiety of the revenue of the Western trans-continental lines. In such traffic, therefore, the roads must rely on good faith in adhering to rate schedules, but it seems almost impossible to preserve stability of rates through naked traffic agreements; a pooling arrangement is necessary to secure good

perhaps fair to presume that roads do not put rates so low that loss will be the result when they make reductions they will think at the higher rates they have been making undue profit. One thing is certain, and it is that lower rates will increase the volume of business, and may

result in greater earnings, for the increase of the expenses of operating is not in proportion to the increase of business. Cheaper rates tend to larger productions, which also means more consumption, for it is a well-known fact that the greatest producing is the greatest consuming nation.

It is unfortunate that railroads will not put rates at the lowest figure consistent with earning a fair profit, and keep them there. Fluctuations are hurtful to all classes of the people. It was the intention of Congress, in enacting the interstate-commerce law, to assure stability of rates. Merchants never know when to have their goods shipped when rates are unsteady, and the same is true of dealers. No one is able to make calculations for the future when a rate war is liable to break out at any moment. Railroads understand the evils of fluctuations, and they seek to provide against them. To avoid them is a reason why consolidation is constantly taking place. Already the bulk of the roads of the country are in about twenty systems, and universal consolidation may be the best solution of the railroad problem. Consolidation would save a large expenditure in operation. The roads terminating in Chicago have already consolidated the business of receiving and delivering freights, which enables them to make a large reduction of force and of expenses.

Traffic agreements and pooling are chiefly, if not altogether, for the purpose of increasing profits. It is intended through them to destroy competition, and through them the rights and interests of the public are disregarded. Deprived of the support of pooling, traffic agreements have been ineffectual in produc-



ing steadiness. Like trusts and combinations in trade and manufacturing traffic arrangements, that include the making of common rates, and a stipulation to maintain them, are immoral, an evil that should be repressed by law. The legislature of Illinois has recently passed an inhibitory statute, which is probably the beginning of a policy that will be adopted throughout the country. It is right that capital invested in railroads should receive a fair remuneration and no more. It is true that twenty and twenty-five years ago it cost more to build railroads than at the present time or within the last few years, and the older roads are justified in making higher charges than those more recently constructed, but it is also true that the general practice has been to capitalize roads far above their actual cost, and to make efforts to earn income upon that which is fictitious.

Mr. James Hill, in building the Great Northern, adopted a new policy. He employed no supernumerary officers, and adopted the most economical methods in all respects. When the road was completed it was capitalized at just what it cost, and it is operated with the utmost economy, no unnecessary officers being employed, and no extravagant salaries paid. The rates upon that road can be put down very much below those that have prevailed upon other lines, and still pay operating expenses and reasonable remuneration to capital. The cut in rates is not warfare upon competitors, but is based upon simple business principles, higher rates being unnecessary, as there are no fictitious bonds and stocks on which interest and dividends are to be earned. Over-capitalization, supernumerary officials and employees, and extravagant salaries create the necessity for the cost of railway transportation of which the country complains. It may be difficult to separate the fictitious bonds and stocks from the genuine, so as to extinguish the one and preserve the other, but the cost of operating can be materially reduced by cutting down the salaries of the high officials and removing supernumeraries. Then rates can be lowered, and being based upon just premises, fluctuations to a great extent would be avoided.

#### DEFEAT OF THE GERMAN

The friends of peace at home have watched the proceedings of the bill in the Reichstag with anxious interest. Though the most schooled and independent people, and the most individualistic, they have submitted to as nearly absolute as any in that of Russia. The Prussian was the embodiment of military and a half before Germany was imperialistic. The German submitted patiently to heavy taxation to sustain an army solely for the defense of a nationality, to promote and maintain its positions. Not only have the hands of the people been taken from the industrial forces have been employed for no purpose but to aggrandize the monarchy, and latterly the rule of Hohenzollern.

The Germans are not excited but sturdy and stubborn, and their passions have been rare. They have excelled in science, art and learning, but not in political institutions. No people except the Americans and possibly the French are better fitted for Republicanism yet they have submitted to imperial rule. Popular representation is largely upon the established Empire, which was necessarily composed of numerous states and there was not and no prevalence of the utmost among the people, forced into rule by the bulldozing process.

This step toward liberalism to Prussianize the whole German Empire. From Conrad down, the Germans have been ambitious, selfish, and successful, almost without modern history. They came to their rule rested upon Divine restrictions upon their will and in contradiction of the wishes of the people.

When the late Emperor Wilhelm ascended the throne of Prussia, he believed that he did so by Divine right as Bismarck said, he was



as there was in Germany," he is Chancellor in every measure of intimidation destined to place the Imperial throne, and which made of all Germany a vast military camp. The present Emperor is more immoderate in expression and appearance than his father or grandfather, and he is determined to quell the spirit of liberalism, and to crush all who should op-

pose. His subjects are burdened and oppressed by the support of a vast army, and much confidence in his ability to rule and coerce the German people is demanded a large increase in taxation as an imperial measure. He is under the opposition it encounters, and his Chancellor, Von Caprivi, tried to be as bulldozing as Bismarck ever was, but without Bismarck's intellectual strength and force of character.

In the last few months the Emperor and his advisers have used their utmost power, short of force, to compel the Reichstag to accede to their demands. The failure has been a signal, and the world, with its anxiety will watch the outcome, the dissolution of the Reichstag and the prospect of a new election, nominally means a new election to the electors, and probably a new imperial bulldozing upon the people's backs. The question is, "Will the Reichstag be as independent and stubborn as the Reichstag has been?" If they stand firm and refuse to be burdened with further taxation and to suffer from further depletion of their industrial forces, a tremor will have been given to the disposition of the Hohenzollerns. This will be the very test that will prove whether Germany will become "Republican."

For standpoint it is difficult to see why any needs a larger military force to protect her from foreign dangers. The fact is that as all the great continental powers have vast armies, it is necessary for Germany to be ready for any emergency. It is a curious fact that all the governments of Europe profess peaceful intentions, yet maintain great armies. If all are

so pacific, why do not they give the best assurances by disarming?

The attitude of no monarch is so threatening to the peace of Europe as that of the German Kaiser. His abnormal activities, although professedly for peaceful purposes, create apprehensions. Constant and unnecessary preparations for war beget the spirit of war. That France is only waiting for a favorable opportunity to attack Germany may be, and probably is, a mere creation of imagination. It is probably the internal and not the external condition that alarms Emperor William. Some of the States which are under his sway are dissatisfied and discontented. Liberalism and socialism are rapidly growing in Germany, and the Kaiser is not willing to rely solely on force to arrest its progress. He wants a larger disciplined army which regard orders and not reasons.

The opposition to the Army bill came from several elements; the Freisinnige (the liberals), the Centrists (the Catholics), and from some of the radical Democrats. Though they differ on other questions, the army is a menace to all of them. It seemed for a time that the Centrists would support the Army bill, and it is not improbable that the visit of the Kaiser to the Italian King had for an object the placation of the Pope, but the conditions were unfavorable, for the Kaiser is at the head of German Protestantism, and the King of Italy, with whom the Pope is on bad terms, is a member of the triple alliance. The Pope, it is understood, favors popular government, while the Kaiser represents heresy and heredity.

The rescript allows little time for organization and discussion, and therefore imperialism has an advantage, for it is always organized, and discussion is not an instrument of its warfare.

In Germany the women and children, the aged and decrepit are compelled to work in the field and the shop, and subsist on scant fare, while the young and strong men are engaged in drill and manœuvring and consuming the substance of the laboring people. It is to be hoped that the Reichstag will be sustained, and that militarism will receive a check that will have a wholesome effect for all future time.





Wake! for the Sun,\* who scattered into flight  
The stars before him from the field of Night,  
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and  
strikes  
The Sultan's Turret with a shaft of light.

—Omar Khayyám.

THE position of woman in the literary world is much more assured, much more firmly established than ever before. It is needless to dwell upon the bravery and perseverance with which she is making a place for herself in other lines of labor, in her effort to overcome prejudice. The result of her work in all fields demonstrates her power. She is given more deferential recognition in history, she is invested with more dignity in fiction and in all the departments of literary art. She has taken her pen earnestly in hand, and women in literature are represented by such great powers as Madam de Stael, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, George Sand, Frances Hogsdon Burnett, Octave Thanet, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rose Terry Cook and many more in our own country, East and West. With the results of the efforts of these women, the fact is established that the feminine mind, when properly trained and developed, is capable of the best work. There is a predominance of men among the best writers of the day, but women as writers of fiction are rapidly gaining ground, and each successive year renders the difference less noticeable.

## BOOKS

AND

## AUTHORS

*El Nuevo Mundo*,<sup>1</sup> a pocket volume, is a little volume in the market. While the poet has good qualities, it is permeated that the author has undervalued verse too heavy for his case.

An interesting volume, Appleton, Professor in Sweden, is *Greek Poets in English*. In this work the editor has attempted a medium of translations, poetry what has been so common of the English language, the reader, within the compass of the volume, some idea of its value. The same time to stimulate further and more thorough study of the Greek language, less popular than formerly, is regretted somewhat, as the language possesses purity and beauty, preserve in translations, seventy-five of the choicest Greek literature are collected in the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, *Hesiod*, *Pindar*, *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*, *Æschylus*, *Anacreon*, *Bion*, *Sappho*. These are principally translated by Mr. Pope, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Browning, Worsley, Symonds, Bulwer, Frere, Lawton, and prefaced by Prof. Appleton. The selected such works of the best display the intrinsic value of Greek verse and the metrical translators. A knowledge of Greek literature, thought and feeling, an interesting accessory to a factor of great importance and writer, as being the first he acquires many of his

<sup>1</sup> Chas. H. Ken & Co., Chicago.

<sup>2</sup> Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



Mrs. Forrester, a novelist favorite, is a story containing photographs of human nature, with which one is ordinarily acquainted. It seems to have a thorough and intricate mystery, a woman's life — the worldly woman — who are perhaps unconsciously wishes to make everything of herself, the woman who, in the world, preserves, by the power of her mind, the intrinsic worth of her character, and the impetuous young girl on the threshold, when every fiber of her being is out in delicate tendrils, to which is most congenial, or, that which first wins her love and sympathy, for this is the greatest attractions for nature. The book goes to the utmost importance to some companionship with certain qualifications, as girls of their own age. Many of them seem dull, unattractive when brought in contact with quick sympathies, discretion and nobility, cannot but lead into high types of their many of the petty qualifications difficult for the feminine to overcome.

It points out many of the ingenuities, who, on account of some education, know little of the world in which they move, and while they consider themselves world-wise, are comparatively unsophisticated but poorly caparisoned to the oppositions and humiliations on the very threshold of

life, instructive and interesting to the people is *Archie of Athabasca*, by Donald Oxley, author of *Boyhood*, "Up Among the Mountains," "The Chore Boy of Camp Kip," and several other stories. It contains a description of the region of Athabasca, and the rivalries between the fur companies of Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company of the Northwest. A bitter feud between the two companies, and continued for

years, frequently breaking forth in war and bloodshed. The author seems to be thoroughly acquainted with the portion of the country of which he writes, and has given an interesting description of the region and the mode of life of its inhabitants. The story is bright, full of action and adventure. The father of the young hero is an admirable character, possessed of exemplary parental sympathy and discretion. He uses no force to compel obedience from his son, but guides and develops him to think and act for himself, and at the same time to realize the limitations of his own judgment. By this course of action, a bond of sympathy and affection is established between father and son that could exist under no other circumstances. The story is such as will bring the blood of wholesome excitement to the cheeks of the young, and also teach them many lessons of courage, manliness and duty.

*Stories from the Rabbis*,<sup>3</sup> by Abram S. Isaacs, Ph. D., is a collection of short allegorical tales, the Hebrew version of many of the old stories that have been told over and over again in many different languages. They are quaint, and many of them rather artistic, pointing to those sound and simple morals that can be readily grasped and comprehended by a child, and which yet contain an undercurrent of thought that is also of interest to the deeper moralizer and philosopher.

The Western Author's Publishing Association has issued a volume containing a series of stories, *In the Confessional and the Following*,<sup>4</sup> by Gustav Adolf Danziger. These stories display versatility and strength, and in many instances, a lively sense of the humorous and ludicrous. Mr. Danziger has been engaged in literary work for some years, and has displayed remarkable ability. He is the sole manager and editor of the Western Author's Publishing Co., and is doing much towards facilitating the publication of creditable work of Pacific Coast authors.

*Serailtha*,<sup>4</sup> by Abel M. Rawson, may be classed, perhaps, among sensational literature, but it redeems itself in its vigorous handling of repulsive truths, and conditions that are, by the majority, considered as inevitable and therefore not to be contended, but accepted, passed over, or passively submitted to. But they are shown to be repulsive that, when drawn from their holes,

<sup>3</sup>Chas. J. Webster & Co., New York.

<sup>4</sup>The Authors' Association, New York and San Francisco.

<sup>1</sup>Union Square, New York.  
<sup>2</sup>Co., Boston.



can be slain. The story demonstrates the mistake of parents in allowing their daughters to attain womanhood in an ignorant condition, that totally unfits them to meet and successfully struggle with oppositions and discouragements. Parents too often take it for granted that they will always be able to protect their daughters as long as unmarried, and that they will be transferred by marriage to the protection of a husband. In many cases unforeseen circumstances throw a woman upon her own resources, and then no matter what her virtues may be, if she should make mistakes, or even seem to, society does not take into consideration her ignorant and unsophisticated condition, but puts the worst construction it can grasp in its scourging hands, upon whatever she does or says. Here is food for thought.

Paul Cushing, author of "A Woman with a Secret," "The Blacksmith of Voe," "Cut with His Own Diamond," and other books, has written a volume entitled *The Great Chin Episode*.<sup>1</sup> It is an English tale of tragedy, full of interest and excitement. The plot leads the reader cleverly into the implications, and as cleverly unravels the mystery surrounding the story. The criticism that might be offered is that the last chapter leaves the story, in some respects, unfinished, as it simply clears up the tragic mystery, but the important affairs of the human heart are not brought to the usual climax that crowns a tale of whatever nature.

Maxwell Gray, whose "Silence of Dean Maitland" has made him popular with readers of strong romantic fiction, has written a novel entitled *The Last Sentence*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

<sup>2</sup> Tait, Sons & Co., Union Square, New York.

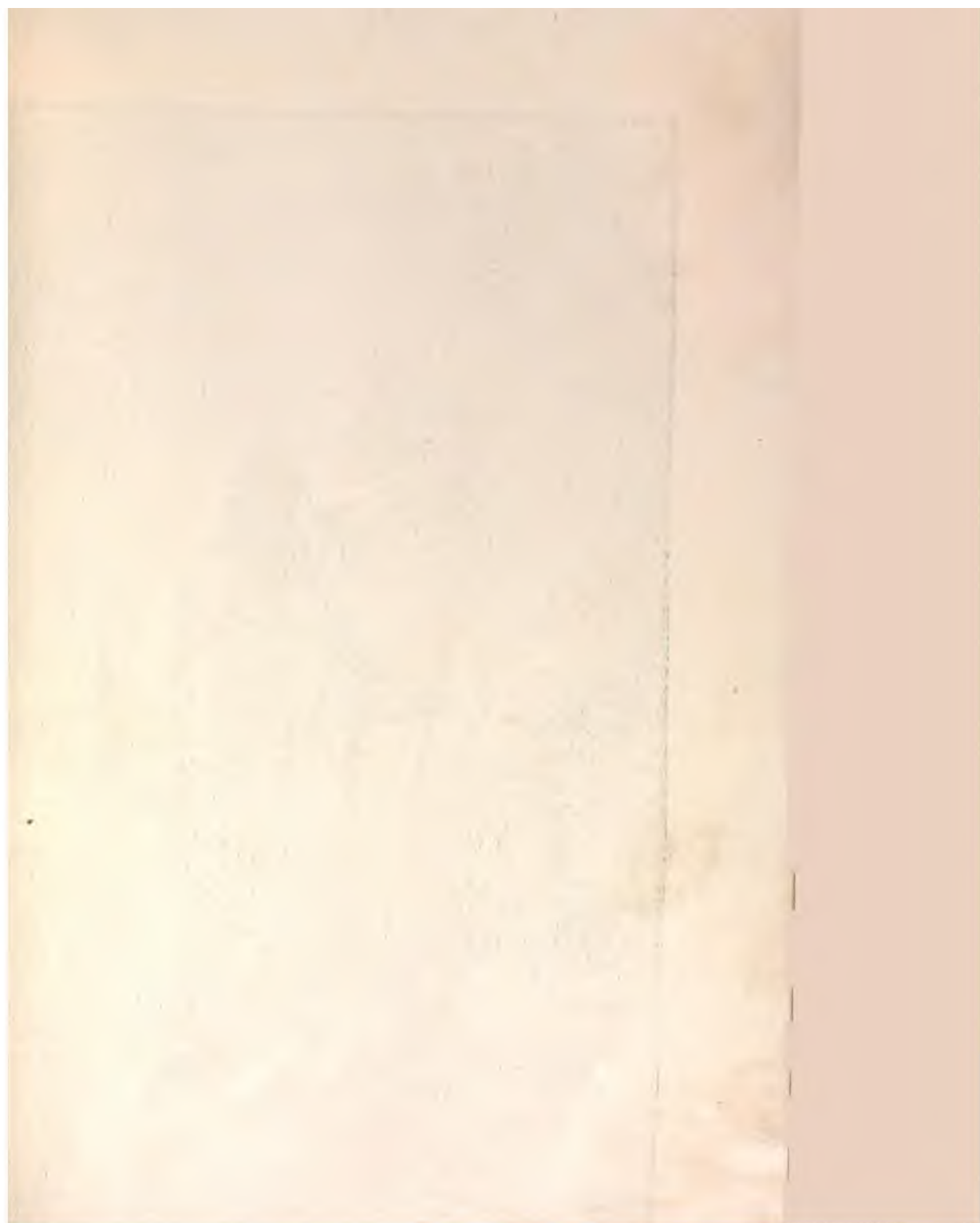
which, while it does not equal his best work, is still characterized by the attractive impression of style. This story, in common with his others, forcibly presents the same tagous result of deceit under similar circumstances. He impresses the reader with the result of a mistake or a sin, and the perpetrator is cognizant that the inevitable law of justice demands recompense. It is a lesson of living under false colors, and that a great deal of disappointment might be avoided by always maintaining a reserve of courage to maintain this position, and a man of deep character on the surface, deception and avoidance of justice, and the before the immediate condemnation of society that compresses its ire, thereby abnormally expands its gross and surplus.

Goethe, whose nature was selfish, and though he was not a say that he only sought the self who could be of use and benefit could not but lift up the self. His appreciation of womanhood failed to recognize in that simple and wonderful character of Margaret. Mystics say :

All of mere transient  
As symbol showeth.  
Here, the inadequate  
To fulness groweth.  
Here the ineffable  
Wrought is in love:  
The ever-womanly  
Draws us above.









THE WILD WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS



# THE CALIFORNIAN.

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## TWILIGHT.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

SUN-GODS are weaving silver in the sky.  
Low in the west where fleecy pink mists loom  
Above far fields of oleander bloom  
Squadrons of milky clouds go shifting by,  
Pale argosies upon a sea of blue;  
From distant marshlands sudden winds spring up  
That shake the chestnut from its bronzen cup  
And wet the lily's cheek with tears of dew;  
In this sweet space beside the mossy wall  
Where widowed black-eyed-Susan droops her head,  
The nervous wax-wing lifts his top-knot red  
As from the pines his mate doth piping call;  
Long shadows creep from out the wood, and now  
A single star gleams on the mountain's brow.









## FIESOLANA.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

There is nothing old in Europe, we are apt to say disdainfully with a fine disregard of mountains, rivers and the like, dating all antiquity from man. And are not right? Hills, rivers, and plains—the works of Nature never wax old; only the works of man age and decay.

Though there be nothing old in Europe, there are some things older than others. One spot I know which exists in its small circumference of three thousand years and stretches over up and down its hills with the characters of that life; that whoso runs may read, exhibit in such fashion that whoso stands a little and cares to brush the dust of centuries may read enough.

Venerable Asia may be supposed to look down upon upstart Europe, venerable Fiesole, seated high on its hills, looks down upon upstart Florence in the valley below.

Nay, it appears that Fiesole has a right to look down upon Asia itself, if she pleases, for we find this gravely recorded by an early historian:

"From Adam till the time of King Ninus, who conquered the entire world in battle and subjected it to his power, at the time when Abraham was born, there were 2,344 years." And then after a description of the boundaries of Europe: "In which part thus bounded was one primal lord, whose name was Atalan, or Jupiter. And his wife was beautiful and her name Electra. And with them lived Apollonius, a great master of astrology; and all their doings were ordered by him. And they, together with him, chose and selected out of all their realm one sovereign spot, where they founded Fiesole, which was the first city built in the world after the flood of the Ark of Noah. And this spot was chosen by Apollonius as the most salubrious, that is, in respect of its air and in re-



spect of its being under the influence of the biggest and most auspicious planet that could be found."

Or we may rest content with the tale of a second historian who says Fiesole was founded by Atlas to be the tomb of his celestial daughter.

Every one knows Fiesole. Not a tourist who passes through the Lily-City but takes a day (half a day if he be a true, typical tourist), and runs out in the abomination of an electric tram to the piazza on the hill-crest, where he peeps into the cathedral, eats a hasty lunch at the restaurant of the Aurora, buys a straw fan from the Tuscan vendor, and rackets back to town in the tram, confident that he has "done" Fiesole. In this sense and after this manner all know her, but few in any other. Yet she deserves better of men—even of tourists; to tell her history truly would be to tell the history almost of civilized Europe. It would be to go back a thousand years before Florence rose from her meadows. It would be the tale of that mysterious race of remote oriental, half-mythical origin; conquerors of the mysterious Pelasgians (themselves Pelasgians—"Sea-Strangers"), who, with that ship

whose victorious prow adorned the earliest coins, brought letters and a civilization already as barbarian Italy, and of how it was so strangely allied to the Hittites, so widely differing from it, yet so Etruria—"Mother of Superstition."

For *Fiesole* was one of the Etruscan towns. Like every Etruscan town it is the crown of a lofty hill, and the ancient city is encircled, after the Etruscan fashion, with a wall whose stupendous remains remain even now a wonder to the world. Whatever means were employed to place those blocks, the force of an entire nation must have conspired, more than least, for such an undertaking as marvellous in its way as the system of engineering which was the glory of Italy, Italy; her plains and her desolate Maremma a field for the days of Etruria—Maremma of which the peasant says "In Maremma you get rich and die in six months."

The wall and a few fragments of pottery and bronze gathered in the Museum are all that Etruria has to show to-day; yet, for all, either, for a subtle thr



FIESOLE.





CHRIST AND ST. JOHN.

habit connects the Fiesolan of to-day with that vanished. Women still dip water from in vessels of an Etruscan and the mason graves his plain wavy lines or dotted zig-zag. (we kin's aur it) as his did three and years

ise it is a from the Lucumo to the Fiesolani re hand-peasants, n where or; chief-ent upon w indus- in the of fans, hat-plaits & knacks, out the

of livings. Fan-makers rentesimo (the fifth of a cent) nished fan which sells for a enty cents) in the shop on t; and if the fan-maker be gly skilful and eternally in- she may make twenty fans ar cents)—but this is in no

wise probable. Workers in fancy hat-braids make from forty to eighty centesimi (varying with the elaboration of the pattern) for twelve metres; these I suppose may make from eight to ten cents a day—a day of twelve or fourteen hours, into which must be somehow crowded a modicum of housework and the care of ever-present babies. But there is one great alleviation: each works in her home, usually sitting just within the open door, with access to sun and air and the voice of a neighboring worker. So that even at these prices—even at these hours—the lot of the Fiesole straw-worker has often seemed to me happy compared with her sister's of free and shop-tending or free and



THE CLOISTER.

factory-employed America. Disaffection, the growing unrest, is not wanting even here.

"We who work make nothing; the fabricante (employer) makes all," say the women, with a hardening of sweet faces above the busy fingers, which do not pause even for conversation—

and yet Italian fingers were made, primarily, for talking.

But all this is modern—much too modern to be interesting! The poor and the wage-earners have we always with us; who dares have the ill-regulated audacity to assert, in the midst of antiquity, that the antique has not a claim above the modern, and that in all Etrurian Fiesole there is nothing better worth studying than a single one of these straw-working peasants? Who indeed! Let us rather see what else Etrurian Fiesole has to show. She has much; for from the cross of her topmost convent to the waves of Mugnone at her feet, she is set all over with villas and fountains, with churches and chapels and wayside shrines—each of them illustrious, or, at the least, romantic; and the green of Tuscan laurel and the silver gray of olives mantle her from crown to feet.

She was already a thousand years old before the Lily-City won her flower name; and each of those years had added a page to her history, a legendary chapter to her romance. Dante remembered this when, writing in his "Paradiso" of the early Florentine dames, he wrote:

Another, with her maidens drawing off  
The tresses from the distaff, lectured them  
Old tales of Troy, and Fiesole, and Rome.

With the fall of Etruria, Fiesole fell. Florence, risen at the will of Sylla to supplant, was jealous of the ancient strength of such a neighbor, betrayed her on the feast-day of San Romolo—Fiesole's patron saint, and forced the inhabitants to remove to the city below. And yet again, many years after, Florence attacked the Fiesolan chieftains who still clung to their fortress home, and in a three months' siege conquered them by famine.

Since then Fiesole has no history—only reminiscences.

Below, the Flower-City spreads the enlarging circle of her walls and pushes upward her spires, her war-

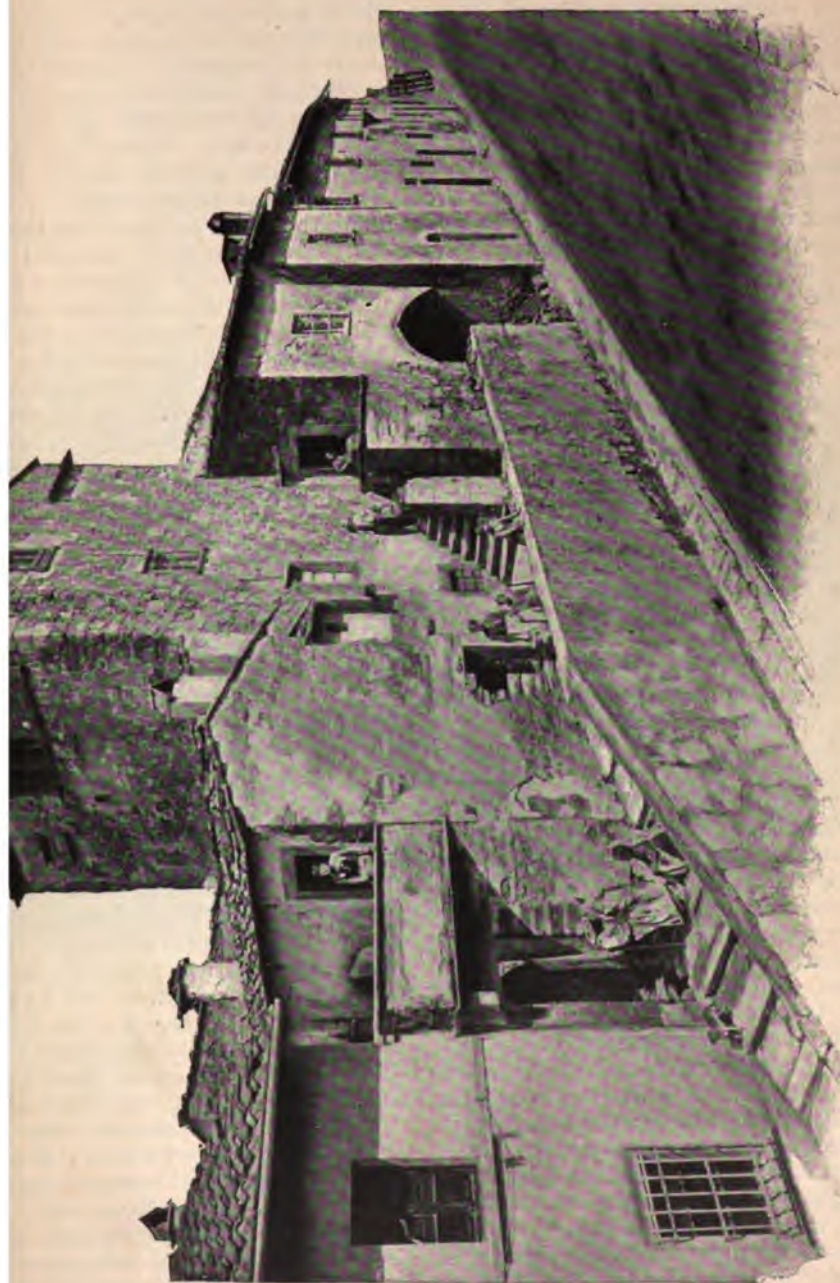
towers, and bell-towers gray, sombre, silent, withful of buildings clinging to tainous sides, and her habitants, Fiesole stands grand-dame whose life is while her children's charm about her feet. Even charm to draw those who vistas of memory and dis the imagination away from things of Florence to her slopes.

And at times, under a ing sun, with all her pining over walls, with a trees showering white rain and "triumphant nightingale" in the ilexes as if a nightingale's only song-tongues laughs with a younger Florence ever wears.

I do not speak of the Monte Sinario whence Dante on Florence, of Milton's brosa, of Val d'Arno, a Carraras, though these belong of Fiesole to her dwellers the stone seat placed on it and dedicated "to his brothers of all nations, bishman," the eye learns of itself with a vision of modern innovation—an el—screches and grates and down the hill; Etrurian tram meeting oddly—to vantage of the tram. E will may leave the abominable by picturesque paths, each foot on historic ground, height to valley.

The ancient citadel is proud memories. They that Hannibal quartered here for two weeks; that whom this mountain cot with legends, and from the Uberti were proud to scent) when he fled from refuge here before he v death, near Pistoia; that sieged the place and Syl devastated it—legendary





STREET IN FIESOLE.

enough for one small city, surely, and between the legend and the history it were a pity to choose. If one must choose, however, let him lean to the side of the legend—that may happen to be the side of truth.

The town is a Catholic stronghold now—Catholicism risen on the foundation of other faiths, like its own quaint church of San Alessandro, built in the days of Theodosius, over the ruins of a heathen temple, itself reared upon Etruscan foundations. The convent of St. Francis sends down a stream of brown monks daily, as the Jesuit college below lets out its flight of black-gowned students; "black-birds" we call them without disrespect, for the fluttering of robes and twitter of young voices as they pass is like nothing so much as the startled rise of a black-winged throng from a grain field. There is usually an elder *frater* in charge of the troop, who casts his eyes sedately down at the approach of an accursed feminine thing.

In the cathedral there are other things to be seen besides the tomb of the patron saint—lovely work of Mino da Fiesole, sculpture, and tracery and fresco by many hands. And indeed all about the ruins and records of an older day which is still young to the morning hour of Etruria, blossom the flowers of mediæval and renaissance art. Every church, every chapel has its altar-piece, its lunette, its fresco by its artist of note. Little wayside shrines start out from corners with a Lucca della Robbia Madonna or Saint Somebody, Bandinelli fountains and stone heads spout from the walls unexpectedly, and busts and statues, of all ages and stages and degrees, peer above walls or look complacently through a rose tangle from a superior terrace. Here and there a tablet set in the wall beneath an image of the Virgin records that "For mercies received" some grateful heart placed it there; or bids you, "O passer-by! say an Ave Maria."

And as for villas—history or a historic Most splendid of all, Enzo's rises wall upon race upon terrace against the sky, all converted "which Tuily might say Symonds. Here cent, who greatly l feasted his friends, l with the great spirits o perhaps wrote these p which Vernon Lee (he in Fiesole, by-the-bye) marked the transition f dle Ages" in literature ern times" in literati poems of "knights a those of "peasants and distinguished ghostly would be, if one mig back who trod these g ers, poets, statesmen, men of letters and ol with a gay dame or tw cades across the stones the terrace balustrade.

Lower down in the Medici is the villa Ror ing the arms of the Vit old as Etruria and infan among the infamous Fl corrupt age. The villa a Medici (Cosimo, I Vitelli, who repaid the by carrying off the Prin whereupon the Medici the throat of ingratiud maining Vitelli as pron villa and moved away, reasons, doubtless. It secret stairway, its sug hole, and breathes of life-likely! There is a lini Rondinelli about tl and there is no harm one's self with the fa young true-lover, Ror have burned his student of these, ere Ginevra—t—fled from the death cl the Way of Death to hi comed living or dead, a—and Love always—we



by is the villa of the Buondel-  
 those Good Men of the Moun-  
 who so dubiously deserved their  
 and from whose household divi-  
 prang the Good-apart (Buon-a-  
 faction which migrated to  
 a "and has since been heard  
 the historian dryly remarks.  
 beyond is a long building, by  
 ss a deserted convent, whose  
 records that Dupré greatly  
 these smiling hillsides and

whose every gate opens into a ro-  
 mance, one winds presently out upon  
 the Piazza of San Domenico di Fiesole  
 —midway down the slope.

Here is the Church of San Do-  
 menico with its close convent, in  
 whose grounds white nuns go glid-  
 ing like daytime ghosts, and where  
 Beato Angelico shaped his heavenly  
 visions before he went to transfigure  
 the walls of San Marco. Here too,  
 is the old Badia, the favorite monas-



THE CAVE OF MT. CECERI.

ere, and thus the Past comes  
 ly down to the Present. In  
 xt garden the sombre brows of  
 keep watch above the wall—I  
 not if for special significance.  
 , on another sweep of Fiesolan  
 s the cedar-shadowed domain,  
 late lord was Landor, but  
 armorial pines and the legend,  
 del Pini," beneath the shrine  
 r Lady of Seven Sorrows, speak  
 earlier century. Winding thus  
 en villa and garden-walls,

tery of the Medici, whither Pico  
 Mirandola—that glass of fashion and  
 mould of form in the days when  
 Florentine form and fashion was the  
 mould and mirror of the best part of  
 Europe—came to meditate and write  
 his learned treatises. The old Badia!  
 —it too runs over with its blithe flock  
 of students, and on holidays and in  
*Carnivale* the Badia boys give enter-  
 tainments of their own enacting to  
 the peasantry about.

The Bandinelli fountain which



plashes merrily just above the Piazza may almost have been a witness to the encounter between its maker and that specially "honest man," Benvenuto Cellini, of which Benvenuto has left us the artless tale. He had gone to Fiesole, he tells us, to see a natural son whom he had there at nurse and of whom he was exceedingly fond. When he was about to leave, the child would not part with him, but held him fast with his little hands, crying, so that "it was surprising in an infant of two years." All of which appears to have touched Cellini's heart much, but he remembered that he had nevertheless

To-day Fiesole is largely foreigners, like so many famous of Europe. English and Americans hold the villas scattered up its sides, and perhaps are a to the Fiesolan peasants, with the best part of their little from these "mad Americans" rich *Inglese*. But more than her sunshine or her beauty has a potent spell which binds the future as well as to the present, insures that she will never forsaken by the travelling bohemian poet, or sight-seer. One has given immortality to this road which borders upon Mu



THE BAY OF SPEZZA.

intended to waylay Bandinelli, who went every evening to visit his farm above San Domenico, and to attack him and "punish his insolence;" so he tore himself away from the engaging little son and started in pursuit of his enemy. Just as he entered the Square of San Domenico from one side, Bandinelli entered from the other "upon a little mule which appeared no bigger than an ass." Benvenuto made for him with the intention of summary vengeance, which Bandinelli beholding turned pale as death and trembled all over, so that Benvenuto, in disgust, declared he was not worth the trouble of killing and bade him "Fear nothing, vile poltroon," after which, he says, he returned home "somewhat easier in his mind!"

else a "most immemorial" Follow its placid curves (noting that across in that building is the paint-splashed where Arnold Böcklin spent or two) and presently this Boccaccio brings you to a was described long ago:

"It was a little eminence from any great road, covered with trees and shrubs of an agreeable nature; and on the top was a palace with a grand and court in the middle; with galleries and fine apartments elegantly fitted up and adorned with the most curious paintings. It were fine meadows and gardens with fountains of water."

It is the Villa Palmieri



l's Queen lodged here a few years

Nobody cares for that, but  
 sts of another quality were there  
 uries before her, and everybody  
 s. It is the villa of the De-  
 eron. Look well and you may  
 ice to see the fair Fiametta and  
 the chaplet-crowned Decameron-  
 company beneath the trees; nay,  
 ll swear that which passed me on  
 cy wing was Federigo's very fal-

For note a singular thing! Here  
 Fiesole, with grim Etruria en-  
 ned on her brow and a laughing  
 ameronian memory at her feet

up and down these ways—Landor in  
 his solitude truly lived—and very  
 living are the peasants and the many-  
 tongued tourists. Only the feet of  
 the Decameronian story-tellers never  
 pressed the grass; their voices never  
 moved the perfumed air; and yet,  
 they alone of all the number have  
 outlived death and time, and are the  
 most triumphantly alive inhabitants  
 of Fiesole to-day.

As to-day, so to-morrow. When  
 the last stone of the Etruscan wall  
 has fallen, and the rose and olive  
 have made a winding-sheet instead



THE BAY OF SPEZZA.

rim Etruria really walled those  
 ghts; the splendid glitter of me-  
 val life once really brightened  
 e hillsides; haughty generals  
 ough Roman soldiery marched

of a robe for Fiesole, people will say  
 of her as they do to-day:

"Fiesole?—ah, yes! we remember;  
 the country of Boccaccio, the home of  
 the Decameronian story-tellers."







## AROUND THE GARDEN OF GODS.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD

"SATURDAY, 15th November.—  
Marched early. Passed two  
deep creeks, and many high  
points of rocks, also large herds of  
buffaloes. At two o'clock in the  
afternoon, I thought I could distin-  
guish a mountain to our right, which  
appeared like a small blue cloud;  
viewed it with the spy-glass, and  
was still more confirmed in my con-  
jecture, yet only communicated it to  
Dr. Robinson, who was in front of  
me; but in half an hour it appeared  
in full view before us. When our  
small party arrived on the hill, they  
with one accord gave three cheers to  
the Mexican mountains.

"Wednesday, 26th November.—  
We commenced ascending; found the  
way very difficult, being obliged to  
climb up rocks sometimes almost  
perpendicular; and after marching  
all day we encamped in a cave with-  
out blankets, victuals, or water. We  
had a fine clear sky, while it was  
snowing at the bottom.

"Thursday, 27th November.—  
Arose hungry, thirsty, and extremely  
sore, from the unevenness of the rocks  
on which we had lain all night; but  
were amply compensated for our toil  
by the sublimity of the prospects be-  
low. The unbounded prairie was  
overhung with clouds which appeared  
like an ocean in a storm, wave piled  
on wave, and foaming, while the sky

over our heads was perfect  
Commenced our march up  
tain, and in about one hour  
at the summit of this chain  
found the snow middle deep  
covered no sign of beast or  
habiting this region. The  
meter which stood at 9° above  
the foot of the mountain, be-  
below. The summit of the  
Peak, which was entirely  
vegetation, and covered with  
now appeared at the distance  
teen or sixteen miles from the  
high again as that we had  
It would have taken a whole  
march to have arrived at  
when I believe no human being  
have ascended to its summit  
with the condition of my  
who had only light overhauls  
no stockings, and were even  
provided to endure the inclemency  
this region, the bad prospects  
ing anything to subsist or  
further detention of two  
days which it must occasioned  
mined us to return. The  
below had now ascended the  
tain and entirely enveloped  
mit, on which rest eternally  
We descended by a long, steep  
with much less difficulty than  
contemplated; found all o  
safe, but the provisions all  
It began to snow, and



under the side of a projecting where we all four made a meal partridge, and a pair of deer's which the ravens had left us, the first food we had eaten for eight hours."

is the account given by Cap-ebulon Montgomery Pike, U. of the discovery in 1808 of the

mountain which his name, and on northern base near Colorado Springs and ou.

was an intrepid the son of a Revolutionary father, Zebulon of New Jersey. nted in 1805 by al Wilkinson to ex- the upper Missis- he conducted the tion with such sation that in the fol- year he was en- d with a still more tant undertaking. g restored a band out fifty captive s to their people ved on the Osage he proceeded to forward his ex- ions, having been lly charged with ity of discovering urses of the Red

Ever in danger ack by Indians, r watched by the sh authorities, he crossed the Ar- s, thereby violat-

e terms of an arrangement then made between the United States panish governments, and trav- on foot in search of Red River. great difficulty and much suffer- om cold and exposure, Pike and rty, which consisted of one lieu- , one surgeon, two servants, rporal, sixteen privates, and an reter, reached what they sup- to be Red River, but which

proved to be the Rio Grande, and at a convenient point erected a fortified camp in February, 1807. They were not left long unmolested, for on the 26th of the same month Pike was conducted by a squad of Spanish soldiers to Sante Fé, thence to El Paso and Chihuahua. After a courteous captivity of four months, Pike was

allowed to return to the United States, via Nat- chitoches. In the second year of the war of 1812, this brave, sympathetic, and compassionate officer, who was adored by his men for his fortitude and humanity, lost his life by an explosion at Toronto, having been sent with a force against Canada with the rank of brigadier-general. This brief biographical mention is due to the memory of the first American who led the way into Central Colorado.

Other explorers followed into those awe-inspiring regions of the Rockies. In 1819 Colonel S. H. Long penetrated into the desolate wilds of Colorado, and in 1832 Captain Bonneville of the American Fur Company. In 1834, Fremont, guided by the snow-crowned peak that had lured the intrepid Pike, reached the same localities where he and



SEVEN FALLS.

his frost-bitten men had struggled against cold and snow nearly four decades before. There the later explorer discovered mineral springs of medicinal qualities, and his expedition added much to the little that was known about that mountainous region. Both before and after the acquirement of the territory from Mexico at the close of the war of 1846-48, a few adventurous spirits were wont to find their way





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AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



the mountain fastness of Colorado. These roving adventurers, however, were principally hunters and trappers, and it was not until that the great stampede westward into the Pike's Peak country place. The pioneers of the previous year had discovered gold, and in the fall of 1858 had founded the towns of Auraria, Denver, Boulder, and Lead City, and other smaller settlements. The reports of these new discoveries caused the rush into Colorado only equalled by that into California ten years earlier. From that time this vast region of prairies and mountain ranges, of beautiful meadows and green gorges, of fertile valleys and snow-capped peaks, was no longer a land of mystery and solitude. Development went rapidly forward, mining towns sprang up on all sides in that mighty confusion of nature, and the mixture of the beautiful and the terrible, and railroads have been constructed along lines fearful with dark gorges and beetling cliffs. The managing director of the Kansas Pacific Railway, during the early years of its construction toward Denver, was General William J. Palmer, who formed the great project of opening up a vast region by building a line of railway from Denver to the City of Mexico, as a main from which numerous branch lines could be extended into the gorges and

canyons of the Rockies in which the precious metal lay hidden. Unsupported, however, by the directors and unable to obtain a subsidy from the Government, he severed his connection with the Kansas Pacific and proceeded to carry out an enterprise of a different kind. This was the founding of a town which would become the site of a good city in the event of the proposed railroad ever being built.

In the autumn of 1870, in company with Hon. A. C. Hunt and others, he left Denver to visit a locality which Hunt, who knew the country thoroughly and had perfect confidence in its future, believed would offer the best inducements to select it as the site for the projected town. Leading them southward he conducted his companions to the base of Pike's Peak; the advantages of the locality were recognized, and the first step toward the consummation of Palmer's city-building project was taken. A company was organized under the corporate name of the Colorado Springs Company, and took up a track of 10,000 acres of land. Moreover, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company was organized, and the Mountain Base Investment Company, a name which was soon changed to that of the National Land and Improvement Company. These companies acted with such energy



THE SANGRE DE CRISTO.





THE TOP OF THE RANGE.

that on July 31st, 1871, the first stake was driven on the site of Colorado Springs, and within a year seventy-five miles of railway connected the new town with Denver.

Colorado Springs thrived and grew apace. In ten years' time it contained a resident population of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, a showing which proves the wisdom of its founders in their choice of site in face of the fact that it is not a mining town, and that the sources of its wealth are external. It is in fact a sanitarium offering inducements to the health-seeker in climate, scenery, and mineral waters that have carried its fame through the continent. Its name, however, must be regarded as a misnomer, for the celebrated medicinal springs from which it derived its name are located at Manitou, lying six miles to the west. The survey was made on a liberal basis, the site being cut up into ample-sized lots intersected by wide streets, which were planted at great cost with avenues of trees, the sidewalks being skirted by rivulets of flowing water conducted from the mountains by a canal and irrigation

work. No expense was made the place attractive. on a level plain, with rich grounds, and many a fertile in the mountains to the west become the home of the ranch whose cattle ranges extend fifty miles away.

Included in the purchases the Land and Improvement was a beautiful glen at the Mountain Pass. Here were the mineral springs, and here the town-site was laid out which opened hand in hand with Colorado Springs. La Fontaine was first given to this new water but it was soon changed to Manitou. It sprang into popularity at once, and thousands of and health-seekers from the States and Europe visit it each season. The population of is consequently of a transient character; unlike Colorado Springs town is largely composed of and boarding-houses, and its transient appearance during which is the "season" for tourists at Colorado Springs.





As a health resort the locality of Colorado Springs and Manitou proved so beneficial to persons of delicate health, particularly to those having a tendency to pulmonary weakness, that numbers of visitors from the Eastern States have settled permanently in the neighborhood and engaged in some agricultural or pastoral pursuit, having their homes located at Colorado Springs. Many of the ranch owners and cattle-men first visited the country as health-seekers—both American and English

ing, and became a place avoided by the turbulent and dissolute, a objective point of right-minded order-loving settlers.

But while these settlements gave all the requirements for perfect health and natural prosperity, object-lessons are also given in great schools which nature has hatched all around; and while the bodily frame is provided for by bounteousness and kept in health by her hygienic treatment, the education of the soul is not neglected.

The grandeur of the architecture, the majesty of her pictures, the magnificence of her stupendous life which contain the lessons of the past in our pages bound in sandstone, lime-stone rocks, in the air and elevate the mind.

Many are the beautiful attractions in scenery, the wonders presented by the natural objects that are within easy access of Colorado Springs and Manitou. Situated at the foot of Pike's Peak, whose majestic summit towers above the surrounding plain, the former stands on a level plain 6,000 feet above the sea-level. Manitou, five or six miles to the west, lies at the



LONG'S PEAK.

—and being possessed of all the advantages of wealth and education, contributed largely to the social refinement prevailing in the settlement, which its founders promoted by establishing Colorado Springs as a temperance town. Every deed of sale of land given by them contained a forfeiture clause, in accordance with which the property conveyed was to revert to the Colorado Springs Company in case intoxicating liquor was sold at any time on it. Thus this frontier town was a bright exception to its class in social and moral stand-

ing, and became a place avoided by the turbulent and dissolute, a objective point of right-minded order-loving settlers. But while these settlements gave all the requirements for perfect health and natural prosperity, object-lessons are also given in great schools which nature has hatched all around; and while the bodily frame is provided for by bounteousness and kept in health by her hygienic treatment, the education of the soul is not neglected. The grandeur of the architecture, the majesty of her pictures, the magnificence of her stupendous life which contain the lessons of the past in our pages bound in sandstone, lime-stone rocks, in the air and elevate the mind. Many are the beautiful attractions in scenery, the wonders presented by the natural objects that are within easy access of Colorado Springs and Manitou. Situated at the foot of Pike's Peak, whose majestic summit towers above the surrounding plain, the former stands on a level plain 6,000 feet above the sea-level. Manitou, five or six miles to the west, lies at the foot of that giant sentinel, near in a mountain nook. Scenic diversity of many varieties are near at hand. Bright pictures of smiling valleys gay with flowers of divers colors, resonant with murmuring brooks and the hum of waterfalls; gorges into which the sun's rays penetrate; massive mountain peaks and stupendous rocks; and ocean-wave-surfaced plains can be seen within short distances from Manitou or Colorado Springs.

Principal among these wonderful natural features is the Garden of the



ch is striking and exceptional in attractiveness of fantastic shapes and white sandstone which it rents, its image rocks, and its stupendous gateway. The huge portal which forms the entrance to this romantic spot is flanked by perpendicular masses of red rock rising several hundred feet above the narrow pass-way along which winds the road which leads the visitor to the wonder-enclosure. When you enter this mysterious recess, you may well imagine that you are intruding into an abandoned workshop of Titan sculptors. For a couple of miles more the grass-carpeted floor is strewed with colossal rock-forms of every design, carved in white and sandstone. Here a giant artist has roughly fashioned a human face in the rock, there another has erected cathedral towers and spires hundreds

of feet in height, while a third has cut out huge pillars with his invisible chisel. Scattered in endless confusion lie fantastic shapes, the ground around them littered with the chip-pings and fragments split off by the mighty workmen. You marvel at the uncouth ponderous forms, and the fancy creeps into your mind that the sculptors of your imagining wanted persistency in their artistic labors, casting aside their half-finished productions one after another and carrying to completion no single piece of work. But the slow corrosive industry of the elements in their operations upon the solid rocks is not directed to the building up of architectural structures and the modelling of symmetrical forms, but is employed in destruction, and as you look down the long vista of future time and mentally revisit this thought-stirring glen, you



TELLURIDE.

"The Garden of the Gods is a place of great beauty and interest. It is a place where the elements of nature have combined to create a scene of unparalleled beauty. The rocks are of various shapes and sizes, and they are arranged in a way that suggests a great design. The colors of the rocks are also very beautiful, ranging from white to gray to salmon-colored to cream to bronze. The vegetation is also very beautiful, with many different kinds of trees and shrubs. The water is also very beautiful, with many different kinds of lakes and streams. The sky is also very beautiful, with many different kinds of clouds. The Garden of the Gods is a place of great beauty and interest, and it is a place that everyone should visit at least once in their lifetime."

Though the Garden of the Gods is a prominent attraction to the tourist, there are other vital scenes that excite his wonder and admiration. Around the Park, with its almost perpendicular rock walls, winding its narrow course through the mountains to the level plain of South Park, is rich in natural grandeur and picturesque. This depicts a natural highway over the range and bounds on plains and valleys, valleys, canyons, and canyons, and waterfalls. The view is a very fine one, and it is a very fine one.

When you are in the Garden of the Gods, you will find a very fine view of the mountains. The mountains are very high and very steep, and they are covered with a very fine vegetation. The water is also very beautiful, with many different kinds of lakes and streams. The sky is also very beautiful, with many different kinds of clouds. The Garden of the Gods is a place of great beauty and interest, and it is a place that everyone should visit at least once in their lifetime."

The Garden of the Gods is a place of great beauty and interest. It is a place where the elements of nature have combined to create a scene of unparalleled beauty. The rocks are of various shapes and sizes, and they are arranged in a way that suggests a great design. The colors of the rocks are also very beautiful, ranging from white to gray to salmon-colored to cream to bronze. The vegetation is also very beautiful, with many different kinds of trees and shrubs. The water is also very beautiful, with many different kinds of lakes and streams. The sky is also very beautiful, with many different kinds of clouds. The Garden of the Gods is a place of great beauty and interest, and it is a place that everyone should visit at least once in their lifetime."

Conspicuous among features of the mountains is the shining white; gray, and salmon-colored; cream to bronze-hued, they supply inimitable beauty, taxing skill to represent them with brush. The harmonious tints of colored rocks with greens of grasses and the deep blue of the sky are a very fine scene of importance and grandeur.

To mention all the details of the imposing landscape would be to exhaust the power of the pen. The Garden of the Gods is a place of great beauty and interest, and it is a place that everyone should visit at least once in their lifetime."



to express in words the feelings of exhilaration with which the pure and high elevation intoxicate the senses would be impossible. It would be unpardonable to omit any mention of Monument Park and that object idyl, Glen Eyrie; the Falls and the Seven Lakes lying in a deep basin of Cheyenne mountains.

These extraordinary lakes, 11,500 above sea-level, deserve more than a passing notice, on account of the weird and lovely aspect of the mountain hollow in which they are cradled. A mile higher up than Colorado Springs a vast basin, bedded by a break in the mountain's side, lies hidden in its bosom, walled by mighty cliffs. The great expanse of water that once filled this immense rock-locked reservoir ages ago burst through its confining dam, and its way in beautiful rivulets to the plains below, and shrank into a series of seven lakelets separated by islands of meadow land, bright in the spring and summer with green grasses and brilliant flowers. The largest of these lakes is but eighty acres in extent, and lies close up to the south wall of the basin; the others are scattered in irregular groups on the floor of the hollow. The loneliness, the Plutonian gloom, the almost ultra-mundane conditions of this wild, secluded spot, particularly by night, are well described by a writer in one of the New England magazines:

The peaks which make the south wall of the basin are all between eleven and fourteen thousand feet

Over such a wall as this the stars and suns come late and dimly, as if they had no right in the place. The slow approaches of light on a full-moon night are wonderful to see. Its first radiance comes on the northernmost peak, yet all the lakes and the whole basin are wrapped in darkness; it is a radiance, but a sort of shining only one shade less than the

darkness. For hours this creeps slowly as a mist, inch by inch, from peak to peak, round by way of the west; then above the upper line of the south wall comes a white glow; from this gradually diffuses a silvery sheen over the upper half of the valley. Still no moon; still the larger lakes, at the base of the silver-crested south wall, are black. Not until full midnight or past does the first direct beam fall on the water; then it is but a bar—one narrow, sharp-lined, straight bar of white—beneath which the water seems to quiver, shot through and through with silver sparkles; then, in a second more, the moon, as if the bar of light had been her silver wand, lifted just in advance of her, compelling surrender of the spot.

"Dawn comes over in the same way. Long after day has begun the lakes lie purple and black and darkest malachite greens, and the shadows of the mountains do not seem to give place. Not until ten o'clock of the forenoon on the day we left did the full sunlight get in. It came with a rush at the last second. As it swept over us, it seemed strange that it should be soundless, for it passed so swift like a wind."

No sunbeam penetrates this deep wound in the mountain's breast until the day-god is within two hours of his meridian. In truth, the visitor to Colorado Springs can gain a glimpse at Plutonian realms or gaze upon the glories of an Olympus; he can find his way into recesses wherein fairies might love to dance by moonlight and hold their "little rout"—spots such as those to which

"Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,  
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;  
And stealthy Mab, queen of all realms romantic,  
Came too, from distance in her tiny wain,  
Fresh dripping from a cloud—some bloomy rain,  
Then circling the bright moon, had washed her car,  
And still bedewed it with a various stain;

Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,  
Who bears all fairy embassies afar."

He can intrude into dells where the wood-nymphs dwell; he can linger at the foot of falls in whose spray sports the water-sprite, and he can tread on mountain tops and have the whole world beneath his feet.

Pike's Peak, the summit of which the explorer whose name it bears strove so hard to reach, is now accessible to children. A cog-wheel railway has been constructed to the mountain's top, and the round-trips may be made in a few hours from Manitou. There is, moreover, a carriage road, available during the summer months, leading from Cascade Canyon to the same summit on which stands, nearly  $2\frac{3}{4}$  miles (14,147 feet) above the sea, a United States signal station.

It is not, then, to be wondered at, that, with such attractions as this, tourists, as soon as the new settlements became known, flocked to this Rocky Mountain resort, while owing to the pure atmosphere of the region, invigorating climate, and the medic-

inal waters, invalids visit the sanitarium and, restored, make Colorado Springs their permanent home. How great a influx to this whilom mouse town within a few years! The town site had been surveyed and gathered from the fact that over 13,000 visitors registered at hotels that had been nearly an equal number of years in private board and lodgment. Since that time Colorado Springs, her twin-sister Manitou, has continued to prosper. The town, from north, south, east, and west, by railways that have been constructed to Colorado Springs as a focal point, Palmer energetically pushing southward from Denver, is the community, it has advanced with the progress of the world, and on ground which has been ill-clad, starved, and frost-bitten, looked down upon, if not despised, on it, public schools and churches and noble buildings have been an assertion of civilization's influence over nature's wilderness and its influence over savageism.







"HONO SAN."

the Japanese as the sole criterion; fascinating manners, a ready but modest wit, and a gift for writing poetry and understanding poetical allusions weigh heavily in the balance, and some of their famous so-called "beauties" owe their reputations as such more to fascination of manner and a witty tongue than physical charms.

Really beautiful women are not common in any country, but Japan has her fair share of them, though the ordinary traveller has not many opportunities of meeting them.

The beautiful women of the aristocracy, with two or three notable exceptions, are not often seen by any one save a few intimate Japanese friends. If they are court ladies, very occasionally some high court ceremony may bring them into slightly more general view.

This is not because there is any Oriental system of seclusion, but because there is absolutely nothing to take them outside the house or castle grounds. There are no balls, no parties, no social functions at which women of this class are present at the same time as the men of the family.

Exceptionally beautiful women in the lower walks of life who are not

married to merchants of similar standing, whose wives are seldom seen by the general public, as the aristocracy, become *geisha*, or 'professional beauties'.

The first-class or "noble" *geisha*, as they are called, are only a little less seen by the "globe-trotter" than the lady of aristocratic rank, for the charges for their services are very high, and they do not lower their standing by being seen in a chance way by foreigners or common Japanese. Their services are frequently booked weeks in advance, so that they alone cannot always command their presence.

Of course, foreigners are not to be seen any length of time in Japan, and who mix with the Japanese usually receive no opportunity to fine entertainments, and thus have opportunity to see some of the famous *geisha*. As a consequence we find that in old and those travelling abroad seen both these women, the aristocracy, that is, the aristocracy, that is, seen all classes, assert t



KATSUMA.



beautiful, very beautiful women in Japan, and this not because their eyes have grown accustomed to the native style, but because they have had a much larger field of observation than is usually accorded the casual and transient visitor, or, in vulgar parlance, the "globe-trotter."

The *geisha* are frequently spoken of as "singing" or "dancing" girls, but "professional beauty" is really a

age in all the acquirements necessary to the position, and she holds no social rank.

The *geisha* are not actresses in the ordinary acceptation of the word. They never appear in the theatre or on a public stage.

Their dancing is in reality posturing, or pantomime, supposed to represent some scene from one of the ancient classical dramas.



A TYPICAL BEAUTY.

more correct term. The word "*geisha*" itself literally means "*artiste*."

With us the professional beauty attains that ephemeral distinction not alone by reason of her personal attractions, but through some combination of fortuitous circumstances, and she has a certain social status during the brief period of her reign, if not before. But the Japanese girl who aims to become a professional beauty is trained from a very tender

Besides the *odori*, or posturing, they learn to play one of the native instruments, the samisen, the koto, etc., and to sing according to the Japanese method, which is exceedingly difficult and which most foreigners wish were impossible.

But these are not the principal points in the training of a successful *geisha*. Soft looks, fascinating manners, sweet smiles, witty answers are part of her stock in trade. Her edu-



cation begins at seven years of age, or just as soon as she can be taught the figures of the dances.

A "number one" *geisha* must be cultivated and well read besides being able to dance and sing. Gentlemen who are giving dinner-parties or entertaining guests engage two or three or more *geisha* to come and amuse the company. They sing, dance, and talk, play various little games with their hands and fingers, and tell stories—anything, in fact, which seems to interest and amuse their patrons.

From time to time, some *geisha* becomes famous all over Japan for her beauty and brilliancy, and she is as much talked about as a celebrated actress is with us. Young men rave about her and commit all sorts of extravagances for her sake.

The morals of the *geisha* are of all shades, good, bad and indifferent, varying with the individual, but the *geisha* are quite distinct from the *yugo*. Though the *geisha* are not, correctly speaking, actresses, they hold a somewhat similar position in the Japanese

social scale to that which we occupy with us; and there is as much difference between the first-class *geisha* and the lowest as there is between a celebrated actress whose name is abroad and the "song and dance" divas.

In the same way as some people are scientific but rather narrow, some people regard every woman connected with a theatre as a prostitute, so some people consider every *geisha* a woman of bad character.

Of course this is very untrue in either case. The Japanese men as good and as pure as the English as off. It can scarcely be said, however, that both the actors and actresses of European theatres and the *geisha* of Japan live in a more refined atmosphere than most of our actors, though how much they differ by it depends upon them.

There are two cities in Japan which are celebrated for the beauty of their *geisha*. These are the two capitals, Tokyo and Kyoto.



BEAUTIES AT HOME.



that foreigners took a keen interest in the question of their beauty, lack of it, an enterprising native put up a sort of beauty show in Tokyo which one hundred *geisha* participated. The six photographs with names appended were especially chosen for this article.

The native gentlemen who selected them considered them among the most famous in Tokyo.

A glance will show that their selection was not based on physical beauty alone, and other considerations must have entered into their selection.

The first two portraits are of Yamato and Kameko, would, I think, be considered pretty by almost any one. Like the great majority of Japanese women, both these girls are small — under five feet. Yamato is taller of the two and approaches nearly the height of the Japanese.

Kameko is perhaps a more general favorite, being wittier and more vivacious than Yamato.

The beauty of these two *geisha* is of a certain dainty, refined kind, and although their social status is not very high, there is obviously a strain of aristocratic blood in their veins. They have the fair, pale, rose-tinted skin and slender, aquiline nose of the Japanese aristocrat.

Tamagiko and Katsuma are of the same type as their predecessors, but they are intensified examples of it. They are taller and even more slender, and by native judges would probably be considered prettier than Yamato and Kameko. When I say

slender I do not mean thin, for they are not that, but their frames are small and delicate.

Katsuma is more stately in manner and of graver demeanor than most of the others, and by older men and classical scholars she is held in the highest regard, for she is more deeply versed in the poets than almost any of her sister *geisha*.

Hanakichi's particular fascination lies in the sweet girlish expression of her face and that undefined charm that youth lends to even plain women, a more than usually evanescent attraction in Japan, where women are old at twenty-five. Kamkichi, too, has youth in her favor, and all the pretty curves and plumpness that accompany it.

Of the nine *geisha* specially men-

tioned, Hanakichi and Kamkichi are the most attractive to Western people. Their gestures and expression are almost appealing. They have an air of childish confidence, that whether real or assumed is very bewitching — the sort of nameless attraction sometimes possessed by our own women.



COSTUME OF A BEAUTY.





JAPANESE GIRLS POSING.

Hanakichi has a browner skin and slightly heavier features than Kamikichi, and of the two the latter is more universally admired by both natives and foreigners (Americans and Europeans) than Hanakichi, but the latter has a more captivating smile.

Katsuma, Ochiyo, and Koriki are *geisha* so famous for wit and accomplishments that the question of personal beauty is thrown into the background.

The *geisha* generally retire early in life and either marry or become teachers of music or dancing. Ochiyo and Koriki have already retired, and Katsuma will probably do so soon. Teachers who have themselves been famous *geisha* are always in demand, for, as I have before remarked, the Japanese "professional beauty" is trained for her calling, and from a celebrated *geisha* her pupils hope to acquire some of the graceful manners and dainty ways that made her so irresistible.

Wives and mothers look askance

upon the fascinating light of whose seductive strings of the father are apt to relax.

Into the slender li these girls more than resident has fallen, and Tokyo can boast the many a noted traveller saw, and (was) conquered and Britons alike subjugated by their charm.

Manner and bearing highly regarded by than beauty, and the gentleman who describes ideal of female loveliness necessary accompanimental beauty "a gentleman like a nightingale who divine its artlessness, a lively, sweet, gracious charming; witty word distinctly, accompanied smiles; a look sometimes gay or thoughtfully dignified. Manners not a little proud, but



ing the suspicion of undue aspiration."

not only in these modern days has her noted beauties, but all through her history we find the names of women who were renowned throughout the length and breadth of the land, either for the beauty of their faces, the delicacy of their features, or the vigor of their intellect.

In the Middle Ages, the Mikas were surrounded by courts unlike those of the French, and though they were openly adored by the *dame de padour* or *me de Main*, many a noble courtier, and that of the emperor himself, ruled in spirit over some woman secretly, and the string of the dance.

The first passion to favor was wit, a talent for mechanical work, quick comprehension of political allusions from the classical poets.

The Shoguns were more and

more of the actual power and the emperors sank to the position of *rois fainçants*, the court ladies gained ascendancy and the court itself grew more sumptuous and elegance, and became the centre of refinement and culture. Naturally the beautiful and talented women from all over the kingdom drifted to this centre.

These famous beauties of old we

have no pictures except those drawn by their own native artists, and in these all the women seem to be of the same curious type. The faces are unnaturally long, the eyes oblique slits, and the eyebrows so slanted that if continued they would meet at an angle—but further description is

useless; we all know the Japanese lady as depicted on the fans and jars of her native land.

The question is, are these pictures entirely imaginary, or are they correct representations of typical Japanese women? Most of us are well aware that the ordinary Japanese girl does not look like these pictures, but the question is, did such a type ever exist, and if so, does it still do so? Undoubtedly there was, and is yet, such a type, though it seems to be gradually dying out. The Tokugawas, the late Shoguns of the Empire, are of this type, and some of the ladies of the house are weirdly like the



A BATTLE-DOOR MAID.

remarkable women depicted by their native artists. They have the same fragile appearance, the oblique eyes, elongated features, and slender, dainty hands and feet of the pictured aristocrat. Beauty of this sort excites more wonder than admiration in the breast of a foreigner, but by the Japanese themselves it is regarded as the highest type. Secluded





卷之四

the family castles, these women and die as their grandmothers great-grandmothers did before.

An unvaried round of state-aristocratic etiquette, with a little reading, and a little giving of flowers according to ceremonial rules, makes up the sum of their lives.

The Sleeping Beauty, they live in a forest of exclusion unknown to the world. Of the wonderful things that are taking place in Japan about them, only a dim rumor reaches them occasionally. Dainty, and almost uncanny looking, they seem like embodied spirits of feudal ages rather than ordinary modern women.

They are born, married, have children, and depart this life without knowing much more of the world and its ways than when they first came into it; a narrow, even existence is theirs, with few very bright spots and few heavy shadows. This aristocratic type differs so essentially from the more heavily built, darker-skinned, "pudding-faced" common type that the origin of the former has excited investigation. It is now generally concluded that while the present Japanese race were all originally Korean, there were two great tides of immigration. The first who came over were probably the adventurous, who visited the islands on fishing excursions, intermarried among the Aino, and then settled down and began to develop the country. After a considerable number of these pioneers had tamed the land and civilized the islands to a certain extent, the way was smoothed for them, a more aristocratic class gradually followed.

These latter, being of much higher social status, never married among the Aino, the traces of whose foreign blood is seen yet in the so-called "pudding-faced" type.

There are to-day in Japan two distinct types—the slender, willowy, common in the aristocratic lady, and

the heavy plebeian of the low-class woman.

When we compare the Caucasian and Mongolian faces, we find that one of the principal differences is that while the former has a certain prominence about the eyes and upper jaw, the latter is almost flat in these regions. Another important difference is in the setting of the eye. With us the orbit is well defined, both above and below, but with a Japanese woman, the exact line where the forehead begins and the eyelids end would scarcely be distinguishable, were it not for the eyebrows. The eyes of both the Japanese and the Chinese are in reality the same shape as our own, but the eyelids of these races are drawn down so closely at the inner corners as to almost form a fold when the eyes are open. It is this peculiarity which gives that curious oblique look which is characteristic of the Mongolian face. This and the great flatness of the jaw lend the face a singularly meek and guileless look. These differences are also some of the reasons why Western people are not comely to the Japanese eye. According to their standard, the sunken orbit gives to our women even an appearance of grotesque ferocity that is far from pleasing.

In European dress the Japanese woman is, as a rule, far from pretty, though whether she looks as badly to us as our women in Japanese costume look to the Japanese is a mooted question.

The reason for this lies not only in the dissimilarity of figure, but also in the distinctly opposite carriage of the body adopted by Eastern and Western women. The bearing considered the most correct and aristocratic for a Japanese lady is the head bent slightly forward, the shoulders rounded, and a slight stoop of the upper part of the body; a submissive deportment being regarded as an eminently proper one for the inferior sex. In the loose, draped *kimono*



of the native dress, such a carriage does not seem awkward or ungraceful, but in Western attire the effect is singularly bad.

The national dress demands a very curious gait, a sort of short, shuffling trot. The narrow skirt open down the front would flap round the legs and make more exposure than would be either comfortable or decorous if our easy, free walk were adopted. In order to prevent the least tendency to striding, girls frequently have a cord tied from one knee to the other. The shuffling is due to the heavy *geta* or wooden sandal, which is fastened to the foot only by a strap passing over and between the great toe.

The *geisha* have a peculiar swaying walk and carry the hands before the body in a manner considered particularly elegant. The dress of the "beauty," the empress and the maid-servant differs only in the daintiness, the richness, or cheapness of the material employed; the cut and style

are the same, with the court robe, which drags on the ground.

On state occasions attached to the court costumes of exquisite set out round the roll of silk batting.

Some of these indescribably beautiful seeing one who marchioness at a which surpassed an imagined. It was crepe, with a flower blue, light blue, rose-pink, embroidered white silk floss.

The Japanese attention of bathers, and frequently takes to scalding hot baths.

Strange as it may be, the excessively hot bath has a refreshing effect and is refreshing, as we suppose. The water



THE TOILET OF A DANCING GIRL.



At the bath the color of the bather comes out the color of a boiled lobster; no soap is used, and a little towel, with its artistic blue and red border, is about as large as a pocket-sized pocket-handkerchief.

After her bath the beauty rubs herself with a little coarse muslin bagged with rice chaff, which is supposed to have a wonderfully good effect upon the skin and complexion. Probably its real benefit lies in the fact that the skin is thus more thoroughly dried than by the simple use of the towel.

This part of her toilet completed, the light cotton *kimono* is slipped on, and the *geisha* comes out of the bath-room fresh and smiling, to place herself in the hands of the shampooer, who is usually a blind man, shampooing or massage being almost as popular a resource as organ-playing in America.

The Japanese *amah* rubs down only, never up, and he uses the flat part of his forearm as well as his hand. Sometimes he rubs with a "massage ball." This is a wooden ball fitted into a round wooden box sufficiently tightly to prevent its falling out, but loosely enough to allow it to move easily.

After paying the *amah* the customary fee of three cents an hour, the beauty places herself under the hands of the professional hair-dresser, who comes twice or four times a week, according to the length of his customer's purse. One of the greatest beauties of the Japanese women is her long, lustrous black hair, the glossiness of which is more than made up for by its length and abundance.

Unfastening the heavy coil of hair from the top of her head, where the *ha* had rolled it up while she took her bath, the hair-dresser carefully washes it in tepid water, anoints it liberally with fragrant camellia oil, and fans it until it is dry. He proceeds then to build it into that elaborate superstructure affected by Japanese women. In order to make it

into that apparently solid ebon mass, he stiffens it with a sort of black wax, similar to the cosmetique used by our dandies and men of fashion upon their mustachios.

The hair of the native beauty is never disordered, and no husband or lover would dream of stroking or caressing the wonderful coiffure of his lady-love. No rebellious little curls run riot in sweet confusion over her pretty head. The slightest tendency to curl or wave the Japanese girl regards with horror, and every hair is marshalled into place like a soldier.

Except costly and elaborate hair ornaments she wears little or no jewelry—no earrings, bracelets, rings, etc., but the inlaid tortoise-shell pins in her hair may cost a small fortune. After the hair-dresser has finished dressing his customer's abundant locks, he draws out of his case a pair of tiny tweezers and removes all the superfluous hair about the eyebrows, forehead, and neck.

Before the days of much foreign intercourse the ladies of the imperial family and court had the eyebrows entirely plucked out, and two black dots or lines high up on the forehead replaced them; but this custom is now obsolete.

If the *geisha* has no very clever maid, the hair-dresser will probably finish his work by painting Beauty's face for her. First with white rice-powder he marks out two V-shaped points, one running just below the nape of the neck at the back, and the other to a similar depth in front. He then powders her whole face and neck as far as the points indicated, rouges her cheeks slightly, reddens the lower lip in the centre, and carefully dots it with three gold spots. It is not at all uncommon to see the red paint on the lips put on so heavily that it shows the metallic green lustre.

Though all *geisha* and many aristocratic women of the old school still paint their faces upon special occa-



sions, the custom is dying out among the latter. The use of cosmetics on the face is never looked at askance, or as a secret of the toilet as it is with us. A few years ago Japanese women not only painted the neck and face upon festive occasions, but the company were supposed to be quite well aware of the fact. Indeed a native lady would have felt mortified if she thought the other guests imagined she did not know enough to wear cosmetics upon ceremonial occasions. It was as much a feature of full dress as *décolleté* costume is in Europe and Great Britain.

Native ladies who have received a Western education, either at home or abroad, do not openly assume paint or wear the three gold dots on the lower lip. But numbers of Japanese women beside the *geisha* retain the custom. The paint on the lower lip requires that it should be slightly protruded lest the moisture of the upper lip affect it, which tends to give a half-pouting but not ill-tempered expression to the face, though it can scarcely be said to improve the appearance. The blackening of the teeth by married women has become almost obsolete. About twenty years ago the present empress endeavored to totally abolish this ugly practice, and discouraged it not only by precept but by example. The stain was made by soaking iron filings in *sake* and was of so temporary a nature that it had to be renewed at least once a week, and it was not constantly applied. The teeth soon regained their natural hue. Here and there an old woman may be met and who refuses to yield to the strange new-fangled ideas that are contaminating the young women of the day, and still blackens her teeth, just as she did when first married.

Of course the custom could be more disgusting and make a more ghastly effect if it was so nearly died out that the women got new for months together without meeting a woman with blackened teeth. Yet Mr.

Clement Scott is pronouncing the following this which is much as were to condemn for wearing nig chanced to know some old lady change from the youth when every as a matter of course.

Until very recent condition of a Japanese signified by the new wore her hair.

If it was rolled in one pompadour was a married woman was divided into in the middle and she was unmarried two different styling cording to whether marry again or not. The customs are not so old they used to be, still be seen occasionally.

In one particular way of dressing strictly preserved good character even an elaborate coiffure or hair-pins that a Japanese tortoise-shell ornament which may be a fiction tied in front proclaiming the *geisha's* call any circumstance wear her sash thus is imposed by law.

After the *geisha* is rubbed by the tresses arranged as by the profession retires to her own.

Slipping off her ties two little aprons puts a sort of shawl an inner *kimono* is fastened round the hand called a *shio* drawn as tightly *shio-yumi* is placed line, but round the

of the waist. The beauty of a man's figure, according to the Japanese standard, lies in a straight line drawn from under the arm to the knee.

The long, severe lines of the Japanese do not accord with curves, and demand that the lines of the garment beneath it be as little undulating as possible.

The fair *geisha's* figure shows an unfortunate tendency to curve at the waist, and enlarge at the hips, she requires the assistance of her maid to draw her *shita-jimé* as tightly as she can endure it.

Western dress reformers who advocate the Japanese costume as not only artistic but healthy, would do well to consider these two points: in the first place, though there is little or no constriction at the waist, there is a constantly very severe pressure round the hips; and secondly, the skirt of the *kimono* is so exceedingly narrow that free movement of the legs is almost impossible.

Though from the standpoint of beauty I admire the Japanese dress, I very much doubt if from the side of ease and comfort it can be highly recommended.

Over the inner *kimono* and *shita-jimé* comes the outside *kimono*, which bears upon its wide places the coat of arms of the establishment to which the *geisha* is attached. If the wearer is a lady, the crest of her husband's family is stamped or worked in these five places, viz., between the shoulders, on the back, each side of the breast in the center, and on each sleeve near the elbow. If the weather is cold two or three *kimonos* are worn, one over another, while in warm weather only one is put on.

Next of all comes the *obi*, the pride and glory of the Japanese belle. The *obi* or broad sash may cost a small fortune or only a few dollars. It may be stiff with gold bullion, silken embroidery, or of silk woven with an exquisite pattern, designed by some great artist.

A silk cord fastens it at the back, and a cushion or pad is placed under the broad ends. This pad, I honestly acknowledge, spoils the effect of the whole costume, to my eye. The sash ends are frequently too short to be graceful, and the padding so large as to be out of all proportion to the figure.

The *geisha's* toilet is completed when she assumes her *tabi* or thick white socks with a compartment for the big toe, and padded soles. If, however, she is going out the maid brings her sandals of lacquered wood and fine plaited rice-straw, and slipping her big toe under the brilliant velvet strap, the beauty is attired for the street. She is ready then either to pay visits or to go shopping. No hat, bonnet, gloves, mantle, or cloak troubles her. If the weather is very cold a square of silk lined with crepe is tied over the head. Inside of it are two little ear-straps, which make it fit over the head smoothly, but to arrange it quickly and gracefully requires considerable knack. It is always worn square, never three-cornered.

Should the weather chance to be stormy, the *geisha* shelters her pretty head with a paper or silk umbrella, and replaces her sandals with a pair of high clogs.

The "professional beauty" shines in all her glory in entertainments given at private clubs. This is her own particular domain, the realm for which she is so long and carefully trained. She never appears at a public theatre, either to act or dance; that is only for men to do. The *geisha's* mission in life is to make other people enjoy themselves.

Japan is a land of clubs and has been ever since the Middle Ages, when tea clubs (*cha-no-yō*) came into fashion. These institutions have increased and flourished until there are clubs for every conceivable and inconceivable object under the sun. Both now and in those days of old, singing and dancing by beautiful



*geisha* has always formed one of the principal attractions of club entertainments. Ladies, that is, the wives, daughters, or sisters of the host or guests, are never invited to dinners or entertainments, whether given at the club or a private house. So the brilliant, captivating *geisha*, with her beauty and wit, supplies the feminine element that would otherwise be lacking.

One of the most celebrated clubs in Tokyo is the Koyo or Momeji Kwan, the Maple Leaf Club. The *geisha* connected with this establishment are the most famous and beautiful in Japan, and receive the highest prices for their services.

Whatever the morals of the girls connected with this and similar institutions may be as private individuals, as a whole, they bear a very good character and their conduct while at the clubhouse is decorous and modest.

A member of the club who intends to give a dinner or fête of any sort with *geisha* performances must make his arrangements some time before, as the engagement list of a fashionable and lovely *geisha* is filled long in advance.

The Koyo Kwan is situated in that part of Tokyo called Shiba. It is a lovely, picturesque place, surrounded by maple trees and overlooking the Bay of Tokyo.

Strange surroundings these for a fashionable club-house, but Japanese taste does not coincide with Western ideas in such matters.

The outside of the building and its interior are as beautiful as are the surroundings. Everything in any way connected with the Koyo Kwan bears the imprint of the maple leaf. The carvings round the ceilings, the square crepe cushions for the guests, the dresses of the attendants, even the little tables and tiny *saké* cups show the same pretty emblem. The sweetmeats offered at the end of a meal are deftly moulded into this shape, and colored brilliant red, yel-

low, pale green, etc. the appearance of touched with the fro-

During the latter part of the year in Tokyo it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to this club.

The host was a very young Japanese gentleman, lightened that he is a prodigal of "Young."

This gentleman, who has not only established the training of young also the editor of one of the advanced papers in Japan.

The dinner was a very elaborate function on occasions the Japanese with lavish prodigality.

There were about fifty gentlemen present, ladies including myself, foreigners of course.

in which we dined in three rooms thrown round it ran a ledge of polished and grained wood, inches high and three wide. Upon this the crepe cushions were placed for the guests sat.

Through some misapprehension my invitation was not received, the dinner had begun.

Arriving at the clubhouse the writer was surprised to find a number of girls in soft dark *kimono* with maple leaves. The attendants of the club were kneeling before my boots. Knowing that the house could not be entered on to cut and mar the tatami with sharp leather of bedroom slippers provided by me, being careful upon entering in my shoes there would be a nervousness lest some hitherto and impish hole should make its unwelcome appearance, disgrace me in the face of my distinguished company.



Five courses had passed, and there were thirty-five more to follow.

All the guests sat on their heels on their square cushions; an attitude to which the Japanese are accustomed, but which foreigners find very trying.

Before each stood a little lacquer stand about four inches high, and on this was set the dinner in tiny bowls, saucers, and cups. Pretty Japanese girls attended the guests, each one waiting upon three or four, before whom she knelt in turn, or as her services were required.

Neither bell nor gong was used to summon the servants. A guest who desired attention simply clapped his hands sharply together and a girl came running immediately to know his wishes.

The first course had been *soy*, that most delicious of all Japanese sauces. Another was boiled lotus root, which to my untutored palate tasted like cold boiled potatoes very much sweetened. There were flakes of raw fish which we all ate and enjoyed. But of all those forty or more courses two dishes were especially delicious. One of these is a sort of soup made of tiny oysters and the other boiled *hachi-ya-kana*. There were salads innumerable, seaweed *daikon* and bean sauce.

For one course a soup made of little eels was brought to us. We hoped those eels were not alive, but they did not taste cooked.

Presently three beautifully dressed *geisha*, carrying their musical instruments, entered the lower end of the room, and, after prostrating themselves in salutation, withdrew to one side. Seating themselves they began to twang their instruments and sing in a highly dramatic though rather discordant manner.

In a few moments three gorgeous radiant creatures in soft crepe *kimono*, covered with a pattern suggestive of maple leaves, glided in. One of the attendants handed each *geisha* a gilt fan with which they went through a variety of figures called

the "Tokyo Dance," but which was more like some sort of drill than a dance. This particular performance is so exceedingly difficult and so seldom given, that some of the foreigners present, who had been resident in Japan for fifteen years, told me this was the first time they had seen it.

To describe the figures or poses would be impossible, but the soft, gayly colored dresses, the glittering fans, and the rhythmic motion produced a brilliant kaleidoscopic picture not easily forgotten. Suddenly the dancers dropped their fans to the floor, then fell on their knees and, bowing, rose and glided from the room as noiselessly as they had come in.

After an interval of twenty minutes, during which the dinner went on, two *geisha* entered, one wearing the trailing, inflated court robes of former days, and the other full, loose trousers, and carrying a long spear. After saluting the company (as is customary) these *geisha* enacted a scene from one of the classical dramas. It represented in conventional style the famous duel between Yoshitsuné and the giant Benkei, on the Hojo Bridge. Yoshitsuné, an historical hero, is said to have been gifted with superhuman agility, and tradition declares that upon this celebrated occasion he conquered the bewildered Benkei by jumping up in the air until he was out of sight, each time the latter made a pass at him. As a matter of course, the principal feature of this scene was the extraordinary springs into the air made by the *geisha*. Many of these leaps were exceedingly difficult, but they could scarcely be called either graceful or beautiful.

During the progress of the dinner, there were in all four *geisha* performances, two of which were scenes from plays, and two emblematic dances. The dresses were gorgeous, the *obi* stiff with gold bullion, and the coloring and materials of the *kimono* magnificent. The costumes that most



vividly impressed themselves upon my mind were worn by three *geisha* who took part in a dance called "The Maple Leaf." Their long, trailing *kimono* were of heavy ribbed white crepe strewn with deep crimson maple leaves, and their *obi* scarlet silk woven with gold leaves.

Two of the *geisha* who danced that evening were beautiful, the other only pretty or good-looking. One of them, a beautiful, unusually tall girl, was Ai-san, a beauty famous all over Japan for her loveliness. Slender and willowy, she looks taller than she really is. Her perfect oval face is set with great dark eyes, whose pleading, melancholy expression is enhanced by long black lashes. Her mouth is that prettiest of all shapes, a "cupid's bow," behind which her little white teeth show when her crimson lips part in that pathetic yet brilliant smile which is one of her greatest attractions.

No one who has seen these lovely *geisha*, in their rich brocades and dainty silks, can have any doubt concerning the beauty of Japanese women, but all will agree that the standard is different, and usually those Japanese women who are prettiest in our judgment are not so in the opinion of their countrymen. This fact was brought to notice by a little incident that occurred at the dinner before mentioned. It was remarked to a Japanese gentleman that a certain relative of Mr. Fukuzawa's was a very handsome man.

"When you see Mr. — I think you will find him much handsomer," was the reply.

In a few moments the gentleman in question was introduced. He was short and slender, with a long, narrow face, oblique eyes, and slanting eyebrows, the male counterpart, in fact, of the conventional pictures of Japanese ladies, yet his countrymen considered him much handsomer than the man admired, who was tall, broad-shouldered, and well made, with a strong, manly face of much

the same type as the familiar of Murillo's "Neapolitan Boy," handsome, Italian cast of features, seen from time to time at Japanese.

To compare American and these women mentally, more physically, is no easy task. It is hard to judge of the beauty of these women by our own standards. A mass of Japanese women are as good-looking to us as American European women. But this is as fair a criticism as if we asked Japanese to tell us if he found our women beautiful as compared with his countrywomen.

Allowing the comparison, fair or unfair, there are Japanese whose beauty even the most discriminating must acknowledge. These women, whose clear, white skin, soft, dark eyes, and delicate features would excite the admiration of either Americans or Europeans.

One in particular rises before the writer's imagination, a woman whose dainty loveliness that could easily be surpassed; soft, dark hair fringed with jetty lashes, a face with the exquisite tint of a child's skin; pencilled eyes, small, scarlet mouth, pearl complexion more white by contrast. She was the eighteen-year-old of a typical modern Japanese man, but she wore the national dress of her country, the *kimono*, and her lower lip was painted with thin dots.

Undoubtedly, to our eyes these ordinary plebeian Japanese women are not pretty. Their soft and delicate manners may bias our judgment in their favor, but in reality they are as little beautiful to us as we are to them.

Here and there in the streets, cities, or perhaps in the villages, you may meet pretty girls, but the beauties are as rare in Japan as in the world over.

What Japanese, even of the



class, travelling through America, sees our noted beauties? Though, indeed, as some of our fairest women are to be seen on the stage, he has more opportunity in this regard than foreigners have of seeing Japanese women, for they never appear at any theatre or on any stage.

Of the aristocratic women, the Marchioness Nabeshima is considered, both by foreigners and the Japanese themselves, to be the most beautiful of all the court ladies. She wears European dress, for she was educated in Paris, and is as lovely a little woman as one could imagine.

As to the mental capacity of the Japanese woman, when we remember her opportunities we must acknowledge that she has redeemed them gloriously, for her greatest obstacle,—want of education—she made the stepping-stone to success.

Her countrymen thought women unworthy and incapable of learning the classic Chinese characters and literary style taught all well-educated men. The result was most curious. Men wrote their books in stilted, formal Chinese, so that there was and still is a great gulf between the written and the spoken language; but women could neither read nor write these formal, dry-as-dust productions, so they wrote their own books, and to-day the classics of the living Japanese language owe their existence to women.

Mr. W. C. Aston, the authority on Japanese literature, says: "I believe no parallel is to be found in the history of European letters to the remarkable fact that a very large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature is the work of women."

Murasaki, a court lady of the Middle Ages, wrote the *Genji Monogatari*, which is the recognized standard for the language of her time.

The *Ise Monogatari* and *Makuri Zoshi*, which are classics, and a great deal of the poetry of the period, were written by women.

Japanese men have always admired women gifted with wit, poetic facility, and sparkling repartee, and in these the *geisha* and the court lady excel.

But in such matters it is almost impossible for a foreigner to judge, unless resident in the country many years, owing to the difficulty of communication, for Japanese is one of the most intricate languages in the world. But that there have been Japanese women of great intellect, history plainly proves. When we remember what they have accomplished in literature and in art, that four empresses besides the warrior-empress Jingu ruled Japan with remarkable ability and firmness, not to say brilliancy, we can hardly in fairness assert that Japanese women are lacking in mental endowment.

Native history would show a woeiful hiatus if all the names of women were stricken from its pages.

Many Japanese women were expert in the use of arms and thoroughly understood the art of fencing, besides the use of the more warlike weapons.

They are devoted wives and mothers, and whether legally married or bound only by some irregular tie, they are faithful and true—adultery being almost unknown among women.

There is much the same difference between them and our own women as there was between our great-grandmothers and the men of their day. They have had neither the education nor the advantages of our girls, but every day they more nearly approach the Western standard. Already there is beginning to be as wide a breach between the old-school Japanese women and the modern native girl as there is between the nineteenth-century American woman and the English girl of the eighteenth century.

Hitherto the *geisha* has been the only educated woman in Japan, except the ladies of the court, whose numbers were so few as not to affect the question. In consequence, many



a clever *geisha* made a brilliant marriage, simply because she added to her other attractions a cultivated mind.

Foreign writers, who know whereof they are speaking, predict the gradual disappearance of the *geisha* before the spread of Western ideas.

The modern Japanese man will seek his amusement at the public

theatre, where he will soon see actresses as well as a the lovely, captivating *geisha* sink into obscurity, or seek other occupation.

But with her will disappear the most fascinating and characteristic phases of Japanese life. The reign of the genuine "pretty beauty" will be over.

## TO CALIFORNIA'S GRATE FIRES.

BY MINNA V. GADEN.

WHETHER primeval forests there are burned,  
In by-gone age by mightier agents turned  
To thine account, or whether blaze the logs  
Thy mountains grew above thy cities' fogs  
Up in the sunshine they perpetuate  
Whene'er they burn within the peaceful grate,  
The hearths of California's homes must be  
The scenes where painters of her destiny  
Shall ever their best inspiration find,  
The place where future greatness is enshrined,  
Before the lifted curtain of the grate  
Are the great scenes enacted of the state,  
Its real drama played upon the stage  
Of the home life of every passing age.

The gold, resplendent sunshine that we boast  
Is ever prodigal to give us most  
Abundantly the daily bread of life,  
And that with minimum of daily strife  
Is concentrated in the firelight's glow  
To warm our homes and hearts to overflow  
With that which satisfies the larger needs  
Of life, our spiritual nature feeds.  
Philanthropy is born within the home  
And gently nurtured there. Though it be grown  
To full estate and peaceful empire sway,  
Still must its life be lived at home. No rays  
Of sun a wide prosperity requires  
So much as those transformed in altar fires.





## THE WILD WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.

BY JAMES M. GIBBONS.



**I**F we could form a mental picture of San Nicolas Isl- and as it appeared half a century ago, we should find its physical features the same as those which it presents to-day—a rocky, wave-beaten finger-tip of nature peeping above the surface of the Pacific nearly due southwest of Los Angeles, moss-carpeted where the brushwood has found no soil wherein to take root, and rising in the centre so as to form a hill with somewhat steep declivities. We should perceive at the base of this eminence springs of fresh water which would supply the unfortunate mariner who might have the ill-luck to be cast away on that uninviting shore. Wild dogs would be seen roaming about or stealthily creeping

up to the seals that lay basking in the sun and slumbering on the craggy rocks and beach, while shags perched on peaks and slabs plume their oily feathers in the warm rays. The twittering of small birds in the brush might also form part of this mental impression. These would seem to be the only signs of animal life on the island, and our first impression would be that it was uninhabited by human being. A closer scrutiny, however, would reveal to us on the mainland side of the hill three small brushwood huts with frameworks of the bones of the whale, and a low brush fence before them as a wind-break. In front of one of these lowly huts would be seen a woman squatted on the ground engaged in weaving a water vessel, or bottle, her textile material being grass fibre, of which she had an abundance at hand, collected from the margins of springs and the moist, swampy patches which occupy the nooks and recesses of the island. Ever and anon she raises



her eyes from her work, gazing wistfully seaward, and if a vessel should heave in sight she would be seen to rise excitedly, calling out "Manequauna" at the top of her voice and frantically waving her arms. Then, as the vessel bears away, dipping and rising with the billows, its crew unconscious of her call for rescue, she "puts her head on the ground and lies on the ground and weeps." She is a very comely woman of the Indian race, though her features are weather-worn and her hair matted and sun-bleached. Her well-developed, muscular figure is displayed under her tightly fitting coat, which with Indian patience she has made out of the skins of shags caught by night while asleep on the crags by the shore. The lone Indian on that little sea-girt isle is the Wild Woman of San Nicolas Island.

The story of the Wild Woman of San Nicolas Island is a singular one. Outlines and summaries of it have been published from time to time, but a full account has never been given, nor has any part of it been presented as related by the principal actors engaged in her rescue after she had lived in solitude for seventeen years on that lonely isle. That it can be so given now is due to the zeal and thoughtfulness of Mr. D. W. Thompson, one of the fathers of the City of Flowers, and to him we are indebted for a decidedly curious page of history. In 1882 Mr. Thompson, accompanied by a short-hand reporter, sought out those principal actors—the venerable pioneers George Nidever and Charles Brown—and by elaborate questioning obtained full particulars connected with the unfortunate woman's career. From their statements we are enabled to furnish the following narrative of facts.

George Nidever was born in Tennessee in 1802, and left home when only ten years old to follow the vocation of a hunter and trapper. The first field of his operations was

Arkansas; thence he went to Texas, which at that time he joined a company which he took to the Rocky Mountains to hunt. At starting the party was strong, and, ever pushing forward, thirty-six of them, among them was Nidever, finally reached the territory in 1834, twelve of them having dropped out by the journey occupied several years of venturous travel, during which the party subsisted on buffalo and bear meat, experienced annoyance from Indians, their skins and otherwise. After reaching Nidever settled down at Santa Barbara in 1835 and engaged in hunting, a vocation which he followed for thirty years, during part of which period he took several conflicts with Indians.

Charles Brown, whose name is Carl Ditman, was twenty years Nidever's junior, having been born in Prussia in 1822. He followed the sea for ten or twelve years, and reached California in 1840, under Captain Wilson. Engaged in otter-hunting, he remained permanently in the country ever since his arrival.

It is conjectured by these that all the Santa Barbara Indians were settled by Indians, who, coming to Brown were much annoyed by the tribes from the north. These warlike savages were in the channel in their canoes and shoot the poor islanders for mischief." Whatever the reason for adopting this measure, the Mexican government Nidever informs us, decided to move the Indians dwelling on the island to the mainland and unite them among the missions with the removal of the Santa Nicolas that our narrative concerned.

The small schooner sent by the authorities to bring off the



ch consisted of seven or eight  
nbers, was called *Better-than-Noth-*  
and was in command of an old  
otter hunter named Sparks.  
y succeeded in getting all on  
d except the woman, who, though  
ight down to the beach, was so  
racted at her two children having  
n left behind that they let her go  
t and sailed away. There is  
e doubt whether she had one  
d or two, but Mr. Brown says: "I  
erstand she made plain signs;  
ved two fingers for two children.  
shook her breast; one was nurs-  
and the other had teeth. She  
ed her fingers." Little it mat-  
now whether she had one or two  
ies; the cruel fact remains that  
poor creature was abandoned to  
fate by Sparks and his crew,  
rtless semi-savage hunters who  
ed little of the life of an Indian.  
udge from reports handed down,  
ay be inferred that she returned  
ne beach before the schooner was  
ny great distance from the shore.  
erwise how could such a detail  
inate and become current as this  
ated by Brown? "When she got  
e [the lower part of the island]  
found the vessel going away.  
called 'Manequauna!' They  
le signs to her that they would  
e back. She put her head on  
ground and laid on the ground  
cried; and they never came."  
again he says: "They told her  
would come back to-morrow,  
they never came back." So she  
left to return to her desolate hut,  
the wild dogs and the sea-birds'  
rising above the hoarse murmur  
ne surf howling by night around

Nidever states that after she  
brought off the island by him  
n teen years later she made signs  
her child had been devoured by  
wild dogs. Those creatures were  
erous on the island at that time,  
were poisoned off many years  
r. The same authority informs  
hat it was the intention of Sparks  
o back for her, but the schooner

was lost soon afterward on a voyage  
to San Francisco, and then adds: "All  
thought the woman would not live  
long, so they did not go back." The  
reader must form his own conclusion  
with regard to this sad episode.

It is not difficult to picture to one's  
self the condition and miseries of  
this lonely woman, separated from  
husband and family and dependent  
on herself for every necessity of life.  
We can see her day by day gazing  
seaward, on the watch for the boat.  
The days summed up into months  
and months grew into years, but no  
schooner returned. She saw ships  
going by, this way and that, but no-  
body came for her. Her cry of  
"Manequauna" was unheeded, and  
as time lapsed she became adapted  
to circumstances and her surround-  
ings. With deft fingers she wove  
baskets and water-tight vessels,  
smearing the latter with melted  
asphaltum; she twisted the sinews of  
seals, which she caught while sleep-  
ing, into fishing-lines; she dug up  
the succulent roots of plants and  
roasted them over fire obtained by  
rubbing two sticks together; and  
clothed herself in sea-bird skins which  
she sewed together with fine sinew  
with the aid of needles made of bone.  
As the years passed by she became  
contented with her lot; time dulled  
her grief, and she accepted the situa-  
tion with the stoical resignation of  
her race. Fish, seal flesh, and roots  
formed her diet; pure spring water  
was her only beverage. Once she  
fell deadly sick, lying helpless on  
the ground for days before she re-  
covered. Pioneer Brown says: "She  
made signs that she had been sick,  
lying in the dirt for days. She could  
not move; all alone, she was down  
sick and got well."

But the day arrived when the white  
man again interfered with the cur-  
rent of her life, and with fatal result.  
The time came at last when she was  
to leave her island home. It seems  
to have been suspected, if not confi-  
dently understood, that a wild woman



was living on San Nicolas Island, for Padre Gonzales, of Santa Barbara, requested Nidever to search for her. "I went over three times," he says, "before I found her." On the last expedition Nidever took over several Indians in addition to two or three white men as crew, Pioneer Brown being also on board. Reverencing first-hand matter more than literary form, we will quote the words of the aged pioneer's dictation as he narrated the circumstances attending the finding of her: "We took all ashore except the cook. We thought she would try and hide, and we scattered off, two or three hundred yards apart. She had a little house made of brush, and had a fire. Sitting by the fire with a little knife, she was working with it. She had a bone. All came up and looked at her well. She had

a heap of roots. That is lived on; she had little sac them in. As soon as we she put a lump of them to the fire. Finally we got re and made signs for her to us. She understood the sig picked up her things to tak board. She did not appear sick at all, and was content day we moved ashore and st a month and killed a g otter. She appeared to l thing we had to eat. She willing to come with us."

Brown is much more circ in his account, which m plained by the facts that much younger than Nid memory of the occurrence retentive of particulars, ar was the principal actor in t

From his di learn that had previou third vis island seen the Indian but had failed to tracks. On sion when I companied weather wa and it was t before they fect a lan will be inte many reade CALIFORNIAS justice to th neer himsel from his some portio account he the finding Wild Wom says:

"I went : head of the i found track woman; we and told the tleman that t



THE WILD WOMAN AT WORK.



as alive. He said it must be some of the Indians. I said, 'Our Indians got bigger tracks than that.' He said, 'Well, if you think she is alive, I will hunt for her, and take all the day on the shore.' We went up to the head of the island. There was a kind of path in the middle. I put my Indians in a line of hundred yards apart. I did not know what kind of woman she was, thought she might bite or scratch. We went from one side of the island to the other and could not find her on the hill, and she was sitting on the side of the hill watching us. When we got across to the Indians I said, 'There's nothing here, let's go back.' There was a basket and some feathers. She caught shags and had a coat made without sleeves, completely covered with seal-skin. I said to the Indians, 'You go to the hill and scatter the feathers and things in the basket, and if she is alive she will find them.' The same day we found them all gathered up again and put in the basket."

The following morning Brown persistently continued the hunt. Going up the hill, when he was at half-way up, he caught sight of her. She was carrying something in her arm, and rested at intervals as she walked. Presently he came in sight of "three huts made out of seal-bone. Here he expected to find her, but peering in found that she was not there. Presently he saw something like a crow sitting on a whale-bone," and perceiving that it was the woman he was in search of, he raised his gun with his finger on it as a signal to the Indians. When he hastily summoned, as he did not know if she would "bite or scratch." He thus continues his narration:

"She had a brush fence, about two feet high, to break the wind, and at the front of me she sat facing me."

The sun was coming in her face. She was skinning a seal before me up to her. The dog, when he saw me, began to growl. Think-

ing she might run I stepped round her, and she bowed as if she knew me before, and when the Indians came up they all kneeled." The poor creature, when she saw beings of her own color and race, "held out some of her food" to them. She exhibited no fear, and at a sign went without demur with her captors, if such they can be called, though she afterward gave them to understand that she would not have joined them if they had not found her. Brown and his followers carried away with them all her primitive belongings. "I took everything she had," he says, "and she took a big seal-head in her basket, and that was all. We all had something to carry." Arriving at a watering-place "she washed herself over. Her hair was all rotting away, and kind of bleached by the sun." When they reached the vessel she kneeled and crawled to the stove which was on deck. Brown gave her some biscuit which she enjoyed, and made petticoats and skirts for her out of bed-ticking and sailors' clothes.

During their month's stay at the island, the Wild Woman was perfectly well and happy with her new friends. She camped out with them, living on the same food that they did, fetching fuel and water for herself, and returning to camp without making any attempt to escape. In camp she would "play like a child," or occupy herself in making baskets, working at a dozen or more of them. She worked on one and then on the other, never finishing them. She liked potatoes, rice, and fish; she did not eat much, but often, just like a child. Brown narrates a touching incident which marks the sympathy of this child of nature for dumb animals and her kindly disposition. She had a young sea-otter, and to prevent the sun from shining in its eyes, she rigged up a shade with sticks and hung it over the little creature.

On their return to the mainland they encountered rough weather, yet the Wild Woman would not stay be-



low, but remained on deck making signs to the men "to pray for the wind to go down." On their passage they discovered that she had names for all the islands, but Brown could not recollect them. "When we came to Santa Barbara beach there was nobody living there except old man Nidever. Seeing the boys coming along on horses, she thought it was awful; and when she saw the cattle she crawled on the sand beach on her hands and knees."

When the Wild Woman reached Santa Barbara all her family were dead. They had been taken to San Pedro, where they pined and died under the Indian-destroying wand of civilization; so nobody could understand her dialect. The priests tried hard to get her life's story from her, but her gibberish was unintelligible. Indians were brought to her from Ventura, Santa Barbara, and other places, but they could only understand a few words spoken by her. Nidever states that efforts were made to find some tribe that could talk with her, but without success. Finally an old woman who had been raised on one of the islands was found who could understand what she said to a limited extent; but most of her communications were made by means of signs.

At the Mission of Santa Barbara the Wild Woman was baptized under the Christian name of Juana Maria, as Brown thinks, though not feeling certain on that point. From one of the men who had sailed in the little schooner *Better-than-Nothing* she received the name of that vessel. Wild Woman is a misnomer. Brown, who before he became acquainted with her entertained a judicious apprehension as to the diversified capabilities of her teeth and finger-nails, makes this remark: "They all asked me if she was wild. She was not wild." Poor harmless, childlike creature, with a great capacity for happiness, she enjoyed her new life, and displayed no symptoms of feroc-

ity. Says Nidever: "She was round to different home Indian dances. She went to town and the Mission, a party of twenty or thirty Indians with her." Brown corroborates this testimony as to her "Happy as a lady." She was when any one came to see her were her especial delight. The woman was a great comfort to Nidever, who had taken her to his house, was offered \$500 with her, the object of the sale being to purchase her. To his lasting honor for not making such a bargain, Nidever did not look right to the people.

But the end was drawn. Change of diet cut short her life. The luckless Juana Maria doubtless have lived longer had she been allowed to remain in her island home. Due caution had been taken to guard to what she ate. Brown, "they had worked her and kept her on her food and she had not been alive yet. She was forty-five or fifty when she died." But she was supplied with heart's content with melons, pumpkin, and after the brief enjoyment of a strange life to her, for five weeks, she sickened. She drew her last breath under Nidever's roof, where her home was from the day when she was brought to Santa Barbara beach. She acquired her bird-skin and her curious chattels. The priests have," says Nidever, "thought they sent it to Rome to let them have her needles and things." On the same subject he makes the following remarks: "Nidever gave her [dress] to the priests, and she went to Rome. She had needles drilled in, a knife made and another of a piece of wood had the wooden knife with her, cleaning the seal-skin."



pointed for catching fish with, the rope was as nicely twisted sinews as any rope-maker could

And she had bottles made of about the size of a gallon demi- and we found some dishes of with handles. I gave all these s to Nidever."

Juana Maria's life on San Nicolas d was the exceptional experi- of a human being who was not, as the case with Alexander Sel- left alone thousands of miles from a coast inhabited by a zed community. She was no distance from the mainland, e the matin and vesper bell rang- ing and night at Christian mis-

sions. Otter-hunters undoubtedly visited the island during her whole residence on it, and the fact of her existence there was evidently known. But not until her very nature was so changed that she had become contented with her lot and had ceased her cry of "Manequauna" to the passing ships, were any measures taken to remove her from her rocky isle. Then they carried her off, unfortunate Juana Maria Better-than-Noth- ing! White men made her suffer. She lost her babe or babies; she lost her family; she lost the knowledge of her language; and at last, poisoned by the luxuries of a more civilized race, she lost her life.

## MY "BUNKY."

BY ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

(Author of "The Johnstown Stage," "The Drummer of Co. C," etc.)



He was a private in Troop "J," 11th regiment, U. S. Cavalry, and so was I. We served together up at Fort Ripley, in Idaho Territory, a good many years ago. John Smith was the

I was known by on the company and his name was Daniel Bor- My number was 36, and his was and our bunks stood together in quad-room. This was twenty- years ago, before the time when quartermaster issued woven wire esses, sheets and pillow-cases. r days bunks were made of inch s, and in the way of bedding acks filled with clean straw at orral every Saturday, together a pair of blankets, was thought e luxury enough. Indeed the ast between us and the soldiers e present was not confined to

"camp and garrison equipage."

We were a different set of men al- together. Any old resident of San Francisco will recall the time when our regiment came west by way of the Isthmus (of which we took pos- session completely from Aspinwall to Panama, driving the Dagos in terror from the road) and how, when we came to San Francisco, the citizens besought the general commanding the division to get us out of the town before we had looted it entirely. It was soon after the war, and while the respectable portion of the dis- banded armies had gone back to its home life and regular occupations, the riff-raff was floating about and naturally drifted into the catch-basin of the recruiting office.

We were a hard lot, and when I use the word "we" let it be under- stood that it is with no sense of pride in the blackguardly achievements of the regiment. Through stress of cir- cumstances I was simply wearing its uniform, that was all, and Dan Bor-



ley was my "bunky." Dan was a Western man, powerfully built, of medium height, thin in the flank and deep in the chest, with square shoulders and square, clean-shaven jaws, a hard rider in the field and a model soldier on parade. His uniform fitted him as though Lester had made it, a rare thing in those days when the quartermaster issued ready-made clothing in sizes from 1 to 4, and the men preferred to invest their money in beer rather than waste it on the company tailor. When Dan went on guard his metal-work was fairly dazzling, and the adjutant always picked him out for the commanding officer's orderly.

We all had our faults, or our misfortunes, whichever way you choose to regard them. They were the cause of more than one of us losing his identity in a cavalry regiment on the frontier. Dan's trouble was commonplace enough—he was in the habit of getting drunk. When I think of the loneliness of that desolate land, with its prairies floored with parched buffalo-grass, glaring and empty under the summer sun, or stretching gaunt and gray under the cold, dreary sky of winter, it is no surprise to me that the men who lived in it got drunk. It was a brutalizing sort of life, and this seemed the only means of getting away from ourselves. The trouble with Dan was that he would not get drunk in a quiet way and go off in the brush to sleep himself sober as others did. When he started in to drink he wanted everybody to know it, and nothing less would content him than to take the post as he had helped to take the Isthmus. So then there would be wild work between him and the guard until they had landed him in the dark cell, with the door shut on his ravings, if, in the mean time, the officer of the day had not come along and ordered him gagged and tied up by the thumbs.

The men of Troop "J" of the 11th were not thinkers or reasoners, and

as a rule they were none of their condition; indeed, they would have been in a penitentiary. And when Dan had liquor in his hold his own with the worst he was a decent enough fellow, with an ox-like intellect, a friend and a strong enemy, a little humor in life, gave feelings, which he never failed to analyze, and priding himself on keeping his horse in condition and his kit clean.

The captain of our troop was known as "the old soldier," appointed from the regulars. I doubt if he would have passed the examinations then recently instituted, but he was a commander, and managed with an iron hand. He was a bachelor, as were the other officers; the surgeon, who was a "contract doctor," being a married man. I have said before that there were no refining influences at Fort Ripley, and though women were occasionally supposed to exert influence the statement he made of the doctor's wife was a shrill-voiced, sternly woman of middle age, whose energies were all bent on her husband, bringing up her five ill-favored children, and doing all that she could out of her government. Besides this, in the person there were two other women, the wives of soldiers, and laundresses, the troops, who lived in the houses back of the barracks. The doctor's wife, across the street, on the ground, was universally designated as "Wash-Tub Avenue," as it was the breeding-place of rows and scandals that disturbed the peace; so that the presence of women was distinctly not to the credit of the post. But there came a time when the situation was changed. That was our new lieutenant's wife, and it may be that I am wrong in saying that this gentlewoman's



ncidents which go to make up Bunky's story. But that you judge for yourself.

He former first lieutenant of ours had recently been promoted from the post, and we were expecting his successor, an officer who had been east on leave of absence. The day before he arrived Dan put a pass for twenty-four hours to Blue Gulch. Blue Gulch was the nearest settlement to the fort, ten miles away, just outside of Indian reservation. It was the terminus of the Boise City and Cœur d'Alene stage line, and besides the saloons, dance-houses, and like places. The largest of these was the "Gentleman's Rest," which had a gorgeous bar with plate-glass mirror and silver-plated fittings, and which conducted a number of gambling games for a percentage in its one big room opening on the street. Dan came from the social amusements of Blue Gulch on time, just sober enough for inspection, and with his hand wrapped in a cloth.

"It's a bite," he said, taking off the wrapping and looking at his hand, which, sure enough, was injured and swollen, with the mark of a bite in it. "It was Monty Pete that bit it," explained Dan, with a sinister look. "I'll get even with him some of these days." Then he began to tell me, with a good deal of profanity, how it had happened. It was in the "Rest" last night," he said, "and Monty Pete had a faro lay-out, and I begun chucking agin' it. Of course I was full—full as a barrel! But for all that I knowed I was a-doin'. I coppered the game and he turned up a queen for me, an' he says, as bold as brass, 'Ten loses, ten wins,' and pulled down my pile. 'The hell queen loses!' 'You turned up a queen; what do you mean by that?' But he paid more attention to me than if I'd been a blind coyote. So then seein' both his hands was busy at each

end of the lay-out, I just naturally reached over and helped myself to the cash. But quicker'n I could get out of the way he stooped his ugly mug and he grabbed my hand with his teeth and shook it like a terrier would a rat. The pain of it made me drop the money; then he let go my hand and whipped out his pistol and stood me off. There was a lively time for a moment. I had no pistol, and some o' the crowd grabbed me and was for taking me out and hanging me, and others were for throwing the d—d drunken soldier into the street. And in the middle of it all a stranger shoves his way alongside o' me, and says, 'Gentleman, let's have fair play. Because the man's a soldier is no reason why he should be abused.' Then Pete opened out on him, but the stranger didn't bluff worth a cent, and Dick Stone, who owns half interest and was tending the bar, he chips in and tells Pete to shut up, and then he asks for the right of the trouble, and I give it to him straight. He was for smoothing things over by making Pete give me back my stake, but I says, 'No. I either won the money or I didn't, an' if I couldn't have my winning, I didn't want my stake.' And the stranger spoke up and said that was fair. And the upshot of it was that Dick Stone, after talking awhile with Pete and the others that was playing, gave me back my stake and my winning. But I'll get even with the cheating son of a hound!" concluded Dan, examining his maimed hand, and shaking his head slowly from side to side.

"Did you find out who the man was that took your part?" I asked.

"No," said Dan, "but he was a gentleman."

"I've no doubt," I replied, knowing that every man who carried a pistol in that country was a gentleman.

"He was a gentleman, I tell you," said Dan doggedly. "I ain't been bunking with a gentleman for two



years without bein' able to size one up when I see him."

"However that may be," I said, knowing very well that Dan's notion of a gentleman was not necessarily complimentary, and that he was merely stating what he considered to be a fact, as though he had said I was a gambler or a pugilist. "However that may be," I said, "the best thing you can do is to go to the hospital steward and get him to do something for that wound, or you'll have trouble with it."

That afternoon at stable call our new lieutenant made his appearance with the captain, walking up and down the lines talking about the horses. Dan was grooming the horse next to mine, accompanying his brush with a peculiar hissing sound, as is the habit of some hostlers, when, after the officers had passed us, he whispered to me, "That's him!"

"Who?" I said, knocking my brush against the curry-comb to cover the conversation from the sergeant.

"The stranger that took my part in the 'Miner's Rest' last night," said Dan.

I looked at the new lieutenant again, with more interest, and although I still had my doubts as to my bunky's ability to tell a gentleman when he saw one, he was undoubtedly right in this instance.

It was a week after his arrival at the post that the lieutenant drove into Blue Gulch with the ambulance, a two-seated spring wagon, to meet the stage which was to bring his wife. Darkness had fallen when he returned, so that few knew of her coming, and it was a surprise for most of us next morning at guard-mount when we saw the slender figure of a woman dressed in a light summer costume standing on the porch of the lieutenant's quarters. After guard-mount she crossed the parade-ground with her husband for a stroll. She wore a garden hat made up of white lace with a flower or two, and she carried a parasol covered with lace

and lined with rose-colored shed a soft, warm radiance, she walked. So dainty a sight for us rough and the men crowded at windows, craning their necks for a furtive look at her.

Dan was on guard that day as usual was the commanding orderly. The officers' house built double, a set of quarters side with a porch extending the front common to be lieutenant's quarters adjacent to the captain's, who commanded so that Dan, whose business stand in front of the commanding officer's house in readiness for call, saw this lady near at hand several times during the course of the day. And when he came that evening some of the men told him about it, and asked him to spend a pleasant day with the lieutenant's wife; was he going to see her in the evening? and uttered cheap witticisms of like nature, but very refined, perhaps, but doing no harm. To their surprise they turned upon them, and with forcible and profane language proceeded to give them a lecture on decency and respect, which from him was singular. He concluded his remarks by telling them that if they did not like it that they could do, and was not a lowering face to see whether they would accept his counsel. But they, knowing very well what he could do, wisely let it pass, heeded, turning the matter to a laugh.

During the three weeks following, the lieutenant's wife, properly introduced, showed an interest in the husband's troops and learned the names of several of the men, among others my bunky's, being prominent as orderly, a pleasant smile and a good word for him when she came out on the porch at guard-mount. Dan told me about this one evening



came off, and how he had turned red and saluted.

"I didn't know what the h—l to do," he said, knocking the ashes out of his clay pipe on the toe of his brogan.

"I don't know what else there was to do," I replied.

"She's not like anything I ever seen before," he said, meditating. "I didn't know as there was any women like that."

And then he got up and proposed that we go over to the sutler's store and get a drink. I declined; but he went. He had kept sober for an unusually long time, and I was not surprised when he failed to get back that night. I tumbled his blankets to make it seem that he was in them in case of a check roll-call, but he did not appear at reveille and was reported absent again at "stables." It was not until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when half of the garrison was dozing and the silence was so profound you could hear the crickets chirping in the hot grass outside, that Dan made his presence known. He started his row at the trader's store. Going out on the barrack porch, I saw the corporal and a file of the guard come out of the guard-house and go over after him. He came back between them, talking loud though otherwise peaceable, till they got him half-way across the parade-ground; then all of a sudden he straightened out both of his arms and sent the corporal staggering one way and the private another, after which he began rolling up his sleeves and crying out that he was nothing but a poor drunken soldier, but that it would take more than a corporal and a file of the guard to take him to the guard-house, and that he wanted everybody to know it. Everybody did know it, for the noise he made could be heard all over the post and brought plenty of spectators out to see the cause of it. The corporal and his man, as soon as they recovered, jumped him right away, but encum-

bered with their arms they were no match for him, and the sergeant, seeing this from the porch of the guard-house, sent another man to help. But the three of them had more than they could do to carry Dan, for he just lay on his back and cried and fought and swore, till at last the corporal, losing all patience, ordered his two men to stand aside, and drawing his sabre, seemed as though he would give the business a bloody ending, when just at this moment our lieutenant, who was officer of the day, came striding across the parade-ground and bade the corporal wait. Then turning to the crazy athlete, who had risen to his feet and was swaying from side to side with the sweat pouring down his red face and neck, his hair in his eyes, and his chest heaving under his torn shirt, he said: "Borley, go to the guard-house!"

"Lieutenant," said Dan, saluting him, "I'm nothing but a poor, miserable, drunken soldier!"

"Go to the guard-house!" repeated the lieutenant.

"I'll do it," said Dan after looking at him for a moment. "I'll do it for you, but there's not another man in the garrison I'd do it for." And off he started for the guard-house.

The corporal sheathed his sabre and stepped alongside of him and a private stepped on the other side, each taking him by an arm. But Dan stopped and shook them off with an oath, and stood at bay once more. "Take your hands off of me," he said. "I'm obeying the lieutenant's orders, and I can do it without your help." Whereupon the lieutenant told the corporal to let him walk quietly if he would, and so they started once more, and Dan walked himself into the dark cell and was locked up.

The next morning I went on guard and Dan turned out with the prisoners, looking sodden and stale. The prisoners were kept at work all day, and it fell to me to go out with them on the first relief as sentinel. After we had taken the water-wagon around



and filled the water-barrels at the different houses, I took the prisoners, as was the custom, into the back yards of the officers' quarters to saw and split stove wood. While they were at work in the lieutenant's yard I stood near the entrance to the passageway. Dan was carrying a load of small wood into the kitchen and had just tumbled it into the box, when the lieutenant's wife, dressed as usual in some fresh and dainty fashion, came out of the dining-room. Dan was for walking out looking neither to right nor left, but she spoke to him.

"Borley," she said, in a tone of rebuke, "I am sorry to see you here." Dan turned very red, stood at attention, with his eyes on the floor, and said nothing. "I had thought," she added, "that you had more pride." Then she turned away and gave some instructions to the cook, while Dan came on out into the yard and went to splitting wood without a word.

Well, a garrison court gave him twenty days in the guard-house and a forfeiture of ten dollars of his pay for this affair, which was not so much for getting drunk, I fancy, as for resisting the sergeant of the guard and raising a row on the parade-ground. When Dan had served out his time as a prisoner and come back to duty, he was very taciturn and quiet, which was only natural. He devoted all of his hours to keeping his kit clean and bright, but it was a long time before he was chosen orderly again. No one but I knew how hard Dan worked for his old place, and how he went on guard each morning in his fine parade clothes fitting his squarely built figure like a glove and the sheen of his carbine barrel and his buttons as dazzling as the sun, hoping that this would be the morning he would win it back; but it was always some other man who walked over to the commanding officer's quarters to report when the old guard was relieved, while Borley was left pacing his beat in front of the guard-house, showing all who

cared to see how a perfect stood sentry duty. He never made any complaint or even spoke of the matter. We both knew that the "old man" had told him not to appoint him. Only lines that went from the corner of Dan's mouth to the corner of his square chin deepened as I saw them deepen when we were in place in an Indian skirmish, he was stripped to the waist and up against some man in the line to see which was the better of the two, and at every disappointment strove the more.

Until, at last, a day came when Dan was removed and it was he who marched over to the commanding officer's house to report as usual, and the lieutenant's wife was sitting on the porch when he came, his heels together and saluted him that he was orderly every day, went on guard until his usual time for going on a spree once more around. I supposed, of course, that the ordinary routine would go on as usual, and was much surprised when a week passed by without his paying attention to duty. Then another week went by, and a third month had elapsed, and Dan was still sober. It was an unusual state of affairs, and bets were made in the troops on how long it would last, those who bet against him doing their best, under the influence of friendship, to induce him to drink, knowing well that once he had begun he would not stop to suffice. But those grim lines on Dan's mouth kept their place, and six weeks had passed by. Then one day the first sergeant sent me to the captain's house to get the "Report" book. I found the lieutenant standing on the porch talking to the lieutenant, and so I stood at the bottom of the steps waiting for him to should ask me my errand. He said, "Oh, yes, that's so. I don't see a better man in the troop long as he leaves whiskey alone."

"He certainly has behaved



ably well during the last six months," said the lieutenant. "Maybe that court-martial had a good effect on him."

"I doubt it," said the captain; "it's too old a story with him. However, he has done so well I'm willing to give him a chance, though, as I tell you, I haven't much confidence in him."

Then he turned to me and I delivered my message, got the book, and walked off. I suspected that my bunky was the subject of their conversation, but I did not understand what it meant until the next day, when it was announced that Private Borley was appointed a corporal.

It was a proud day for Dan when he first wore his chevrons. He went on duty as non-commissioned officer of the guard, and in the afternoon the lieutenant sent for him on some business about the prisoners. The lieutenant's wife was, as usual in this hot weather, sitting on the porch sewing, and when her husband had finished his instructions, she looked at Borley with a smile and said: "I congratulate you on your promotion, corporal." Dan told me this afterward, in a subdued sort of way, and I sat there and wondered at the man. Seeing what an impression all this seemed to have made on his stolid nature, I found myself forecasting in my mind what would happen when he lost his chevrons—what would be the effect on him when this moral impulse had expended itself and he had fallen back into the depths of drunkenness and degradation. And for the first time I felt a sort of pity for him.

It was about three weeks after Dan had been made a corporal that two men of the troops deserted. This was no unusual thing; in fact, there had been so many desertions that the commanding officer was very anxious to catch the deserters and make an example of them. The morning following the departure of these two, Borley was told by the first sergeant

to report to the lieutenant for duty. When he came back Dan told me that the lieutenant was ordered out after the deserters, and he, Dan, being first on the list of corporals for detail, was going along and was going to take one man, and I could be that man if I liked. I was glad enough to go—anything in the nature of a change from the monotony of garrison routine being welcome. The orders were to take our carbines and twenty rounds of ammunition, five days' rations, an overcoat and a blanket. We saddled our horses at the stables, and leading the lieutenant's horse, rode up to his house, where we dismounted while Dan went inside and reported. The lieutenant came out in a few minutes, followed presently by his wife. Although the men we were going after were two of the worst characters in the troops and had, moreover, stolen their horses and arms, their pursuit was not regarded as particularly dangerous duty. The lieutenant's wife had no great reason for being alarmed, nevertheless while her husband was securing his outfit on the saddle, she said to Borley, as a woman will under such circumstances: "Take good care of my husband, corporal."

"Yes'm," replied Dan, turning red, as usual, and saluting, "I will."

And so the order was given to mount and we rode off.

The lieutenant evidently had some information that he was acting on, for he took the trail that led to the mines near the Canadian border and followed it at a trot all that day and late into the night. We made no fire when we camped, but eating a cold supper, rolled ourselves in our blankets, and were up and in the saddle again at the first break of dawn. When we mounted the lieutenant cautioned us to keep a sharp lookout, as the signs were getting fresh. He, himself, rode first, Dan next, and I brought up the rear. It was about an hour after sunrise when I thought I saw something move in



the bushes on the side of the trail ahead of me. Just as I was going to call Dan's attention to it, he suddenly jabbed the spurs into his horse's side so that the brute gave a great leap and landed alongside of the lieutenant, while at the same moment Dan threw his carbine to his shoulder, facing around on the bushes. Instantly there came a jet of smoke from the brush, with a flash and a report, met half-way by the fire from Dan's gun, the two explosions coming so close together they almost seemed like one. The lieutenant's horse had swerved when Dan shoved between it and the bushes, and then had reared at the sound of the shooting, but the lieutenant wheeled it back on to the trail and drew his revolver. By that time Dan's horse had started running up the trail and was out of sight behind a turn. My own horse was dancing a little, but I had him in hand, and sent a shot into the bushes on general principles. Whereupon a voice that I recognized as belonging to one of the deserters, named Morrow, called out: "Don't shoot any more! I surrender!"

"Hold up your hands, then, and come out!" said the lieutenant.

"I can't, sir," replied Morrow. "Donovan's killed and is lying on me, and my arm's broke so that I can't move him."

The lieutenant hesitated a moment, not believing this, then gave the order to dismount. Tying our horses, he and I went into the brush with our revolvers ready to shoot in case of treachery, but we found matters as Morrow had said. The lieutenant took his gun away and we lifted the dead man off of him, and then, while I tied up his arm as well as I could, Morrow told us that it was the one shot fired by Borley that had wounded him and killed his companion. "We were taken by surprise," he said. "We didn't know you were so close and had only time to hide our horses and get into the brush. I had no idea of fighting, and was kneeling

behind Donovan, with my gun on the ground. But when the lieutenant came along, Donovan up with his carbine and pointed it at him, he whispered, 'For God's sake shoot!' but he fired, and just as he fired the corporal jumped in to get us have it, and the ball went through Donovan's neck and lodged in the wrist."

Then the lieutenant said: "Go and see what has become of the corporal."

I had not far to go, for I found just beyond the bend of the trail lying on the ground, to all appearances dead. I guessed then that he had got the bullet that Donovan meant for the lieutenant, and was dead enough, when I put my hand into his coat to see if his heart was still beating, I found a wet spot on his back. His heart had not stopped, but was fluttering so feebly I did not think that we could get him in to the hospital alive. But the lieutenant made me compress for the wound and bandaged it with strips torn from his shirt, and gave him some water, which revived him. Then he rigged a horse litter with a couple of saplings and our blanket, and hitched the deserters' horses to it, so that Dan was carried as easily as possible. When we were ready to start on our road the lieutenant sent me ahead to bring help from the fort.

I arrived at the post about midnight, and getting a fresh horse, I went back with the doctor. He wanted to give Dan sufficient relief to enable him to reach the hospital alive, but that was all, for the doctor said that he could not possibly live another day. I was worn out and slept for twelve hours, but in the morning I went to the hospital and sat by my brother's side. He was suffering frightfully. His face was ashen pale, and his paroxysms of agony took hold of him so often that he writhed and lifted himself up, cursing the man that had shot him, and calling him all the vile names known to the barracks, and they were

few. He grew weaker and weaker after each attack, and when they subsided fell back exhausted and panting for breath.

It was just after guard-mount that the doctor came into the ward and with him the lieutenant, who had already spent a good part of the night with the wounded man, trying to help him. The doctor felt Dan's pulse and answered the lieutenant's inquiring look by saying in a low tone: "He can't last much longer." Then the lieutenant said to Dan: "Corporal, my wife would like to speak to you, to thank you. Will you see her?"

Dan had watched all who approached his bed with a dumb, hopeless look, but now his face perceptibly brightened in assent. So the lieutenant went out into the hall, where his wife was waiting, and

brought her into the room. She came to Dan's side and looked at him and said, "Oh, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!" while Dan gazed up at her with his hollow eyes. Then the tears began to roll down her cheeks at the sight of his suffering, and she leaned over him and wiped the death-sweat from his forehead with her handkerchief—a trifle of lace and cambric—and murmured: "Poor fellow! Is there nothing I can do for you?" Dan looked at her wistfully, but the next moment his lips tightened over his teeth and he motioned for the lieutenant to come to him, and gasped: "The pain's coming on me—take her away."

The lieutenant led his wife away weeping, while the agony again took hold of Dan. But from this time on until he died he endured it silently.

## HAS THE REPUBLICAN PARTY A FUTURE?

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

THERE are two forces of nature which appear in human character, the active and the inert. So in politics, in popular government there are two general elements, the aggressive and resistant, or the progressive and non-progressive.

The Democratic party came into existence sixty-five years ago, and since then it has carried eight presidential elections, and when Mr. Cleveland's present term expires it will have had control of the executive branch of the Government thirty-two years. The opposition to the Democratic party has carried nine elections, and Presidents chosen by it have administered the Government thirty-six years. At first and for a time the Democratic was the aggressive party of the country, but since it fell under the control of the slave power its attitude has been de-

fensive. It has defended the worst of causes, and has suffered defeats that would have resulted in the demise of any other party, and should have destroyed its very existence. That it survives and has gained recent successes may be attributed mainly to the fact that it has been the most thoroughly organized and best disciplined political force the country has ever known. It claims to be the rendezvous of the conservative men of the nation—it certainly is the non-progressive, the resistant party. It is natural that the progressive and resistant elements should be in conflict. The one sees that improvement should be made and has the courage to undertake it, but the other never looks to the front, and regards innovation with doubt and fear. The resistant element is more easily organized and submits to dis-



cipline better than the aggressive, for activity means thought and individuality.

The Whig party possessed a high degree of intelligence and individualism, and consequently its members would not submit to severe discipline. It was unable, except in two national elections, to overcome the lockstep tread of its antagonist. In the last one it only succeeded through defection in the ranks of its opponent, caused by factious dislike of a candidate. It had so little coherence that when the tremendous conflict between freedom and slavery came on its dissolution was inevitable. The Republican party was organized from the aggressive elements of both the old parties, and to combat for a great principle. It appealed to the intelligence and conscience of the country and drew to its folds men of conviction, courage, and energy. It was aggressive upon a great wrong, and the cause it advocated aroused the enthusiasm and determination of its members, which enabled it to overwhelm the trained forces of its opponent. Its successes have been unparalleled and its achievements will stand as the greatest in our history up to the present time.

A political party may be formed to do a particular work and disappear when it is done, or it may have a prolonged existence, if when a particular object has been accomplished it passes to and takes up new issues which are ever rising. To a certain extent a new issue has the effect of reconstructing parties, though it has been rare that a marked inroad has been made in the Democratic party, whatever position it has taken upon new questions. Since its organization the Republican has been the progressive party, and in the main has done its work well, otherwise it could not have gained such conspicuous successes in carrying elections; but it must not make the mistake of supposing that there ever will come a time when all necessary work may be

considered done, or that it can or survive on its record and attitude in the past, which has generally been correct and just, an irresistible power, and its members believed that the true to the interests of the people. It is this that made it victorious, and not that its discipline and discipline that it forced on men of less intelligence. Republicans will not stand except when something of value is to be accomplished for the country, because slavery has been the cause of the solidarity of the republic, the great war debt is a comparatively trifling proposition, national circulating medium and methods of administration proved through Republicanism, and legislation, it may be presumed that there is no mission for the Republic. The country has a right to expect that a party which has accomplished so much will address itself to the now demanded to promote the general welfare, and unless it can answer new questions suggested by changing conditions, with intelligence, and courage, it will hold its membership, and sink into an insignificant minority.

It is a common experience when a party has acquired strength through the efforts of able and patriotic men, and when it has been successful for a considerable time, bad men are attracted from sinister motives. The ways those who have political interests to promote, and to form associations with a party that has power to advance them. Their convictions are nothing. They are disposed to ring manipulation, they discover a strong and powerful power, seek to put themselves in the hope that they may be able to use it to their advantage. The Republican party has suffered in the past, and in localities from such attacks, and to its strength. When it



that these elements gain control and dictate policies, it is necessary to administer an alternative remedy by selecting for leadership men whose characters and sentiments are a guarantee that honesty, efficiency, and progressiveness will be carried into legislation and administration. Political parties, like individuals, should occasionally, at least, revise and improve their habits. The money power never undertakes to organize a political party, but allies itself to that which, for the time being, seems most controllable in its interest. The shortcomings of the Republican party in some instances are attributable to this influence, and it has suffered the consequences. It is natural to feel and act leniently and generously toward those who render service, but no party in this country has been able to dominate for any length of time, which has favored classes instead of the masses.

Conditions which are constantly changing give rise to new questions. A political party which does not observe the current of events and adapt its policies to changes as they take place is incapable of managing the affairs of a great nation. It must have the disposition and genius to employ measures adaptable to supply the wants of the country under all circumstances. Lamartine said, "that Napoleon was clear-sighted as to the past, but blind to the future." If the Republican party possesses the latter quality of Napoleon's mind, it need not calculate on future success. No party should succeed which cannot comprehend the present and forecast the future with a reasonable degree of intelligence. With the Republican party "the past is secure," but the question is: Has it worn itself out in the work it has already done, or will it take cognizance of new conditions and wants and undertake to provide for them with the intelligence, courage, and energy with which it has performed its previous work? If it does not, it might as well be consid-

ered as "gathered to its fathers," for the independent and aggressive of its membership will seek other affiliations where activity instead of inertia prevails. Republicans cannot be held together through the mere force of party drill. They want that which will animate, something that promises promotion of the public welfare. There are conditions at the present time that demand such change of policy as will remove evils as speedily as practicable without producing destructive consequences.

The fact cannot be disguised that there is a struggle between capital and labor, between a class and the mass. How it has been provoked is immaterial, the fact exists and must be dealt with. The issue is not whether one interest shall be subordinated to another, but as to how the rights of all shall be respected and all interests protected and justly promoted.

There are trusts and combinations to enhance income upon capital at the expense of the laboring and consuming classes, and these must be suppressed through the necessary legislation. It is to the credit of the Fifty-first Congress, which was Republican, that it enacted a law to suppress them in interstate trade, but this step should be followed up in the States as to domestic traffic to an extent that will cause the principle of competition to be respected. The disparity in the possession of wealth is alarming to many minds, and the condition is unnatural. Equality in the possession of wealth is an impossibility, as men are unequally endowed mentally and physically. But the disparity which exists cannot be accounted for by these differences. It has resulted in large part from policies which favored the few, which has enabled capital to acquire an undue proportion of produced wealth. The disparity has become so great that it is both alarming and irritating; so much so that there is some reason to apprehend that efforts may



be made to remove it through revolution and violence. It is a subject to which the public mind is earnestly addressing itself, and many remedies are proposed. That some of them should be impracticable and indefensible is but natural, yet there are others which are practicable and would produce good results without harm to any interests, except to those which seek special advantages. The tariff policy of the Republican party protects American labor from the competition of cheap foreign labor. In this no change is necessary. It is natural that the party should respect the interests of toilers, for it was organized to ultimately remove unpaid and coerced labor from the nation.

It is not best that any party should advance too rapidly, for the interests of the various classes are so interwoven that a sweeping policy might do injustice, might do more harm than good. The capitalist class has had advantages from the fact that the country has suffered for several years from an inadequate volume of circulating medium, which has given money an undue earning power. The fact that the volume should keep pace with the increase of population, production, and trade has been disregarded in our financial legislation. The adequacy of the volume has been sacrificed to the idea of good money, and on the assumption that gold only is good money. Our financial theory has been formed with reference to international dealings, and in disregard of our domestic commerce, which is more than ten times greater than our foreign commercial transactions. Whatever our laws make a legal tender for all public and private debts and dues, is good money in domestic transactions. How the volume of the circulating medium shall be enlarged to meet the wants of business is, perhaps, the most important question now before the country. It is unfortunately a sectional issue, a contest between the capitalist and

producing classes. That majority of the people of the country favor free coinage of silver, and that there is a deficiency of money is nearly universally been demonstrated by the agency that created such a havoc among the banks. It is the insolvency of many of the banks that forced them to close, but the sufficiency of their means to moderate business. Free coinage of silver will supply the deficiency to an extent at least, and perhaps more. If it will not, then some other measure must be devised that will. The Republican party should take the issue of free coinage of silver as a question of justice and a measure of reform. If the experiment should not succeed, it will produce enough to supply business. Then some additional measures will have to be devised, for the producer and commercial classes will no longer endure the evils of monetary stringency which oppresses the producer and makes profit for the capitalist. It increases the disparity in the distribution of wealth.

The laws of taxation require reform, and on the principle of equality burdens should be imposed on what in accordance with ability can bear them. In national taxation measures are proposed: one is a graduated income tax and the other is a graduated inheritance tax. There are objections to the first as to the second. One objection to the first is that it is inquisitorial, which is not true of all taxes, except that upon which it is based. If that were all, it scarcely rises to the dignity of consideration. There are objections to an income tax of considerable weight. In business tax is treated as one of the expenses. It is taken into account by the merchant and manufacturers in the prices at which they will sell, by the banker in establishing his rates, and by the carrier in his charges for transportation.

It is doubtful if the poorer



did not have to pay more for what  
 are compelled to buy than they  
 could save through a reduction of  
 price. Besides this it would be a  
 weight upon enterprise, the greater  
 the tax is made higher. The in-  
 heritance tax is not subject to any of  
 these objections. It is easily col-  
 lected, for the records in the probate  
 court would disclose what it would  
 be. Those who would pay it would  
 have the merit of having earned  
 it. The natural law is that the prop-  
 erty of a deceased person escheats  
 to the community. It goes to chil-  
 dren or other heirs or devisees  
 through the grace of government,  
 for this it is but just that the  
 beneficiary should contribute some-  
 thing toward the support of the  
 factor. Though men are un-  
 equally endowed by nature, it is  
 a policy that all should begin life  
 nearly equal as is practicable so  
 far as the possession of the things of  
 value is concerned. Desire for such  
 position is a tremendous stimulant  
 to exertion, but those who inherit  
 without satisfying them are deprived of  
 this stimulation. Human history  
 shows that but few sons of rich men  
 improve their patrimony; they rather  
 squander their inheritances. In this  
 country especially great achieve-  
 ments in the public service, in the  
 sciences, in science, art, litera-  
 ture and the acquisition of wealth  
 have been by those mainly who be-  
 lieve in moderate circumstances  
 and industry.  
 There is a measure which can only  
 be adopted by the States, and it is  
 the exemption of homesteads of lim-  
 ited value from taxation. The con-  
 stitution of California is different  
 from that of any other State. It pro-  
 vides such exemption and would  
 have to be amended in order to carry  
 this principle into effect. The laws  
 of the States exempt homesteads  
 from seizure and sale to satisfy pri-  
 vate indebtedness, but the tax gath-  
 erer can turn the widow and orphan,  
 the poor and distressed out of house

and home to satisfy a public debt.  
 If an individual can be made to lose  
 his debt, consistency and an extension  
 of the principle of humanity would  
 seem to require that the Government  
 should collect its revenues from those  
 who are fortunate enough to possess  
 more than a homestead of limited  
 value. The glory of this country is  
 that a far greater percentage of the  
 people own their homes than in any  
 other nation, but the decrease in the  
 last few years, if not alarming, is  
 greatly regretted by all patriots and  
 philanthropists. Our highest duty  
 is to protect the home. And if the  
 Republican party is true to itself as  
 it has been to the country, it will  
 make this measure a part of its plat-  
 form, and as soon as it gains the  
 power will carry it into effect. It  
 will not conflict with the principle  
 of equality and uniformity of taxa-  
 tion, for the homesteads of all will be  
 exempted. It will be applying the  
 principle of imposing burdens accord-  
 ing to ability to bear them. The  
 taxation of inheritances and exemp-  
 tion of homesteads will have some  
 effect in lessening the present dis-  
 parity in the possession of wealth.

It is not difficult for any intelli-  
 gent man to imagine that he can sug-  
 gest the measures which are neces-  
 sary to remove all the evils which  
 afflict the country. There are those  
 who are in too much haste and those  
 who move too leisurely. It is not con-  
 sidered wise by the medical profes-  
 sion to administer too many medi-  
 cines at once, but it is deemed better  
 to experiment first with that which  
 seems to be the probable panacea  
 for the disease. The specific  
 measures which I have suggested  
 seem to be applicable to the most  
 distressing ailments, and perhaps  
 will restore the country to a health-  
 ful condition. It is not pretended  
 that carrying them into effect will be  
 all that should be done. A party  
 that really has the interest of the  
 country at heart will make it its busi-  
 ness to study its wants and to devise



measures of relief. Though it is impossible to satisfy the extremes of classes, success is tolerably certain to the party that shows a disposition to act; it may not move fast enough to satisfy the most extreme, but there must be movement, or it will lose the support of the active and progressive. If the Republican party does not manifest the disposition and courage to advance, a party will be formed that will take its place as the antagonist of the non-progressive

party. Not to grasp questions and new controversies will result in solution. If the Republican party shuffles off worn-out leaders, and places itself in the hands of modernized men, it will befittingly supply the place of the old.

By doing this it will draw from other organizations in the party more than enough to make

## ON KEATS.

BY LORENZO SOSSO.

FAME that doth never quite recede with time,  
 Glory that lives  
 Through marvel of a music made sublime  
 By what it gives,  
 All these he yearned and strove for. Though surp  
 In power to do,  
 Vaster his Song's horizon spread, more vast  
 His vision too.

But soon he faltered even where he trod,  
 Nor worshipped long  
 Apollo; in divinity a god,  
 A god of Song.  
 Then like a fadeless flower low he lay  
 Amidst the weeds;  
 Pale in the purple sunrise of the day  
 That broke his reeds.

And we who hear yet, as in some conch-shell  
 Seas heard remote,  
 Melodious songs as sweet as hydromel  
 Burst from his throat;  
 Wonder an oak towering in pride of place  
 Ages should crown,  
 While some fair violet in its modest grace  
 A day treads down.



## CALIFORNIA AS A HEALTH RESORT.

BY P. C. REMONDINO, M.D.

WHAT are the characteristics of the Southern California climate?

This question is one not easily answered; at least, not in the same way as one might answer a like question in regard to Ireland or continental Russia. California, as a whole, presents various climates and of the California of the South in turn and in different localities presents nearly every conceivable kind of climate at some period or other of the year. Although the climate of the southern part of the State is generally spoken of as being peculiarly distinct, with characteristics entirely different from those of the middle and the northern portions of the State, it is, nevertheless, a generally overlooked fact that this State comprises within its territory the most extreme of climatic conditions. For instance, it is called a wet, or dry climate. This is undoubtedly true as regards certain localities. Yuma and Indio, in San Diego County, have the smallest rainfall in the United States; while the Cajon Pass where the California Southern Railway enters the State, the rainfall will at times rival the excessive rains of the Kasserine of India, and in the course of a few hours the torrents of rain pour down on this Pass will often outdo any rainfall of as many days' duration at Neah Bay—that station on the coast of Washington recording the heaviest rainfall in the United States. The plateau on the high mountains that form the broad ridge of the mountain chain extending from the Coast Range southward into Lower California give, in their valleys, about the same rainfall as is recorded in the high valleys of the

Po region of Upper Italy. On the coast, beginning at San Diego, the rainfall is comparatively light—only about eleven inches; as we move northward from that point the rainfall experiences a gradual increase—Santa Monica, Ventura, and Santa Barbara having about one-third more rain than San Diego. Moving inland from any of these coast stations the rainfall again increases, the maximum being reached where the mountain chains run east by west, so as to intercept the greatest amount of clouds drawn from the south. One peculiarity of this region consists in its not having any local rain causes.

Were Southern California not in the track of the southerly winds that are drawn to the far northern coasts of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia by the aspirating force of the cyclonic disturbances in those regions, it would be absolutely rainless. A prolonged cyclonic disturbance at the mouth of the Columbia, or at the straits of Juan de Fuca, gives this region its heavy rains—rains that in July, forty miles to the northeast of San Diego Bay, give at times a yearly precipitation of combined rain and snow amounting to nearly sixty-two inches, and bringing over the whole region all of two-fifths more of rainfall than its annual mean. The rains come from the south, but the rainfall begins on the north, in Oregon and Northern California, and as the moisture-laden atmosphere is drawn northward, the rain extends southward. If the cyclonic disturbance is of short duration, and not violent, it may not cause sufficient northward aspiration to bring rain farther south than the mountains that range eastward from Point Conception, in which case Southern Cali-



for California experiences what are known as "dry winters." During one of these seasons the total rainfall at San Diego was less than four inches of rain for the twelve months. These cyclonic areas cross the Pacific Ocean from the Asiatic coast to the American, and are most likely to occur during the four months of winter. The rainy season is therefore in winter, and the summer, when these oceanic influences are dormant, is the dry or rainless season.

The above description of the causes of Southern California rains is given to show how distant are the direct causes that affect its climatic factors. The variety in quantity of rainfall, as well as the very heavy snow that falls on the mountains (on the northern declivities of Mount San Bernardino the snow often lingers far into the summer months) also furnishes an idea of the diversity of its topography, and of its varying climatic features. A region that experiences the smallest yearly rainfall, and at the same time shows the greatest and heaviest rainfall for twelve hours that are to be found in the United States, must of necessity be a land of seeming and incomprehensible climatic contradictions.

In opposition to the cool coast climates that are found on its whole extent of seaboard—the coldest summer climate in the United States—we have the desert and inland valley climates of the small mountain valleys, where there exist the hottest summers in the States. Here there is experienced such a heat that were it to be associated with the same degree of atmospheric humidity that accompanies the same degree of heat in the Atlantic States, the maintenance of life would be an impossibility. Eastern atmospheric moisture, associated with the heat of the Colorado Desert, or that of some of the inhabited valleys on its western border, would convert their arid wastes into the broad-foliaged and weird landscapes of the era of the

great Saurians. Were they to extend to the seaboard and mingle with the seventy-two per cent relative humidity found on the seacoast would be uninhabitable. Nature has here made a provision in bringing southward the Arctic Seas a broad expanse of coldish waters, which cools the extent of coast from San Diego to Cape San Lucas, at the most extremity of the California peninsula. These waters, at a low degree of temperature, they are inhabited by the seals. This is the source of the wonderfully cool summer cold breezes daily coming from the northwest overcome both the dry land and that of the far southerly latitude; the same source, allied to the warmest of the water along the immediate coast, and in its bays and inlets, is below a mean of 60° Fahr. It never rises above 66° in summer. This is the great equalizer of the California temperature.

The great suction eastward produced by the heated and arid air of the desert, induces a constant passage of this cool breeze over the whole extent of territory that lies between the ocean and the mountains at the edge of the desert, and insures to it the pleasantness which has made California such a climatic resort. This breeze is active all the day, and at night is replaced by a colder air flowing from the mountains toward the sea, which gives to the Southern California amphitheatre those wonderfully charming days and refreshing nights, that are always cool enough to require a blanket even during the month of August. It is this alternating heat during the day and cool night, that permits of so many restorations of shattered health, which would elsewhere be impossible. For this reason invalids have



duced to adopt a Californian summer for a climatic change or for a residence, and our Eastern friends can readily see that it is erroneous to consider California only as a winter resort. I have always noticed that patients in the early stages of consumption who remain through a Californian summer make greater progress than is possible during the same months in the East, where, as a rule, they invariably lose the little gain made during their winter's stay here. I have never looked upon an Eastern or a Western winter as being particularly objectionable or injurious to invalids. In fact I have had patients who did exceedingly well even in a Canadian or a Minnesota winter.

It is the spring and summer months that are there particularly to be dreaded by the invalid. The alternations of freezing and thawing, slush and mud, ground fogs, and spasms of snow, rain, and drizzle, with the cold and shifty winds that affect the spring; then its sudden transition—often prematurely and out of season—into the enervating heat of the summer days, with sultry and debilitating nights, seasons of bobbing barometer, steamy, sticky, murky air and overcast sky, drenching rains and atmospheric disturbances—these are the conditions so detrimental to the impaired system, and which must be avoided at all hazards. Such conditions are unknown in Southern California.

The sanatoria of Southern California are situated on the confines of the desert (and in this great depression, some 300 feet below sea level, there is a mild and dessicated crematorial heat that is most excellent for asthmatics) and on the adjoining valleys; then in the foothills, or on the high mountain plateaus—the latter being from five to eight thousand feet above sea level; the largest valleys, such as the San Gabriel, San Jacinto, or the Santa Ana are all noted for their healthfulness, and great

number of cured consumptives who have made them their homes; then lastly comes the immediate coast and the islands. In reference to the islands I learn, through the courtesy of Mr. Heber Ingle, that on Cedros Island, where the same climate exists as that enjoyed by Santa Catalina—Cedros Island being farther down the coast and farther out at sea, out of 4,000 persons that have been carried on the company's books, on pay rolls—the island being used by a large gold-mining company—there has not been a single case of the grippe during the last two years, although the island has had tri-monthly and sometimes monthly steamer and schooner communication with San Diego. What is more remarkable is the fact that many of these persons were attacked by the grippe almost immediately after their return to the mainland.

On the climatic resort amphitheatre of this southerly coast, the grippe has been of a remarkably mild nature; those long, tedious disorganizations of the entire system that have been of such frequent occurrence elsewhere as a result of the grippe, often extending into weeks of duration, as well as resulting fatally, have been practically unknown here.

Man tires of a continual diet of oysters and champagne, or of truffled grouse and roast goose, and even so may he tire of the monotony of an uninterrupted season of clear skies and an unvarying temperature. Some natures may even need the stimulus of an occasional promiscuous activity on the part of the riotously disposed elements to keep them above par, and the man from Kansas, possibly, will wander about disconsolate in a region where he is not required to anchor his trees nor burrow underground whenever a dark speck appears on the horizon.

I am often asked what part of Southern California is best adapted to certain individual cases. This is of course largely a matter of personal



and constitutional election. As a rule, however, I may say that rheumatic, neuralgic and laryngeal cases do better in the interior, since the sea air loses much of its severity in travelling inland between a hot sun and a warm soil. Convalescing cases recovering from some long and tedious illness, and those suffering from nervous prostration, insomnia, or the debilitated stages of advanced consumption, are more benefited by the bracing air of the coast—the greater invariability here experienced and the greater amount of atmospheric moisture having in these cases the desired effect.

To the tourist the region offers

every conceivable variety of texture met with in either Africa, or Asia. The shores of the interior of the great highlands of Spain and the hills and plains of Italy; the Apennines and the more g Alps of either Switzerland or ría; the heather-clad hills of S and the sunny islets of the archipelago—all have here counterparts. Yet with this diversity, the climatic factor of the great heated des the vast, cold ocean combine to produce a homogeneity that makes a unique among the known regions of the world.

## A GROUP OF ARMY AUTHORS.

BY CEPHAS C. BATEMAN, CHAPLAIN U. S. ARMY.



It may be held as nearly axiomatic that he who wields successfully the sword of a commander need not despair of wielding with grace and effectiveness that mightier weapon—the pen. Not a few military men of brilliant reputations have written their names deeper into history with the pen than they ever did with the point of the sword. Even Cæsar's fame as a soldier rests chiefly upon Cæsar's ability as an author.

If we subject the real military man to a close analysis we shall find his mental powers above the average and in excellent proportion and poise—will, moral as well as physical courage, instinctive appreciation of human nature, energy, confidence in himself, large but not sanguine hope,

and endurance. The burdens may sap his strength, but the man is superb. In point of education he will be sufficiently cultured to preserve him from narrowness of view and tyranny, and sufficiently cultured to be free of the crotchets and manias of the over-learned. He will be a square rather than a long man; hence he will not be unduly elated in moments of success nor markedly depressed in hours of anxiety, peril, or disappointment.

Now that such a man should be himself understood and felt, he wishes to reinforce the sword with the powers of the pen, ought to be no surprise. A very considerable part of the world's literature has been produced by soldiers.

Poetry seems to have been the province in the domain of the practically unoccupied by the professional man of arms. No army has ever yet given us a first-rate poet, though some great poets have been near being soldiers, and some soldiers barely escaped the danger





MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

infatuation of the Muse. Perhaps the hard contact with force and its pitiless effects, not to mention the stern mandates of relentless discipline, may account for the absence of poetic fire.

In the illustrious register of military writers of this age, few occupy a more honored place than Major-General O. O. Howard. Probably no officer now upon the active list of the American army has turned out so much "printers' copy" as the present commander of the military department of the East. This is rather remarkable, since this work has been done by one who, though naturally "right-handed," possesses only a left arm, and comparatively little of this has been accomplished by "dictation." Apart from official correspondence, he does his own writing.

Since that memorable day in the year 1863, at Fair Oaks, when the good right arm was carried away, General Howard has struggled to adjust himself to a left-handed life, and with what success his subsequent career, the thanks of Congress, his many contributions to current and standard literary vehicles, and above all the ever-growing affectionate regard of his countrymen abundantly attest.

From an authorized list of General Howard's productions, I enumerate two hundred titles of books, pamphlets, editorials, magazine articles, stories and other notable newspaper contributions. These include, in the subject-matter, history, biography, military science, travels at home and abroad, Indians and Indian warfare, cadet reminiscences at West Point, reviews and criticisms, Biblical ex-



positions and religious discussions, stories for children, and such like *ad libitum*. The sketches and personal recollections of his contemporaries in the great inter-state war are among the most graphic and engaging writings of that period extant.

His book entitled, "Chief Joseph: His Pursuit and Capture," which appeared in the year 1881, was a notable publication of a memorable campaign against hostile Indians. This work is valuable for its hints toward the solution of the Indian problem, some of which, in the light of the present day, seem to have been inspired by the spirit of prophecy.

One of his recent books, and one of universal interest, is the biography of General Zachary Taylor. The theme is one which General Howard has studied *con amore*, and in his charming style he does justice to the life and character of a great citizen and soldier. Running through this, as through all of General Howard's

works, is the luminous chain purpose. Fortunate indeed man whose memory may be with such a biographer.

In the interim of exacting duties, General Howard sits the pen, and important adds his already rich, varied, and nious literary bequests to may be expected by those mire and love the martial at

Thomas Carlyle was fond that no really clever man of utterly stupid ancestors; rare courage he would ad father was the remarkable ever knew." Descendants sterling men of colonial tin doubtless agree that Captain King, late of the 5th U. S. (now honorably retired be wounds received in India about fills the requiremen "Simon-pure American" in ancestry. His great-gra

Rufus King, holds a reputa tion in our tional history, years a Unite Senator fro York, and twi ican minister Court of St Captain King's father, Dr. C King, was a president, and his own fathe King, was also public man. I possible, theref Captain King's skill and artisti in part at least by nature." Bu as it may, the more tireless t the realm of am than this same officer and gent

Of his novels has recently "No living au more sure of at



CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

the greatest  
in his  
history  
of his  
people  
very fine  
good!



ence or more certain to hold and fight his readers. No one knows thoroughly the matters of which writes, and no one else can describe him with such graceful and natural

His stories always have a plot; characters are living men and men; he makes the barracks, the camp, the battle-field, as near as if he had been there; and he clothes them in something of 'the light that comes from sea or land'—for he is a poet, whose poetry insinuates itself through practical and most readable prose.

Now, while Captain King is chiefly known as a novelist, it is not, I think, a mistake to say that he has done or can do his best work. It is in such substantial efforts as "Famous Battles," "Campaigning with Crook," that he will deserve to be remembered.

His word-paintings of battle scenes have been translated into foreign languages and have won the author international renown. Should he turn the entire current of his undeniable genius into the historical channel, he can be expected to add lasting lustre to his already effulgent fame. But the demand has been so clamorous for fiction, that Captain King has responded by pouring it out in such a fresh fashion as to suggest the presence of an inexhaustible fountain.

His method of composition is quite peculiar. He is the first author that has made practical the phonograph as a labor-saving machine. Since this fact alone has given rise to erroneous accounts of his literary operations, I may be pardoned for here introducing some extracts from personal correspondence. "First: I begin my plot and block out my stories in rather an informal way, that is by getting a general idea of what the story is to be, and a very fixed idea of the characters; then I go to work to tell the story as it seems most natural and natural, without bothering myself as to the length of chapters, except where it has to be published as a serial. Second: Ordinarily

my work begins right after breakfast in the morning, and I write steadily until luncheon time at half-past one. Interruptions, however, are very frequent here in Milwaukee, and I cannot always count on escaping them. Then sometimes I have to use the evening hours and write until quite late at night, but this is a matter I object to very much. Proof-reading and going over the type-written sheets I generally take in the evening. I devote all months of the year to literary work. I have very little time for rest. It is my custom ordinarily in writing to scribble roughly in pencil or with fountain-pen, in a sort of shorthand of my own, the story as it occurs to me, and then having gone over it once or twice, to read it into my phonograph; then the cylinders of the phonograph are taken down to the office of my transcriber, Miss Rhoades, and that young lady very carefully and conscientiously does the type-writing. In dictating to her, it is not necessary to bother myself about punctuation or spelling or anything of the kind, as she has been engaged in this work for me ever since the fall of 1889, and is quite well up in army technicalities. Well, now that I am getting older and lazier, I consider perhaps four thousand words a good day's work. I have sometimes, under the spur, written six thousand and even more words in a day, but I never want to do it again."

Referring to some published accounts of his methods of composition he further writes: "From these you may get some idea how this work is done, except that one would suppose that I never wrote at all, and depended only on my own fluency, which would be a very poor thing to depend on."

That Captain King has never placed an unreasonable value upon his works of fiction is evident from this modest confession: "For some reason which I cannot fathom, these



soldier stories of mine seem to have found a great many readers among the mass of the people. We army people know how defective in many respects they must be. I can only try to be right technically and historically."

Now these same "army people" have been disposed to censure Captain King for his portrayals of garrison life, chiefly because of an imaginary effect these portrayals have upon the civil public. A certain feeling of uneasiness in army circles set in with the appearance of "The Colonel's Daughter," and "Marion's Faith," and this has grown into a "remonstrance" in certain quarters, to the infinite merriment of not a few, as subsequent stories have found their way into print. In replying to published strictures upon one of his latest books he has publicly said:

"The character of 'Waring' was not intended to represent my idea of the 'thorough army gentleman,' neither was it my intention, to portray therein 'a really fine character.' 'Waring' was a whimsicality, as generous in many ways as he was selfish in others. As 'Two Soldiers' led to 'An Army Portia,' and that to 'A Soldier's Secret,' and all three had their *raison d'être*, so may it be found that this picture of garrison life just after the war, when 'DoYLES' were many, is but the prelude to 'more serious work,' and in contrasting the troublous past with the idyllic present of army life, those who have time to read may yet find something more than 'entertainment for the passing hour.'"

It would seem clear at a glance that no book worth reading could be made from the humdrum doings of actual garrison life of to-day, and an army post made up of ideal characters would also be monotonous, and so like Utopia as to become shortly unbearable to ordinary terrestrial beings. A book about such an angelic military community would be acceptable only to the vain and frivolous who wish to be considered of a superior order of existence.

There must be composite characters and imaginary conditions if we are to have a genuine story in these "piping times of peace." It is doubt-

ful if the public would consider the characters set forth in Captain King's books anything more than aggragations, had not attracted attention to them the delineations so severely. But this fact has served to make his reviews interesting if nothing more. Now no sooner is a new book out, than the author is being picked out by right and left; and any number of "keys" to the characters are forwarded to him post haste. In a letter he touches upon this. "Yes, I appreciate what you say about the guesses made in service as to the dramatic characters. There were nine guesses as to 'Pelham,' and all of them have never yet found any really knew the original of the actor. Rest her soul—she is dead many a long year."

As Captain King is no longer young, we may reasonably expect that the supreme effort of his life is still to be made, and made with such success as to give him not only passing but permanent honor among mankind.

The old adage, "like father, like son" finds a happy illustration in the person of the genial author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "Marion's Faith," and "Her Papa."

Lieutenant Robert Howland was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, his father, Doctor Robert Fletcher, is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, England, and has since been known in scientific circles as an excellent bibliographical geon-General's Library at Washington, D. C.

In 1867, Mr. Fletcher, then seventeen years of age, went to Washington, and in a personal interview with President Johnson secured an appointment to the Naval Academy. During his four years at that institution he had the

of nine months of sea service at home and abroad. After graduation he was attracted by the reports of active service that our scattered army was doing on the Indian frontier, and became imbued with a man's ambition to join it. President Grant, who was a personal friend of Mr. Fletcher's father, encouraged the midshipman in the end with the result that Mr. Fletcher exchanged his warrant in

for Lieutenant Fletcher in his book on the Chief Joseph campaign. Subsequently the young officer was on duty in the engineers' office at division headquarters at San Francisco and in Southern California until 1886, when it became evident that he was permanently disabled by duty in the field, and he was honorably retired.

After his retirement, Lieutenant Fletcher first of all turned his attention to painting, fitting up a study



LIEUTENANT ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

navy for the commission of a second lieutenant in the 21st Infantry. Lieutenant Fletcher joined his regiment in Idaho Territory in 1872. After serving a number of years on the frontier, he became General Howard's aide de camp in charge of the expedition, during the *Nez Percé* Indian war in 1877, at which time his health was seriously impaired by hardships and exposure. General Howard gave him honorable mention of Lieuten-

ant Fletcher for that purpose. But he soon abandoned a life wholly devoted to this art, for the more remunerative occupation of literature. His great skill with the pencil has, however, stood him in good stead in illustrating his stories with original and attractive sketches. He was not, strictly speaking, a beginner at writing, having written a story when little more than a boy for Frank Leslie's *Chimney Corner*. Also after



graduating from the Naval Academy he had been an occasional contributor in prose and verse to *The Capital*, a weekly paper edited by Donn Piatt in Washington, D. C. But his first serious work was a novel entitled "A Blind Bargain." This appeared serially in *The Golden Era*, a magazine issued in San Diego, and was afterward printed in book form. In 1887, when Lieutenant Fletcher took up his residence in San Francisco, he began contributing short stories to *The Argonaut*. Most of these tales had their scenes laid in the Indian country, although one of them, "Dick," dealt with naval life; and another, "The Adventures of Yulita Anita de Sunatvarita in Corner Lots," is a reminiscence of San Diego in the astonishing days of its "boom."

A collection of these stories, including one or two new ones, notably "The Mystery of the Studio," was published in 1891, under the general title of "The Johnstown Stage." Lieutenant Fletcher wrote during the year of 1889 that justly celebrated child's chronicle, "Marjorie and Her Papa: How They Wrote a Book and Made Pictures for It." This at first appeared in *St. Nicholas* magazine. It has since come out as a book and has entered the foremost ranks of children's literature of to-day. "Marjorie" was followed in *St. Nicholas* by "Two Boys and a Girl," from the same pen. It seems scarcely necessary to say that the author has by such meritorious works as these won a large place in the affections of the rising generation.

Lieutenant Fletcher works steadily with his pen, when his health will permit, contributing to various magazines and periodicals. A story from his pen will appear in the same issue of the CALIFORNIAN with this article. As a dialectician he at times equals the excellence of Bret Harte, and is truer to the Westerners of our own time. He has just completed a new novel called "The Story of Ray Stone," which as representing

his matured powers may be put forward to with interest by eager readers who have followed through his earlier productions.

The scholar and soldier are combined in the person of John Bigelow, Jr., of the Cavalry. Few men have such rare advantages as he to his lot, and still fewer proved the same so well. His intelligence and instinct he is a man, and by professional judgment a man of arms.

He is the eldest son of John Bigelow, the distinguished diplomat, and biographer, born in the city of New York, 12th, 1854. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, traveller and writer, is also the same honored father. Members of his father's family future soldier travelled abroad in 1859-60, and when he did so the following year he remained till 1867. The senior Bigelow was appointed consul-general and on the death of Minister succeeded to the more responsible position.

Young Bigelow was placed in the best schools of the French Empire and afterward became a student at Bonn on the Rhine. On returning to the United States, he attended Friends' School at Providence and was eventually fitted for Point. He went abroad in 1869, and was placed in a school at Berlin, from which he entered the University of Berlin. At Freiberg, Saxony, he spent some time in the Mining Academy. While thus studiously engaged he saw something of the process of industrialization of the German Empire, the transportation of materials, etc.; and as a matriculated student of the University of Berlin attended the triumphant entry of the Prussians into the capital at the close of the Prussian war. Returning in 1873, he reported as a cadet to the Military Academy the day a



CAPTAIN JOHN BIGELOW, JR.

ing in New York. He graduated in 1877, a member of the largest class which up to that time the Academy had turned out, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 10th U. S. Cavalry, and reported for duty with his regiment in the following winter at Fort Duncan, Texas, on the Rio Grande River. In December, 1878, he was detailed by the Secretary of War as instructor in the department of French and English languages at the West Point Academy, where he remained until 1884. During the year 1883, he was promoted and married, his wife being a daughter of Judge Henry Clay Dallam of Baltimore.

His periods of repose were paroxysms of "learned labor;" for in the midst of an instructor's engagements he was able to write and publish "Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, a Strategic and Tactical Study."

Relieved at West Point, Lieutenant Bigelow rejoined his regiment at Fort Davis, Texas, and in the spring

of the following year marched with his command to the department of Arizona and took station at Fort Grant. Lieutenant Bigelow participated in the campaigns against the Apaches, who were led by the redoubtable chieftain Geronimo. A diary kept by Mr. Bigelow during these stirring times on the southwestern border was published as a series of articles in *Outing*.

Early in 1887 he was again ordered east, being detailed as adjutant-general of the District of Columbia militia, which was then being organized. This position he filled with credit to himself and the service until relieved two years later. He owes the opportunity which made possible his chief literary production to this detail. "The Principles of Strategy: Illustrated

Mainly from American Campaigns," was written in Washington, and while the author had access to the War Department library and the advantage of personal contact with officers of wide experience and authority. The book appeared simultaneously in London and New York. The principal sale was in England. The new and revised edition was prepared while the author was on duty at Fort Assiniboine, Montana. About the time of the completion of the revision, Lieutenant Bigelow was honored with promotion to a captaincy. Following is an extract from the preface of the new edition: "While of paramount importance in the army, military study is hardly less important in the reserve, or the national guard. Nor is it unimportant outside of these military classes. It is the citizens rather than the soldiers who decide the great question of peace or war, and determine the military policy of a nation. Hence a certain amount of military knowledge is useful, not



to say necessary, in every walk of civil life, and should be regarded as an essential part of a liberal education.

"The literature of the day abounds in works on the art and science of war, but these are based for the greater part upon the experience of European armies in European countries. It is the purpose of the author of this book to discuss the subject of strategy in the light of American warfare, and thus furnish instruction for Americans not only in the theory of this subject, but also in the military history and geography of their own country."

Honorable Frederick Douglass, in acknowledging receipt of a book written by the Reverend T. G. Steward, D.D., who was appointed to his position in the army by President Benjamin Harrison, and is now chaplain of the 25th U. S. Infantry, penned these appreciative words:

"I am not theologian enough to venture a criticism in respect of the soundness of the conclusions arrived at in your volume, entitled 'Genesis Re-read,' but with the millions of your countrymen who have African blood, I own myself a debtor to you in that production. It is a credit to the mind and heart of our whole people and a killing condemnation of our alleged mental inferiority. I have seldom read a book more elevated in style, more lucid and logical in argument, more rich in research, more profound in thought, or that gave evidence of more earnestness, industry, and candor in its production. I rejoice that you were able to write it. In speaking to Mr. Wears about the book, I expressed a wish which I repeat to you, and that is, that you would keep on writing. In preaching you speak to your congregation; in writing you speak to the country, and the country has great need of such teachers."

In the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Steward occupies a prominent position. Indeed, he is recognized not only as one of

the most accomplished of his church, but an authority on questions of polity and history. He has been often mentioned as a probable candidate for the bishop; and though the author disclaims the possession of qualifications desirable in a dignitary, it may be said that if the ecclesiastical man fall upon worthier shoulders, his.

He is the author of a do of more or less substantial works. He has a reading acquaintance with Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and German; speaks and writes with grace and fluency, and is master of an excellent English.

As a pastor he has been successful, presiding at various times over large congregations in Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities.

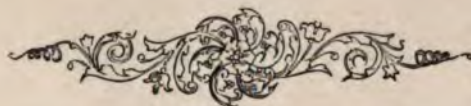
At present he is a literary man, whose productions find ready



CHAPLAIN T. G. STEWARD, D.D.

ce with editors of magazines and  
ding journals. Such men as these  
rify the statements that the men-  
development required in military

tactics enables the soldier to enter  
the literary world and successfully  
compete with the most logical writers  
of the present day.



## ALONE.

BY ALBERT MONSON.

He stands alone amid the joyous throng,  
A mortal lost upon the sea of life;  
Unto his ears the merry shout and song  
But turn to cries of agony and strife.  
He has no brother, sister, child nor wife,  
Nor father, nor a mother's tender love  
That care for him. The sunbeams from above  
Descend and cut him like a foeman's knife.

No deed of wilful wrong was ever done  
By him; and yet his anguished mind can trace  
Along the path of life which he has run  
A line of errors nothing can efface.  
And now, forsaken, gloomy, in disgrace,  
Denied by kindred and by former friends,  
Down to the very dust his proud head bends  
While Death and Woe are stamped upon his face.

Alone! No word of sympathy or cheer  
Is offered to his sad and lonely heart;  
No sounds of tender cadence reach his ear  
Nor to his spirit joyful news impart.  
Despair exhausts on him its hellish art;  
He suffers hell on earth; and now, what more  
Can Justice claim upon the other shore  
When from the earth his spirit shall depart!





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## THE FRA DIAVOLO OF EL DORADO.

BY NEITH BOYCE.

At sixteen a lover eloping with his mistress; in two years thereafter first a miner, then monte-dealer, finally an outlaw; eighteen the head and heart of a band of desperadoes numbering from fifty to eighty; handsome and brave, feared by men and adored by women—this was Joaquin Murieta, famous bandit of California.

Murieta was born in the department of Sonora, Mexico, and there lived sixteen uneventful years, imbibing a very mild education in the public school, and endearing himself to his mates by the sweetness and amiability of his disposition. His troubles began, not at all remarkably, with a woman. In his seventeenth year he became desperately enamored of Rosita Felix. Even at that early age it seems his fascinations were irresistible. The gay Boccaccian idyll found its appropriate climax in discovery and flight.

Pursued by Rosita's irate and revengeful father, the lovers fled, crossed the line in safety, and took refuge in Los Angeles. This was in 1849. Here Murieta lived peacefully a time, until he was implicated in the confession of one of his associates in a horse-stealing raid of some previous date. Just or unjust, the charge drove him from Los Angeles—for in that wild time and country a murderer might and probably would go scot-free, but a horse-thief was hanged as soon as caught.

As the gold-fever now raging over the whole country, Joaquin fell an easy and an easy victim. In the year of 1850, we find him, still accompanied by the faithful Rosita—the faithful, alas, to him than he was to her—engaged in mining among Stanislaus placers, where he had

a rich claim, and was on the road to wealth.

One evening his cabin, where with Rosita he was resting after a hard day's work, was invaded by a party of some half-dozen American ruffians.

"You don't know, I suppose, that greasers are not allowed to take gold from American ground," began the leader insolently.

"If you mean that I have no right to my claim, in obtaining which I have conformed to all the laws of the district, I certainly did not know it," replied Joaquin quietly.

"Well, you may know it now; and you have got to go. So vamoose, git, and take that trumpery with you," jerking his thumb toward Rosita. "The women, if anything, are worse than the men."

Joaquin stepped forward with clenched hands, the blood mantling his dark face. "I will leave these parts if such be your wish, but say one word against that woman, and though you were ten times an American, you shall rue it!"

Scarcely were these words uttered when one of the party reached over and struck Joaquin a severe blow in the face. The latter sprang for his bowie-knife, which he had thrown upon the bed on returning from work. Rosita, instinct with the danger such rashness threatened, threw herself before him, and seizing him in her arms, frantically held him. For the intruders to thrust the woman aside and strike the unarmed man senseless, was the work of a moment. When Joaquin awoke to consciousness it was to find Rosita prostrate, her face buried in her clothes, sobbing hysterically. Then he knew the worst. Fleeing from the desecrated spot, home no longer, Joaquin



and Rosita sought refuge on a little rancho, hidden away in the Calaveras Mountains. Even here they were not permitted to rest in peace. Driven out again by the all-coveting Yankee prospector, they next went to Murphy's Diggings, where Joaquin once more tried his luck at the mines. But fickle fortune no longer smiled on him, and after a time, weary of labor without reward, he became a monte-dealer. This occupation, then considered respectable, was better suited to the peculiar abilities of the suave young Sonorense, and for a time he prospered exceedingly.

But the fates were hostile and refused to be placated. One evening, while riding into town a horse which he had borrowed from a half-brother, who lived on a ranch near by, he was accosted by an American, who claimed that the animal had been stolen from him. In vain Murieta explained that he had borrowed it and pleaded "*pro alieno*." A half-drunken crowd soon surrounded him, pulled him from the saddle, and carried him to the ranch of his brother, whom they summarily launched into eternity from the branch of one of his own trees; they then bound Joaquin to the same tree, and flogged him.

It was the last straw. The boy's hot southern blood flamed into madness. Looking around the circle of his enemies, he marked each one, and swore against them all a terrible oath of vengeance—kept but too well. From that time forth he was the relentless foe and scourge of the incrowding Americans. Typifying the struggle between victor and vanquished, he was—or considered himself—not a renegade and rebel so much as a victim of intolerable injustice, fighting to avenge the wrongs of himself and his countrymen upon their oppressors.

Not long afterward, the body of an American—one of those concerned in the flogging of Joaquin and the murder of his brother—was found

near Murphy's Diggings, hacked to pieces. Suspicion fell to Joaquin, and was confirmed by other murders following succession. The name of the Mexican began to be whispered coupled with threats of speeing. These came to Joaquin, and again he fled, none too soon.

Within a few months he was the head of a band of desperadoes, bearing sometimes as high a reputation as the most famous. In the organization and management of this little army, Joaquin had full sway and accomplished his work well. Among his followers his word was as the law of the land, and Persians—from it there was no appeal, disobedience to it was punished by death. Each man in the band had his peculiar duties to perform, his allotted field of operations, the limits of which he was not to overstep. For all the distinction was plainly marked, it was a trail of human blood. The law was much respected where he killed his man, and rank was in proportion to the number of men and equestrians, always dextrously mounted and armed.

The executive ability and magnetism of Joaquin enabled him to weld and compact what were ordinarily have been a disorganized crew into a unit, and to wield a terrible weapon with matchless precision and effect. For three years he spent a long time at that rushing pace, he swept the country like a whirlwind, defying the impotent government officials, marking his path with a swath of robbery and murder, making the name of Joaquin famous from Shasta to Tulare.

At no time before or since the history of the coast could a state of things be possible. At that time the whole region was in an upheaval. Justice was a farce, government a farce, and the peace-loving citizens found themselves banding themselves together i

committees to supply the deficiencies of the public officers. Los Angeles was then known as the wicked city on the coast. Being near the Mexican border it furnished a convenient stopping place for gamblers en route from Mexico to the States, and for criminals to whom a crossing the line might at any moment become a necessity. As a consequence, in 1851-53 it had more desperadoes domiciled within its small limits than were at large in all the rest of California. Its average mortality was one a day. At one time the office of sheriff, worth \$10,000 a year, went begging—two incumbents having been killed within the year. Under such conditions, highway robberies were naturally as plentiful as flowers in spring; Joaquin was only one of many. And in order to view his failings charitably, it is only necessary to recall the names and deeds of his rivals in crime—Camillo, Salomon Pico, Vasquez, and a host of others—men who without provocation were to the full as inhuman as he, and who had all the vices without any of his redeeming traits.

One of the choice spirits he ruled was Manuel Garcia, commonly known as Three-Fingered Jack, from the loss of a finger in the last Mexican war—a man of large, powerful frame, of rugged and ferocious countenance, of boundless brutality. The favorite sport of this individual was known as "sticking Chinamen." The little brown men were considered a fair sport for any one who chose to put his skill upon them, and were slaughtered right and left like so many rats. Jack would dash into a group of the defenceless wretches, break their queues with a peculiar stroke of his own invention, jerk back their heads, and slash throat after throat. He used to boast that out of ten he could account for five. Another member of the band was Claudio, a man of middle age, lean but vigorous, crafty, brave, but chiefly dis-

tinguished for consummate cunning and vindictiveness—a very Iago. Then there was Pedro Gonzalez, a most expert horse-thief and spy—a valuable member of the fraternity—and Joaquin Valenzuela, who was almost a counterpart of his leader, though a much older man. This marvellous resemblance often served Murieta by bewildering his pursuers and throwing them off the track, and made for him even a greater reputation for ubiquity than he deserved. And there was Reyes Félix, a brother of the devoted Rosita, who in his Mexican home had heard delightful tales of the daring and success of Joaquin, and burned with longing to join him. This, after the death of his father, he succeeded in doing, and served his captain faithfully and well until the vigilantes of Los Angeles caught and hanged him.

These are a few types of the band, whereof the rest were for the most part variations. They agreed in one thing, however, if in no other. They were all utterly wild and lawless, knowing no object but the satisfaction of their own greeds. Their leader, far from attempting to restrain them, set an example of unscrupulous audacity which the boldest might strive to emulate, but could never hope to excel.

The stories of Murieta's bold and bloody deeds are countless. The following are characteristic:

While attending a *fandango* in San José, he got into a fracas, and was fined twelve dollars by a magistrate. Being put in charge of a deputy-sheriff, he invited that officer to go with him to his house and get the money. The man, not knowing with whom he had to deal, complied. The two reached an unfrequented place, when the bandit suddenly turned, said, "Accept the compliments of Joaquin!" and plunged his jewelled dagger up to its hilt in the other's breast.

One evening he was seated at the monte-table, when one of the players,





THE  
HISTORY OF THE  
LIFE OF  
JAMES OGLETHORPE  
BY  
JAMES OGLETHORPE  
1847



American, boastfully offered to \$500 that he would kill Joaquin right. Murieta leaped upon the e, thrust his pistol into the nished American's face, and d: "I take the bet—Joaquin is re you!" Then springing to the and he mounted and rode away armed.

In the spring of 1852, he drove e hundred stolen horses through hernal California into Sonora. n after, being in Los Angeles for w days, he heard that another ty-sheriff was on his track with avowed purpose of taking him l or alive. Joaquin got up a n fight between two Indians in t of the hotel where the officer staying. The latter came out to the fray, when the bandit dashed o him, drove a bullet through his l and rode away.

Another time Joaquin rode into a p where about twenty-five miners e at supper, and entered into con- ation with them. Presently a who knew him by sight joined party and upon seeing him called

"That is Joaquin! Why in 's name don't you kill him?" ting spurs to his horse, with one nd Joaquin cleared the camp and ed down the canyon. Finding path blocked there, he returned ard the camp to take advantage narrow coyote-trail around the v of a precipice that overhung awful depths of the canyon below. Shower of bullets greeted his reap- ance, but none of them touched , and he dashed up along the y path, waving his dagger and iting defiance.

On one occasion, riding in disguise ough Stockton, he saw a handbill ring \$1,000 for his capture. He te underneath, "I will give \$5,000 oaquin," and departed unmo- ed.

He could fill a volume with tales these, but enough have been en to show his methods and the ess which almost invariably at-

tended them. However, he had now nearly reached the end of his tether, the popular clamor having finally forced the authorities to take extraor- dinary measures for his suppression. In May, 1853, the legislature at Sacraminto passed an act authorizing Harry Love, a well-known ranger, to do what they were unable to ac- complish—namely, to hunt down Joaquin and kill him. This robber- hunter is described as "a tall, straight Black Knight figure, with bright burning eyes and long glossy ringlets falling over his shoulders, knightly in way and walk as an ancient caval- lier."

With a band of twenty followers, rangers like himself, Love set to work. Once upon the trail he was as untiring and relentless as a sleuth- hound, bringing all his mountaineer knowledge and skill to aid in hunting down his prey. All the long sum- mer months he followed stealthily the flying footsteps of Joaquin, wait- ing the opportunity which the latter's well-known recklessness was sure in the end to give him. But it is pos- sible that the bandit might have continued to burst through the fine- spun webs spread to trap him—if it had not been for the treachery of a woman. One of Joaquin's mistress- es, Antonia la Molinera, had been faithless to him, and in terror of his threatened vengeance betrayed him to his enemies. Then the end came.

One evening at the last of July, Love and his band came upon a party of seven Mexicans in camp near the Tejon pass. Six of them were gathered about the camp-fire where preparations for supper were going on. The seventh, at a little distance, was washing down a mag- nificent bay horse. A bright, pictur- esque figure he was, with his flowing black curls, his sparkling eyes, his gay and rich attire. On being asked where his party was going he replied, "To Los Angeles." Addressing the men around the fire, however, Love received an entirely different answer;



when the first speaker advanced a step, raised his head haughtily and said, "I command here. Address yourself to me."

At this moment one of the pursuing party, a man who knew Joaquin, and was known by him, came up. The latter saw that the game was lost. Calling to his men to save themselves, he sprang upon his horse, and was off like a flash. Close upon him came his foes, firing as they rode. As he dashed madly down the narrow trail, his horse stumbled upon the brink of a precipice, and fell with him down the declivity. Both unhurt, in a moment they were up and on. But closer and closer came the pursuers; thick and thicker the hail of bullets. Murieta's horse was struck and fell mortally wounded. The rider, knowing himself lost, yet held on desperately for some paces, until three bullets had pierced him. Then he turned with a smile, held up his jewelled hand, saying: "It is enough!" and sinking down, died without a moan.

Thus, when he was but twenty-one,

ended the career of Joaquin. It had lasted barely twenty years. Who will embalm it in marble? Surely here is material to tempt and inspire the poet or librettist. What a background and setting for the mingled splendour of the primitive civilisations and golden age of the mining camp, and the wild, majestic beauty of the mountain passes and canyons, cities of plot, what we call the comic, tragic, always the history of the time in every page! And for the artist not already sketched in fact or fiction could find a character better suited to the full the wild romance, to crystallize about it strange vanished life, shapes of terror and beauty, same lithe, picturesque figure, with its fierce glow of love and hate, its elemental will, its revenge swift as the spring of the rattle







## THE DEERHOUND IN AMERICA.

BY GEORGE MACDOUGALL.

**L**ANDSEER'S "Stag at Bay" possesses the power to stir the blood of one who possesses an innate love of the chase, and carries the imaginative inspector far away from his real surroundings, into the excitement of a deer-hunt. He can almost hear the deep-mouthed baying of his hounds when after a long exhausting run, trembling and frothing with fatigue and heat, they find their victim at last in their power. He can almost see the flash of the hunted animal's eyes, as it throws up its head in a last noble effort of self-defence. And later he sees the stretched-out skin and catches the delicate aroma of roasted venison, and finally, with his faithful deerhounds crouched around him, he lies back in his easy-chair in his library, and gazes above the mantel at the beautifully mounted antlers.

Upon first seeing a deerhound, if

one has placed his expectations very high, he is likely to be disappointed, especially when his school chum's greyhound Jeff promptly shakes the daylights out of him, and leaves his exalted expectations shattered in the dust.

But afterward, when one has become a full-fledged dog-fiend, goes to dog shows and learns to talk learnedly about the proper carriage of tails and ears, the presence and absence of quality, character, and other equally paradoxical attributes, his flagging faith revives, and when he comes across a long, gray, symmetrical beauty, resembling a weasel, a panther, and several other graceful animals, as she arises from her bed of straw and smiles at him with her lovely, kind eyes, stretching her thin limbs and wagging her tail, he will lose his heart entirely.

Two or three years ago, while in



Montana, the writer received by express a lanky, clumsy, cowardly puppy, a giant in body but a baby in mind, who was christened "Alan Breck," after Stevenson's most picturesque character in his most interesting story, "Kidnapped." The extreme altitude, aided perhaps by overwork, gave Alan nervous prostration, and for six months he was delicate, sluggish, afraid of his own shadow, but always obedient and loving. A camping trip restored him to health and he has never been ill a moment since. Courage came with health. He delighted his owner by successively thrashing every dog who had ever insulted him. He remembered them all, and, after each fight came back smiling and panting. To keep him company came "Rob's Lassie," a little "ornery," ugly puppy about five months old, who, even at that age, put her hackles up and whimpered with rage if a strange dog looked hard at her. Lass is still small and "ornery," but has developed into a beauty, nevertheless; of courage absolutely dauntless, endurance unlimited, not very fast but always first to see game, first to own a track, first to start and last to quit. She is nervous, petulant, and headstrong; will cry with rage if thwarted; but is also loving, gentle, and intelligent. Alan, on the contrary, is all dignity and softness, a demon in a fight, but that only as a matter of business, and, now that all his old enemies have been conquered, not in the least quarrelsome. A word of caution, and he will let a strange dog do anything but actually bite him, only raising his head and walking stiffly by. But woe betide the dog who transgresses his limit! Like a flash Alan's fangs are in his throat and, if under fifty or sixty pounds in weight, his legs are flying in the air as Alan shakes him as a terrier would a rat.

In early days in Ireland there existed a breed of gigantic wolfhounds, famed in song and story. Extraor-

dinary tales are told of their prowess. With the extinct wolves, however, their was gone, and the wolfhounds appeared almost as rapid as wolves. One or two Englishmen claim to possess specimens of blood, and they are trying to revive the breed by aid of a great Dane, and other breeds. Practically the same dog was found in the Highlands of Scotland, where it was used to hunt the red deer, though size was necessary as in the old times. Their usefulness there ceased on the present day, but in the past of the present century, with other ancient breeds, extinct almost overtaken them. The duration of dog shows a few years ago revived interest in old and dying breeds. The deerhounds excessive in size was necessary, which was their size. The size of the breed to a great extent been reduced, the bitches are still small, they are improving even now. Nothing has been lost except the breed seems to retain its pristine courage, speed, and hunting sense. In a change of climate has added a change of blood; added we are getting further from the bred source with every generation so that the effect of inbreeding is gradually wearing out, and a day are breeding finer dogs than they have in Britain.

Ten or twelve years ago a prominent breeder of deerhounds in America was Dr. Q. Van Hook, then of Denver, Colorado. He owned a pack of twelve or fourteen bred dogs and used them to hunt game which was more plentiful in Colorado than now. He was famous for their wonderful courage and intelligence, but found them inefficient in speed, and his fan ally turned to the greyhound. He has owned no deerhounds for years, but his eyes glisten

Alan, who was bred from a bitch he once owned. Dr. Van Hum- a number of years ago sent a of deerhounds to this northern try, which were purchased by Montana Cattle Association, and hunted for them by a Mr. Porter of Denver, to clear the range of coyotes and gray wolves.

The first exhibition that Mr. Porter gave the cattle men was immediately after a journey on horseback of about sixty miles, from which his was all foot-sore. He took four deerhounds out, however, and killed a very large gray wolf. The pack hunted on the range, east of the Rockies, by Mr. Porter for about a year, during which time he killed about six or seven hundred coyotes and some three hundred gray wolves. He was paid by the Cattle Association and also received the bounty, which was at that time high, for the work, and he therefore made a very good thing of it. The Cattle Association then bought the dogs and Mr. Porter went home. The pack was kept in the interests of the cattle for several years thereafter, but trouble arose and the pack was broken up and scattered, some of them ending in the possession of Colorado. Mr. Porter made a similar trip to Texas last winter, which was entirely successful and very profitable. His pack in Texas, how-

ever, did not consist entirely of purebred deerhounds; there were several cross-bred deerhound-greyhounds and several greyhounds. The best dog of the pack was the one to which Alan belonged. He, another deerhound and a medium-sized greyhound, absolutely killed a gray wolf without assistance. Mr. Porter was not willing to assert that feat could be repeated with regularity, but claimed that the three dogs could probably do it, with a little good luck.

A gray wolf is an ugly antagonist, and must be overcome by a pack of

dogs strong enough to control him by superior strength, or else at the end of the encounter a few dogs will be missing. In such an encounter Mr. Porter's method was to help his dogs all he could. As soon as they had a wolf down and he could get to them he dismounted, and putting his foot on the neck of the wolf while he was held by the dogs, stabbed him with a knife.

In working a pack a pair of good gritty greyhounds are very useful. They are faster than the deerhounds, and if you have the right kind of greyhounds there is very little difference as to grit. The deerhounds are stronger, a little more plucky, and have more hunting sense. They also help themselves to find the game, which greyhounds do only in exceptional cases.

The first coyote the writer ever saw killed was by four dogs, Alan, Lassie, Tony, and another old stager of a greyhound called Snip, belonging to a hunting chum. Snip had been through the mill "many a time and oft." His old body was scarred from end to end, and his head was chock-full of schemes to beguile the wily coyote. Tony had been entered on coyotes before, and they said the same of Alan, but we were of the opinion that he was certainly too young to have had very much experience. Lassie was about fourteen months old and had never seen anything bigger than a jack-rabbit.

We started out one morning from Deer Lodge, Frank on his powerful little roan horse Roanie, Irve on a crazy thoroughbred colt, which, however, was no crazier than its rider when it came to a run, the owner of Alan and Tony on a little bit of a cow-punching cayuse called Punkin-seed. Punkin-seed is small and ugly enough to stop an eight-day clock, but a gamier little horse never looked through a bridle. He has carried his rider gallantly through many a long day, and though either Roanie or the thoroughbred can



outrun him two to one, he is generally "there or thereabouts" at the end of a run, especially over rough ground, for the little rascal can pick his way like a coyote and make up time over a level piece of ground no larger than a handkerchief.

It was a sunny but cold day in December. There was about six inches

the bottom of which was field frozen into little had dismounted with t of putting up the fence, body shouted out, "The Looking up, a pair of c seen about a quarter of running up the next two boys galloped down



of snow and everything was frozen tight. We agreed among ourselves that it was really dangerous to gallop our horses, and that if the dogs jumped a coyote we would not ride hard, but take care of our necks. After a ride of six or seven miles we were going down a steep hill, at

None of the dogs could but Lass. She was so c run that it was a compar matter to get her starte rest ran because she did, became sighted. We we ing over the ploughed fie thoroughly realizing how



urred, jumping the stream at the end and galloping up the hill. Roanie would not jump a fence—the eggars never will unless the whole force of the company get at him and yell and strike him with their hats. After raising considerable excitement Roanie jumped over, Irve jumped, little Punkin jumped, and we straightened out for about a mile, right up the mountains.

Reaching the top of a foot-hill, we saw the dogs on the top of the next bench, a quarter of a mile away. We looked askance at the croppings of hard rock sticking out of the side of the hill from six or eight inches to three feet high. Frank, in the meantime, had gone off to the left and found an easier descent.

We turned our horses loose down this beautiful declivity, jumped a number of little benches and gullies in the valley, and piled up the hill on the other side. As we topped the hill we saw the hounds on the next hill, pretty well strung out, and poor old Snip filing badly. At the bottom of this hill there was a stream thickly grown with cotton-woods. We came down the hill at a canter. As we got to the bottom Roanie, as usual, refused to jump. Punkin

stopped on the steep bank. Where Frank stood was the only place where the growth was thin enough to get through. Frank talked to Roanie lovingly, and while he talked to him little Punkin was sliding down this bank. Finally Punkin's rider said, "Frank, I am coming," and he replied, "Come on, and be *somethinged!*" and Punkin must have landed on Roanie's back. But Roanie jumped the creek, Punkin after him, and we lay on our horses' necks and let them



FROM PHOTO.



bore through the brush to the top of the next hill in due course. The dogs were then half a mile away and out of sight.

Presently they came trailing back. The long start that the coyotes had was too much for them, for over this dreadful ground they pumped themselves comparatively soon. We rested a little and let them roll in the snow; then we went on. As we rode down the ridge we noticed old Snip throw his head up to windward and start away at a canter. The other hounds went with him. We were on the point of calling them back, but concluded that if they made a mistake they would learn more by making it than by our correcting them. As we reached the brow of a steep hill Frank gave a yell that pretty nearly scared Roanie into a spasm. We looked, and on came the hounds down out of the draw on our left. They had a coyote about fifty yards ahead of them, running for all he was worth. He tried to turn up the draw on our side, but a few yells turned him back. The coyote crossed the stream and tried to turn up the draw on Irve's side, but a yell from Irve spoiled that plan, and it was then too late for him to turn down, so he had to keep right on up the steep side of the hill. As he got about fifty yards up the hill, Tony, who was leading, nailed him by the hind leg. He turned to bite at Tony, when Snip grabbed him by the belly, Alan by the throat, and Lass some place or other, quicker than you could count one, two, three. They were running packed, Tony first, Snip at his shoulder, Alan at Snip's, Lassie at Alan's, and the coyote turned into such an array of gleaming ivories as he probably had never met before, and certainly never will again. As they shook him they made their way slowly down the hill, falling occasionally, for it was very steep, but not one of them let go for an instant. We all came up with the dogs on the other side of the creek.

There was no hope for Alan had his whole neck and the only change he grip was to "guzzle" deeper to get his back tion. The other dogs w and tearing at him wh could get a hold, and a fe saw his intestines torn dogs had covered them glory, and we were ver them when we turned ho

There was another glo about three weeks after was over near Whitehall, side of the range. We we of a herd of antelope tl mained in the valley, and we would go and inter We took Alan, Tony, La rifles, and went over th Short Line to Whitehall were met by a ranching whom we spent the night. very little snow in the val day was bitterly cold, v those piercing winds whic marrow in one's bones. early and drove about fou up the valley, picking u rancher on the way. We two or three miles, when rancher sighted the ante the foot-hills.

As we pulled up to lo we noticed a jack-rabbit by a sage-brush within Doc's horse. One of whom we called Doc brou up and shot the rabbit t head. His killing this j while it saved a run, frig antelope, and they took to They were some distance. wind was blowing so hard of us could see very we wasted half an hour try their tracks leading sout they had gone north. A hunting around Alan hit o and, the other two joining trailed the antelope for us a mile, when the young ra "I know just where they



have gone up to the sand-hills." We struck for the road to get out of the cactus and cantered along pretty smartly for four or five miles; then, turning over toward the mountains again, we reached the mouth of quite a large valley with sand-hills in all directions. Forming a line (rather a slim one to cover half a mile of territory) we rode up into this valley for about a mile, when we saw the antelope looking at us from the crest of a sand-hill. We kept edging nearer until the antelope broke by us as a band of cattle would. Doc turned himself loose and struck a fine two-year-old doe about an inch above the brisket. As we discovered afterward, the bullet went just above the breast-bone and below the vital organs, and it made no difference to her speed for half a mile or so. The hounds did not seem to take much notice; they had never seen antelope before, but with our riding and yelling Lass suddenly took fire and started to run in earnest. The other two immediately joined her, and it was only a matter of a moment till they were all excited and in hot pursuit. Then followed a wild ride. By dint of thumping our ponies, which were not in very good condition, with the butt ends of our rifles, kicking, rocking in the saddle, and cracking our throats with fiendish yells, we got them warmed up. The chase had lasted about a mile, when the wounded antelope commenced to drop back from the band. Seeing this, the hounds redoubled their exertions. Little Tony was in the lead, Alan next, and then Lass, strung out about twenty or thirty yards apart. Tony, on reaching the antelope, grabbed it by the side of its hip, which, of course, afforded him no hold, and he dropped off with a mouthful of fur and skin. It checked the antelope a little, however, and Alan put on some extra steam. He disappeared on the far side of the antelope, then his great head appeared above its back as he

made his spring, when they both rolled over together and came to earth in a cloud of dust. The other hounds threw themselves on her and pinned her to the ground. The dogs did not have a sound foot left among them. The cactus had cut them into ribbons, for which cause we decided not to hunt any further, so we turned our steps for the ranch where we had left the team. Arriving there, we devoured about all the provisions in the house, thanked the ranchman and his wife for their hospitality, and started for home in triumph. The head of the doe was a very pretty one and we afterward had it mounted.

In Montana, besides the writer's pack, there are some good wolf-killers—deerhounds, greyhounds, and cross-breeds—in the neighborhood of Great Falls.

A good deerhound should be as fast as a second-rate greyhound and as good a stayer. The most predominant characteristic of the deerhound is his courage. One is hardly ever found lacking in this quality, and their punishing power is very useful at the bitter end of a hard fight.

We have killed coyotes with two greyhounds, two deerhounds, two deerhounds and a greyhound, and various like combinations, but two dogs are hardly equal to a coyote, for they are usually not powerful enough to hold the coyote helpless, and it is a sickening sight to a true sportsman to see good hounds cut up needlessly. Of course they have to take all reasonable chances, but three hounds are better than two and four are better than three. Hounds have not the courage of bull-dogs. Severe punishment does not do them any good, and there is a point at which they will quit (a fact that might as well be admitted). Therefore it is expedient to see that the chances are in favor of the hounds escaping with little or no punishment.

We have owned dogs of all breeds for the past twenty years, and in no



breed can be found such a pleasing combination of high qualities as those which characterize the deerhound. Big Alan, savage as he looks and is, in fact, when occasion requires, will allow a little child to maul him until humanity calls for interference. He lives peaceably with seven or eight other dogs, a little nanny-goat, and a horse. Once in a while there is a squabble, but Alan is never known to keep on fighting after one of his kennel-mates has quit. Not only does he seldom fight, himself, but he absolutely will not allow the others to fight among themselves. No restraint is exercised on them. They run together, their food is thrown to them on the ground, and they are watched only for the first few minutes, after which they are left to feed as they will. Alan, of course, usually gets a little the best of it and picks the choicest morsels. Some of the greyhound dogs and younger deerhounds may have an objection to this occasionally, but it is so quickly overruled and silenced that it amounts to nothing. The little nanny-goat sleeps with him, and he seems very proud of her attachment. He treats the puppies kindly, though with dignity, only occasionally entering into a romp with them when the spirit moves him.

Lass, on the contrary, is always ready for any kind of excitement. She is romping all day and can stand off

the whole pack when they are interesting for her, as they

Deerhounds are delicate young, but, once grown, are extremely hardy. Their diet should be fed of meat and table-scrapings, and, if possible, given sometimes to greyhound biscuit. About every other day should be run from eight to ten miles at a smart jog, once spurring, then stopping. In the hunting season they get a run every day except before and day after a hunt. In this treatment they will be strong, lively, and ready. Before starting on a hunt it is a good idea to give each hound two of bread, to stay their stomachs, and when they come home to give them meat as they will eat. Their feet should be kept in good condition, and they should have plenty of bedding, then left alone the next afternoon, when they have a walk of a mile or so and should be fed. The second day they should get about five or six miles, then they can go back to their regular work. In this way (barred) dogs may always be kept in good condition and ready to throw themselves into the chase with ardor and enthusiasm that flatters the cheek and quickens the blood of sympathetic masters.





## THAT ALIEN.

BY ROSALIE A. KNELL.

TEA-PARTY was at *tempo vivace*. Delicate shaded lamps threw a soft glow over the radiant and artistic rooms. *Tête-à-têtes* with old-rose silk coverings dabbled about, and everywhere sweetest flushing roses were in dense profusion. Steaming cups of tea stood on the tables before the upper set of our society, their gay chatter and laughter intermingling with the strains of a waltz now and then sounding in from among the palms of the anteroom. Dorothy Thornburgh was holding a Russian tea from three to six at the electric Pacific Avenue residence of her father, Judge Thornburgh. Guests crowded the rooms and halls; there was a general clatter of busy tongues and a variety of smiling faces, each one evidently glad with the other.

A rather late in the afternoon the sudden, high-sounding electric bell rang out sharply. At the same instant the door swung and two gentlemen entered the house together, one jolly, laughing-faced young tenant Stevenson and with him a very tall, stalwart Englishman, husky of foot and blunt in manner.

His light-brown hair, parted in the middle, was brushed down very thickly on both sides of his head. A beard, of a reddish hue, was closely shaven and came to a point at the chin. He carried himself with a very noble droop; yet as William Victor Bereston stood there with both hands on his back he looked a typical Englishman. He certainly enchanted this American maiden Dorothy as for the first time she looked at him. The next moment her lithe figure came toward them. Her dark-brown eyes sparkled and

her cheeks were glowing with animation.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Stevenson," warmly extending her hand. "I feared you were not coming, but then I am so glad you have!" turning and smiling on the Englishman.

"My friend Mr. Bereston, Miss Thornburgh." Bereston seized her hand and shook it so that Dorothy blushed most intensely.

"I am delighted to meet you, my dear Miss Thornburgh. I have heard so much about you that I have really been quite anxious to meet you, don't you know," in that characteristic drawl.

"Really?" responded Dorothy sweetly. "Do I come up to your expectation?" This caused much mirth for the speakers as well as those near by.

"Quite, Miss Thornburgh, quite!"

"Oh, only quite? Well, I am glad of that; and being the friend of my friend here, I am glad to know you."

She led the way in and formally introduced them. It was not long before Dorothy and Bereston learned to know each other very well, agreeing wonderfully on all topics of conversation.

"What a charming girl you are, Miss Thornburgh. Really you are a typical American girl."

"I am proud that I am an American; but as for the typical part, I don't know."

"What a charming laugh you have, and you carry such an amount of expression in your face, don't you know?"

This struck Dorothy as being immensely funny, and she burst into merry laughter.

"Do I? I never noticed that before."



"You are an awfully jolly girl, and I think I like you very much, don't you know."

"Think, sir? You know not what you say!"

Both laughed, and Bereston "hoo-hoo-hoo'd" so that it fairly convulsed Dorothy. The Englishman began to wonder what she was really laughing at, and in *sordino* effect continued laughing rather nervously.

"What's all this about?" said Lieutenant Stevenson, coming toward them and, as usual, madly twirling his mustache. "What is the joke?"

"There is really no joke, my dear boy. We are simply laughing at nothing, don't you know," drawled Bereston.

"Yes, at nothing," Dorothy laughingly put in, to which Bereston turned to her:

"What *are* we laughing at?"

"I don't know what *you* are laughing at, but I am laughing at you, or rather nothing."

"At me—hoo-hoo-hoo—at me—hoo-hoo-oo-o! You don't seem to be afraid to say so. Now really, my dear Miss Thornburgh, I am very much flattered."

"I thought you would be. Forgive me, Mr. Bereston, for being so giddy."

"You are charming!"

"But seriously," continued Dorothy, turning to the young lieutenant, "I want you and Mr. Bereston to stay to dinner to-night. Can you?"

Stevenson looked to Bereston.

"I should like to very much—yes, thanks, shall be delighted," answered Bereston.

"Ah, I am glad. Now see that you do not go." With a smile Dorothy left them, and was soon chatting gayly with a young man who seemed beside himself with admiration of her.

"By George, Stevenson, that's a—that's a most charming girl. I'm quite in love with her already."

"The deuce you are! I say, Bereston," turning and facing him, "I think you had better go!"

"Hoo-hoo—not much, don't you know."

Bereston is one of those most susceptible to pretty, especially those of mammond falls in love with all of them almost always uses his polished and brilliant eloquence in preparation to marry them. But it seems that he is a professor of finding papas and careful mamma find him out in time; or so it was his turn to find out something about the money part of the time in which case he thought not simply quietly disappearing in time. That he is a professor well known in several parts of the continent. Besides these always fares well as regards hospitalities. In his darling way he is almost hateful—is irresistible.

After dinner that evening was almost wildly gay. Still the piano and sang Godard, the Englishman's heart even by her thrilling contralto voice leaned his elbow on the top of the piano and looked upon her, amused, while the others talked.

"What a charming girl! that shaped head! exquisite auburn divine profile! well curve those brilliant brown eyes!" mused he, when——

"I like you, Miss Dorothy," he blurted out Bereston.

"Do you? And I like you," he turned to him bewitchingly.

"Really! Do you mean that Dorothy?"

"Of course I do. I want you to believe it, and I want you to stay here. How long do you intend staying?"

"To-night?"

"No, no. I mean in California. You said something about going to England shortly."

"Ah, yes, I did intend next week—but now—I won't, unless I tell you with me."

"Mr. Bereston!" she looked at him, her merry eyes aglow,



from the piano stool, playfully  
toned to him, saying, "Come, let  
join the others."

The next day Mr. Bereston called  
Miss Dorothy, and of course  
y day that week he was there.  
ched with the Thornburghs five  
s, and dined there three times,  
at the end of all times Dorothy  
d herself more interested in him  
ever. But her father, learning  
Aunt Sara of these numerous  
calls and lunch parties, besides  
mitting to memory one of the  
lishman's letters to Dorothy,  
d upon the brink of fury.

The idea of that man!" he  
med. "Who is he, anyhow?"

An awfully nice fellow, papa, and  
a real gentleman, too," answered  
othy gayly, at that moment ap-  
ping at the study door.

he unlooked-for and sudden an-  
t, with the gay, smiling face,  
e took his breath, but only for a  
nd.

A gentleman, is he? You know  
more to verify that assertion than  
, and I know nothing."

Why, his bearing, his manners  
those of only a gentleman."

The bearing of only a persistent  
of impertinency! I am told he  
been here every day this week.  
it is the meaning?"

Well—you know—because, you  
w, I invited him always. He only  
e a few times of his own accord.

he is such a bright and clever  
er, I do like him so much."

No doubt about it. You American  
s are extremely tiresome about  
e foreign products; I tell you I  
t like the man, never did. It  
been three times too many times  
ear the sight of him at our dinner-  
e, and I forbid his entrance here  
n."

There is no sense in disliking a  
on for no reason."

udge Thornburgh thought of a  
er in his pocket, then again  
ight it best to let it stay there.

I tell you, Dorothy, I forbid the

man to come in this house again. If  
he comes when I am here, I'll simply  
throw him out—the most imperti-  
nent specimen of his type I ever met.  
A penniless masker who gets into  
the good graces of people, and clings  
to their goodness like a serpent. A  
man that ought to be put into a bal-  
loon and sent off the earth—a para-  
site—a——"

"Now, papa, there is no use raving  
about it; I am sure when you know  
him better you will like him very  
much. I notice you laugh at his  
witty remarks."

"No one can help laughing at such  
a foppish idiot, such an infernal ape!"  
—Dorothy's lower lip protruded—  
"What a great deal he thinks of him-  
self, to force his company this way  
upon people who care nothing for  
him!" he shouted. "But I'll let him  
know who has it to say in this house!"

"I think I still have a right to in-  
vite and have my friends," tearfully  
began Dorothy.

"No one forbids you, Dorothy, but  
I notice you are disgustingly gushing  
toward new-comers, and to this Eng-  
lishman unusually so. Who is he,  
that you should treat him this way,  
and what does he want? What do  
you know of him? What gentleman  
will force his presence into a respect-  
able household this way, and allow  
himself to be entertained by the  
daughter, and every day of the week  
at that—and—and—I become more  
enraged the more I think of it!"

"There, there—what is the use of  
speaking so? Being introduced by  
Lieutenant Stevenson ought to be  
enough proof of his being a gentle-  
man. I cannot believe any wrong  
in him. He is a jolly well-met fel-  
low, like clubmen generally are, but  
perfectly honorable and straightfor-  
ward. Besides, how are you ever  
going to know a person if you don't  
invite them to come, and learn to  
know them."

"I don't want to know this man,  
and I won't have him in the house!"  
stormed Judge Thornburgh.



"And I do," returned Dorothy hotly, "and I think I still have a little right in this house regarding my friends!" She swept from the room in a rage, slamming the door after her. At the same moment the bell rang. She knew who it was, and sprang down the stairs to answer the door herself. Bereston walked in.

"How are you to-day, darling?" he said, taking Dorothy's hand and pressing it to his lips.

Dorothy turned a frightened look toward the upper landing of the broad stairway.

"Why, what's the matter, dear, what makes you so frightened?" coolly putting his hat, gloves, and cane on the rack. "Come, tell me what makes you so timid," and with both hands thrust into his sack-coat pockets he deliberately walked into the drawing-room and let himself fall into the most comfortable chair.

"Oh, Mr. Bereston, I think you'd better not stay to-day. Papa is angry about something, and it makes him mad at everybody."

"Not at me, I hope."

"I think—I think—Mr. Bereston, don't you think you had better not stay?"

"Why? What is he mad at me about? I'm sure he has no reason to be."

"No—but he is—Oh, Mr. Bereston, come to-morrow—I——"

"My dear Dorothy, I would not for the world be the cause of any trouble for you. It is strange that your father should be angry with me. I'm sure I have always acted right."

"I know—but my father does not like you, and——"

"He does not wish me to call. My dear Dorothy, this is the first house in San Francisco that has refused me an entrance, I assure you." At this little speech the humiliated stranger feigned a hurt expression uncommonly funny to one who really knows him.

"I am so sorry about this, Mr. Bereston—but——"

"Well, if you wish me go I'll go."

"No, I don't—you know I am so glad to see you, you I'm glad to see you!"

"You are very kind, Dorothy. I'm sure I know no happiness from you. I love you, I love you. You shall be my wife. Say yes to me, dear."

"I do—so much—so much, I do!"

"You will be mine spite of anything. Be true to me as you are, always?"

"Why should I not, when you so, my——"

"Dorothy!" abruptly called a voice from the head of the stairs, causing a tableau in the drawing-room.

"Dorothy!" resounded the voice again.

"What—what is it—papa?" murmured blushing Dorothy from the doorway, throwing a painful look at the Englishman.

"Who is that man?"

"It's—it's Mr.——Mr. Bereston."

"What does he want?"

Judge Thornburgh. "You must tell that man to leave this house at once."

There was a death-like silence. Dorothy slowly came to where the Englishman was coolly standing.

"I guess you had better go. My father is enraged about something."

"I don't really quite understand your father, Dorothy. What makes him so down on me? I'm sure I have no reason. But dearest, be true to me, won't you, no matter——"

"William, I love you, and I'm yours truly, but for heaven's sake I fear my father will come, and there will be a scene. I beg you go!—good heavens, he is coming. Why don't you go!"

"Let him come. I'll stay right now," and thrusting his hands in his trousers' pockets, he stood waiting. The next moment Judge Thornburgh appeared in the doorway.



"Oh! ah! my dear Judge Thornburgh, how are you to-day?" advancing toward him and taking his hand.

"I am glad you are looking so well."

The judge seemed petrified—the brazenness was appalling. Dorothy turned away with a giggle.

"Dorothy, I asked you to show this man out, but since you disobey, I have come to do so myself."

"Really, Judge Thornburgh, I do not quite understand your feelings toward me. I have never yet been ordered out of a house; I will go if you wish me to, but I will speak first. I will be glad if you will tell me your reasons for disliking me. I cannot bear to think I have done any wrong toward you, or hurt you in any way. I respect you very much, and have a deep regard for your daughter."

"Deep regard indeed—you have shown it very brilliantly, and through it proven to me the depth of your manliness. This letter here, which I can understand is one of yours, most accidentally came into my possession." Dorothy's heart leaped; the Englishman withered.

"Now will you tell me, sir, what right you have in writing this way to my daughter and signing yourself, 'Your loving Bill,' on one week's acquaintance?"

"Really, my dear Mr. Thornburgh—I—really I—er—you know, I——"

"By your appearance and the growth of your beard one would judge you a man—not the fop that you are, and if my daughter had two ounces of womanly dignity in her, she would have put a stop to your gross boldness at once."

"I am sorry, my dear Judge Thornburgh," the Englishman began—then half loudly muttered to himself, "That beastly letter!"

"Yet that beastly letter was written for my daughter."

"I beg of you don't misunderstand me. I really love your daughter very much, don't you know. My intentions toward her are perfectly hon-

orable, I assure you. Don't let a beastly letter of that sort separate us. I promise you I shall not take such liberties in writing to her again."

"In this I already have the proof of your character, and your persistency in coming here at any and all times enrages me more than I can express. To me you are absolutely disgusting, and who you are and what you are is yet to be found out."

"I don't wish to discuss my ancestry at the present moment, but were my father to know of his son being snubbed in this way, he would soon let his power be felt."

"Sir, you will leave the house!"

"I will do so without being ordered." Bereston walked to the other end of the room to Dorothy, her cheeks aflame with mortification and anger. In silence he held her hand. She looked up into his face, and a look of tenderness passed over it, quickly changing to one of defiance as she glanced toward her angry father. Bereston came across the long room again, bowed and left the house.

When the door closed after Bereston, Judge Thornburgh without a word to Dorothy went up to his study.

After a few hysterical stage-falls over the couch in her own boudoir, Dorothy dried her tearful eyes, and sitting down to her desk wrote a spasmodic note to Bereston, sealed it, and with a decided pound of her shapely fist upon it sent it by her maid Tessa. Upon which issue, Bereston met Dorothy in her dog-cart on the morrow at a stated place, and slowly driving through the Park they made a rough sketch of the future. The next day Dorothy and Tessa departed from the Thornburgh domicile, pretence formed of a few days' stay with friends in Fruitvale—another well-seasoned dish for Society's splendid appetite.

"Dorothy Thornburgh has eloped with that Englishman Bereston, and the old man Thornburgh is fuming."

"Heavens!—I am married," Doro-



thy said to herself after the ceremony was over and she began to realize it. "Married," the very sound of the word frightened her. She felt an intense desire to weep. She wished she had not done it. She will never do it again. She longed to fall upon dear papa's neck and weep.

"Well," she said to herself, jerking around to pull down the shade in one of the Monterey coaches, "it's done, and there's no use making a fuss about it. Here I am, and happy. Ah," she sighed, "so happy! Dear Bill, I love him so, dear sweet boy. But anyway I wish papa knew about it. I think I'll write, and tell him all. Guess I won't—yes, I will—he can't kill me anyhow, and I will." She pencilled a hasty note, and addressed it to her father. Still holding the pencil in her hand, she absently gazed out upon the quickly passing scenery and thought.

"He has always been so good and kind to me," she mused half aloud. "Dorothy Thornburgh — Dorothy Beres—" she stopped to giggle—"Well, Dorothy Bereston, you're a wretch—but it was a good idea to write, for he will sort of make up his mind to it by the time we return. I know he will."

Judge Thornburgh recognized Dorothy's handwriting at once.

"What a dear girl she is after all!" he said tearing open the note, and placing his glasses upon his nose began to read. "What's this!" he fairly screamed, "what's this!" and reading the startling news to bewildered Aunt Sara, crumbled the note in his hand, and threw it with a mighty will upon the floor. "That's news for you."

"Well, well, who would have thought such a thing of our sweet Dorothy?" meekly exclaimed Aunt Sara.

"Our sweet Dorothy indeed!" with accents and look expressing more than words.

"Oh, well, Robert, there's no use. She's married, and it can't be un-

done. You know she has always been a self-willed girl, and it was wrong of you to act so the other way."

"I do and speak as I wish," said Robert. "I have my own house, and as I have no children, that scoundrel! and as for Dorothy, his fist came down upon her with a tremendous bang, and she was done with her. She is an angry, selfish girl. I have done with her, done with her forever. I never need look on me as 'father,' never again."

"Robert, what are you saying?"

"And if that Englishman comes, he can walk into this house and say it is his home, he is mistaken. Dorothy supposes that in time she will be fool enough to forgive and forget them, I'll show her I will, even if she is in want, I will never—never!"

Dorothy became indignant. She did not receive a response from her father, and that he would bend to her will. She was not sure what was to be done but she would forgive. She was finding it hard to understand her husband's will and temper more than her own, and, sadder still, she realized, as her father said, that he was a penniless man. How convenient if papa would forgive; but his heart was stone. The Englishman found in the story of papa his fondest hopes. They were now married three years, and, owing to two separate wars, the taste of vinegared regret was often quarrelled desperately, getting awful. Even Dorothy's bank account was giving over to it she spent lonely and sad days, her husband coming and going when he pleased. Bereston was away from Dorothy day after day with no explanation. He went one day, and has never been seen since, leaving Dorothy penniless, penitent, and overcome with grief, Aunt Sara and Tessa to help and console her. She thought of her father's forgiveness, but would not even heed her or



wrong dealt her, so great was anger toward his daughter. It now over two months since Ston had deserted her. Rosy-ked Dorothy had grown pale and and upon a couch in a darkened she spent her hastily wedded refusing even to speak.

Robert," sorrowfully spoke Aunt, "I must intercede again for othy."

wish to hear nothing from her." Shame come to you! your child is ill—how can you be so heart-

Here is money, take it and use it for comfort, but not in my house." How can you forbid her her own e?"

Her home? No—she forsook her e, kindness, and every comfort wandering beggar. It was her ce."

No matter, she is still your child, it is still her home. She has a t to it, and in mercy's name I bring her home. It's a shame shame!" she cried, hastily leaving the room with tears rolling down cheeks. Robert Thornburgh lightly treated Aunt Sara's grief. knew through experience what excellent actor Dorothy could be ympathy.

gain Aunt Sara stood at the bed- of Dorothy, but her heart failed she was unable to speak as she ed at the wasted form of that beautiful Dorothy. She left the and burst into tears, at the ght of so brilliant a life perhaps d because of a wilful child g tempted by a villain. She ed her handkerchief over each and spoke to herself aloud: at's what it is in allowing foreign mutilated coin to enter into our ehould. Oh! if I had only known is in time."

ree weeks after Aunt Sara had en to her father, she softly led into the sick-room.

Be soft, Robert, she is asleep now, I would not for the world disturb

her. The more sleep the little dear has the better, but come, you can look at her—see how thin and pale she is." Tender-hearted little Aunt Sara had to turn away.

Robert Thornburgh stepped up to the bedside, leaned low, and looked into the face of his child—he started and visibly trembling, looked closer. He hid his face in his hands, and wept like a child.

"O Robert, Robert!" cried Aunt Sara, rushing to his side, "come away, do not awaken her. It would be her death to awaken suddenly and see you standing there."

Deaf to her entreaties, he leaned over and again looked long into Dorothy's face; bent down and gently kissed her upon her brow, and quietly stepped from the room. He seemed but the withered form of that handsome and strong-charactered man, so suddenly had grief and repentance clutched him.

Dorothy was to be brought home that Sunday, and every comfort and good cheer was to be for her. Nothing should be denied, that she might again be the Dorothy that was.

Some time after Robert Thornburgh had gone, Aunt Sara returned to the sick-room with a cup of broth, Dorothy's only nourishment, and that had to be forced upon her. She would weakly resist until her now feeble body would fall back completely exhausted.

"Dorothy, Dorothy dearie," Aunt Sara called to the still form, and putting her hand on Dorothy's brow, a cold shudder darted through her body. She hastily put down the cup of broth and pulled back the curtains.

A terrible prolonged scream and a dull thud on the floor brought frightened Tessa rushing into the room to meet a horrible sight.

Dorothy's head had sunk back heavily among the pillows, and her beautiful features were set in death's calm slumber. Her young life had quietly, peacefully ebbed away, quite an hour since.



# QUESTIONS OF THE D

## THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

ANY inquiry concerning the currency must be historical, but we promise that our incursion into history shall be short, sharp, and to the point.

From 1066 to the eighteenth year of Edward III., 1345, England's coinage was solely silver. From 1345 to 1717 she had a bi-metallic system. From 1717 she became a gold-standard country. Gold is worth more in England than elsewhere, because England, not being a producer of gold, must get it in the way of trade from other countries. In order to draw gold in preference to silver the Bank of England in the seventeenth century, under the advice of no less a person than Sir Isaac Newton, who was Master of the Mint, increased the ratio of the value of gold over silver, so that gold was given a greater proportional paying power, thereby encouraging payments in gold. This movement forced a subsequent discountenancing of silver in all other commercial countries, and has resulted in a general demonetization of the white metal.

The Bank of England, by an act of Parliament, is authorized to pay for pure gold £3 17s. 9d. per ounce. An act of the United States Congress fixes the value in America of the British pound sterling at \$4.86.95; at this rate the Bank of England pays for fine gold \$18.90 per ounce, or 30 cents more than is paid by our Government.

On June 26th of the current year the Indian Government closed the mints of India to the free coinage of silver. The money of account of India is the silver "rupee." India being a British dependency, the par of exchange between London and Calcutta

is based on the London "valuation. This "mint par" is not a constant which is not at fluctuations, and this constant fixed point or gold standard which to measure the currency in absolute terms. to enter into the question "mint par" of the gold value but to state that it is 23 the conventional par of the rupee, however, is not far from used in the government of India and India.

Since 1870 silver has been in India. The Indian government about £16,000,000 per annum. England, found the loss coming more burdensome. fall in exchange, the finance being deplorable. the rate of exchange fell, the Indian government became. The key-note of the present, is rather to prevent exchange than to raise the rupee, and is, doubtless, the to introducing a gold standard country. The provisions the rupee is now 18. 4d., depreciation from par of This rate of exchange is a point of stability of the Indian at any rate it has been fixed to relieve the government of necessities, while it is well of recent fluctuations, the one time reached 8d., or cent depreciation from par.

The United States, being

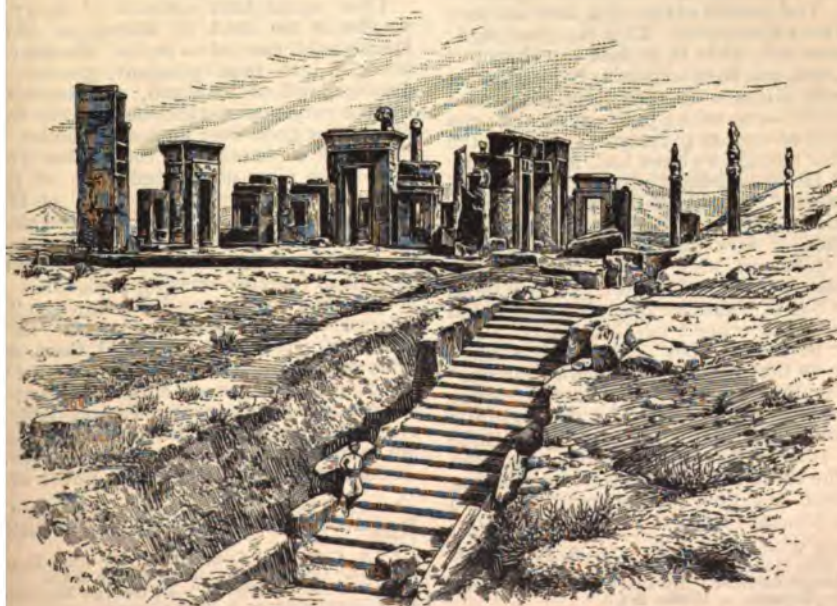


gold producing country, is necessarily affected by this action of the Indian government, as the recent slump in silver and closing of a greater number of the west-silver mines conclusively prove; and it remains to be seen what move she will make on the financial chess-board. The sentiment in India of government policy, David Barbour, favors international bimetallism, and in the extreme case of silver being abandoned by this country, then he is for a gold standard. The United States Treasury now holds in its vaults, uncoined, 92,532 fine ounces of silver bullion, for which it paid \$114,219,920, and is worth today at the market price of silver, \$103,411—thus showing a loss of \$10,888,530. It is very evident that with every mint in the world, excepting that in Mexico, closed to us, the United States, in a single-handed struggle, will not be able to maintain the value of silver.

It can thus be seen that any attempts to treat money commodities—say rather circulating mediums—a fictitious value can only

prove of temporary relief. Without doubt the policy of safety and advancement for ourselves is the policy which obtained from 1812 to 1860. No paper money ever issued by the Government of the United States, or by the government of Great Britain, when receivable in the revenues of the issuing government, and made legal tender in the payment of debts, has ever gone below coin in par value. England's latest attempt to bull the gold market of the world ought to be met by us with firm resistance, for in the words of Thomas Jefferson, before our financial policy became vaccinated with the virus of Wall Street, "Bank [national] currency must be suppressed and the circulation restored to the nation where it belongs."

It is of interest to recall at this time a pregnant sentence uttered by the great English statesman, Lord Chatham, the best friend American liberty ever had on the other side of the water: "If the Americans adopt our banking and funding system their liberties are gone." E. R. ENDRES.







## BOOKS AND AUTHOR

Margaret Deland, whose "Job Preacher," was one of the best books kind ever written, gave us in "Mr Dove" and the four other companions a most clever and delightful series of her portrait painting of the New type of character: a character we notice is too rapidly passing away, one never tires of meeting with.

Then again we were glad to read the author of that perfect little gem "Birds' Christmas Carol," a new series of sketches. If that exquisite piece of "A Cathedral Courtship," and the other sketches which go to make up the volume is any criterion of what one expects from Kate Douglas Wiggin, will be hailed in the literary world as the author of such rare ability as will give a name and a lasting fame.

Then again that veteran of many triumphs in the field of literature, MacDonald, carried us in his "Heather and Snow" into that pleasant, poetic dreamy land of Scotland, and introduced us to a very poetic girl, who wielded influence for good over men and women. In this book we meet with the author's mon-sense view of the influence of fiction over humanity. The scene is transferred from Scotland to India at the time of the mutiny, and we find no dull description of that interesting country, but rather one of its most exciting periods.

When we read some few years ago "Silence of Dean Maitland" and "Heart of the Storm," we laid them aside with much satisfaction, and awaited a new novel from the pen of Maxwell Glendon, so, when some days ago we received it, we read with interest, "The Last Sentence." In fact, we think it the best novel

LOVERS of an entertaining, yet equally healthy fiction have no reason to complain of the quantity or *quality* issued during the past few months. In fact it would be difficult, if possible at all, to recall a time within the past quarter of a century when the domain of fiction was enriched by the production of so many *exceptionally* good novels, especially in the same space of time. The quality of recent fiction has been of the very first order. This is a good sign: for, after all, what is it that can charm us more, that can so entertainingly instruct us, that can fill us with such lofty ideas as a *good* novel—one with a purpose, an aim; one to amuse as well as to instruct? During the past few months we have had, among many others, Howells' delightfully written "World of Chance,"<sup>1</sup> a credit to its author's genius, a brilliant piece of fiction, an excellent specimen of *ideal* realism. We read with much pleasure and profit Clara Louise Burnham's "Doctor Latimer,"<sup>2</sup> one of those choice bits of character painting only found in the neighborhood of Casco Bay. The author of "Next Door" displays the same ability in the writing of "Doctor Latimer" that she did in her former pleasant stories.

Bret Harte gave us, and we cordially welcomed it, "Sally Dows,"<sup>3</sup> and three other equally fascinating stories, written with the same charm, the same captivating pen that has given us so many, not too many, pleasant stories.

<sup>1</sup> "The World of Chance." By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.

<sup>2</sup> "Doctor Latimer." By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

<sup>3</sup> "Sally Dows, and other Stories." By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Tommy Dove, and other Stories." Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

<sup>2</sup> "A Cathedral Courtship." By Kate Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

<sup>3</sup> "Heather and Snow." By George MacDonald. New York: Harper & Bros.

<sup>4</sup> "The Last Sentence." By Maxwell Glendon. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

last decade; we mean, of course, of that class of novels of which George Eliot was the chief among the many. There is a power about the book which seems to captivate us, in spite of what may seem to be too much of the atmosphere of sadness. If there is one fault with the book it is that there is too much of sorrow in its pages. Yet there are very many clever epigrams in the book; considerable of dramatic power, especially in the scene where final sentence is passed by Judge Marlowe. The book is the equal of "Adam Bede," and the cultivated readers of English fiction will welcome the book because it is indeed the work of a well-trained genius. Maxwell Gray is indeed a novelist worthy of much praise—worthy of being widely read.

Our enjoyment of "Sherlock Holmes" was of such a character as to make us yearn for anything which Conan Doyle would give us. And so, when we read "The Great Shadow,"<sup>1</sup> we could say but one thing: Clever, clever, *very* clever!

Conan Doyle has every indication of taking a very high place in the world's literature as a writer of originality and brilliant execution.

If Rudyard Kipling was at any time a fad he has ceased to be one, and his last volume, "Many Inventions,"<sup>2</sup> sustains in every respect the author's reputation for originality of creation, for a descriptive power unapproached by any living author, a delicious humor, which is never coarse but always pleasantly free and easy, and for a wonderful insight into human nature.

Kipling stands to-day as the best character painter of his time, and in his new volume, especially in the story of "My Lord the Elephant," displays a skill unequalled in the art of delineating character. Kipling is indeed a realist of the first order. The study of Indian life shows a painstaking labor in the very heart of the cities of the Indian Empire. Kipling in this volume shows himself a master in the art of making every detail intensely interesting. The volume of stories varies so much that we seem to leave one story to read a better and a different one. We wonder if this genius will not soon claim, and a just claim at that, enough attention from the literary world to deserve the name of the Anglo-Indian Dickens. No writer of our time possesses the storehouse of excellent materials, no author the genius for utilizing the same.

Then again, we welcomed Marion Crawford's "Pietro Ghislero,"<sup>3</sup> which, by the way, should have been named Laura, and we found the same fascinating story-teller. We were glad to breathe in the delightful

atmosphere of modern Rome, and meet the society which Crawford alone could make so pleasant to meet. The author of "Mr. Isaacs," "A Roman Singer," etc., etc., always writes an excellent book, and each one seems better than the other.

But enough. We have had other good works of fiction. Suffice it to say, however, that the fiction of the past few months has been of an unusually high order, the authors of which should receive the thanks of a thoroughly appreciative reading public.

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In the above brief *résumé* of recent fiction, it will be observed that five of the books referred to are volumes of short stories. Three of them were written by American and two by English authors.

In this connection the thought suggests itself as to the coming American novel. As a nation we have had no really national novel. Our great American novels have had only a local coloring. They have been sectional. For instance, Hawthorne gave us the New England type of character. Bret Harte the Western; Charles E. Craddock that of the type living in the Tennessee mountains; Page and Cable Southern types of life and character; Richard Harding Davis, as in his clever "Gallagher," that character alone found in the American city; and so we could enumerate. Now, with these different types of character being rapidly eliminated from our life, and the steadily increasing cosmopolitan character, is the time not nearly at hand when we can greet the *first* American novel?

Surely, we have the authors! We have to-day more writers of promise than we have ever had before—writers whose present work should be an omen of a grand final success in the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Americans in Europe"<sup>1</sup> is the striking title of a book whose first edition was exhausted on the day of its publication. Such a prominent title deserved the name of its author, but when we looked at the title-page we found that it was "by one of them;" when we finished it we knew that he was an unusually *aggressive* one! and yet perfectly honest and thoroughly earnest in his denunciation of the practices of some of our American friends when they cross the Atlantic. The author points out in a very skilful manner the temptations to which our young men and women are exposed, especially in Paris, where they go to study art and music. The book is a brilliant yet caustic review of some of our representatives abroad, who instead of being *American* became un-American—Americans who misrepresented their own country by trying to be something else besides American.

<sup>1</sup> "Americans in Europe." By One of Them. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

<sup>1</sup> "The Great Shadow." By Conan Doyle. New York. Harper & Bros.

<sup>2</sup> "Many Inventions." By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

<sup>3</sup> "Pietro Ghislero." By Marion Crawford. New York: MacMillan & Co.



This book should be in the hands of every young man and woman who contemplates going abroad. One will be a better American after its perusal.

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Unquestionably the literary event of the year is the publication of Gen. Lew Wallace's new novel, "The Prince of India, or How Constantinople Fell."<sup>1</sup> The author has been at work for many years gathering materials for the work, and now that the work is completed there is every reason to believe that it will meet with a most cordial reception. As we have received the book on the eve of going to press, we will reserve our review of it until some future issue.

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One of the most charming little volumes which has come to our notice is the volume, "Other Essays from the Easy Chair,"<sup>2</sup> by that prince of men, that most delightful of writers, George William Curtis. There is a charm about the book that does not permit us to think that they were written years ago, but they seem as fresh as if the hand that penned them had just given them to us. Curtis is no more, but it will be many years before he and his "Easy Chair" are forgotten.

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The author of "The Leavenworth Case," the best detective story written in America, has written a book which adds to her reputation as a brilliant writer of detective stories. "Marked Personal"<sup>3</sup> is intensely interesting; from cover to cover one never loses a line, but follows on and on until the end is reached. Through intrigue and entangling alliances one is brought to the end of the volume, and leaves it with the satisfaction of having read a most interesting book.

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Visitors to that nineteenth century wonder, the World's Fair, will be greatly aided in seeing and appreciating the sights of that remarkable institution by taking with them "A Week at the Fair,"<sup>4</sup> a profusely illus-

<sup>1</sup> "The Prince of India." By Lew Wallace. New York: Harper & Bros.

<sup>2</sup> "Other Essays from the Easy Chair." By Geo. Wm. Curtis. New York: Harper & Bros.

<sup>3</sup> "Marked Personal." By Anna K. Green. New York: Putnam's Sons.

<sup>4</sup> "A Week at the Fair." Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

trated volume concerning matters connected with the exposition. The articles in the volume were prepared for it, and give it a spec-

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"How to Know the Wild Flowers" is something which all lovers of nature should know. It has been a surprise to us that never before has been issued a practical guide to our common flowers, and yet the year has gone into the field to not to pluck, our beautiful flowers, not their name nor anything else. This volume by Mrs. Dana supplied what was felt want, for it gives the names and haunts of our common flowers. The volume is fully illustrated and well written.

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Some days ago the writer, in one of New York's largest dry-goods stores, noticed at the book-counter a very neatly bound book with the title "Reveries of a Bachelor to fourteen cents;" and next to it an equally large one, with the title "Life," reduced to fourteen cents. Into the pages of the books we picked to notice how well printed they were. The binding, that of a green cloth, was not only tasty but durable. Here, then, were two of the most helpful books in any literature—two of the most helpful books ever reached—the range of the poorest of the people is truly a wonderful age in the art of cheap books.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Grant, wife of our illustrious President, has just finished the work of her recollections of the late President. There is every reason to believe that this book will be a noteworthy contribution to the history of a remarkable man, and will be a wonderful influence in the destiny of our republic. We are much pleased by the publication of this book, for we understand that there will be for the first time considerable interest in the life of the General, especially after he becomes President of the United States.

<sup>1</sup> "How to Know the Wild Flowers." By Wm. S. Dana. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

## EL PRIMERO.

ON Saturday, August 5th, 1893, the citizens of San Francisco, especially those who take an interest in the exciting and fascinating sport of yachting, looked out the bay with feelings akin to those, for on its surface floated *El Primero*," as her name implies, the

honor of having been the first to introduce this luxurious method of travel and recreation upon the waters of the Pacific, which to the owner of a seaworthy steam yacht offers an unequalled and extensive field for the gratification of the most enthusiastic and exacting seeker after new



EL PRIMERO.

steam steel yacht built on the Pacific Coast, perfect in every outwardly graceful as a swan, and surrounded by a fleet of pleasure-sailing yachts, all decked out in their gayest colors, and their decks crowded with guests.

When future annals of yachting are written they will record the fact that E. W. Hopkins belongs the

wonders and scenes, where nature can be viewed in her grandest aspect.

Down the coast of California past Monterey Bay and Santa Cruz, on to Santa Barbara and San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles and the landlocked bay of San Diego, then farther still along the Mexican ocean line, or going in the opposite direction north through the calm and placid water-ways of Puget Sound to the



Land of the Midnight Sun, Alaska, whose scenic grandeur throws into the shade even the far-famed wonders of Switzerland, the glaciers glittering in the sun being unapproachable in size and beauty, while the waters abound in the choicest varieties of fish, which afford not only sport to the angler but a delicious addition to the table. Each day passed in these waveless waters on a steam yacht may be filled with novelties and surprises which admit of no *ennui*, and awaken interest in the oldest traveller.

The luxury of a steam steel yacht is expensive, and can only be indulged in by the fortunate possessor of great wealth, but to a man of appreciative taste for the beautiful, and of a genial and sociable disposition, such as Mr. Hopkins is given the credit of possessing, it is a piece of property which is capable of bringing him some new, instructive, and innocent pleasure every day in the year. It is to Mr. Hopkins' credit, also, that *El Primero* is distinctly a Californian yacht, the product of home industry, built, finished, and furnished at the Union Iron Works, where it has been proved to the world that as strong, serviceable, well-built, and speedy war-ships and cruisers, as well as merchantmen and steel yachts, can be built as it is possible to launch from any ship-building dock in this country or the world. Honor to whom honor is due, and to the head of these iron works is great honor due from every citizen of San Francisco and the State of California, for his noble enterprise which has been serviceable and successful in building up such a mammoth industry.

The dimensions of *El Primero* are: Length over all, 137 feet; beam, 18; depth, 8.6; mean draft, 4.8; regis-

tered tonnage, gross, 10 net, 73.48; displacement. She will draw only 4 feet at the bow, and less than inches at the stern. The triple expansion of 225 hp. She is manned by a crew of 10. She has a speed of fifteen miles. The interior is finished entirely with teak and prim white mahogany, as the latter is sometimes called. The deck is fore and aft, with the exception of the foremast; the pilot-house, and a dining-cabin. The forward and after part of the deck is covered with a canvas, as a protection against a sun. The dining-saloon is eighteen feet and can be converted into a social hall or card-room. It is connected with the galley underneath by a waiter. Electric bells are provided as means of communication throughout every quarter of the yacht. The cabin is provided with berths for persons, and has plenty of more.

The main cabin is a little amidships, and has two staterooms, which are large and comfortable with every modern convenience. The cabin is thirteen feet high and has an average width of ten feet. The furniture, and on both sides, are two state-rooms containing berths each. In the stern room similar to that in the fore. Every particle of available space has been utilized to secure the degree of comfort and elegance combined, and the result has been a miniature palace, which should be, and is, a source of pride and satisfaction both to her builders and owners.





AT THE WHARVES.

## THE CITY OF STOCKTON.

BY F. J. RYAN.



THE history of Stockton has been often written, and each historian has treated it from a different motive, and from a different point of view.

The history of George H. Tinkham is the best work on the subject, but it is too voluminous and goes into many details that interest only the student, and especially the old residents, to make it available to the general public. Every one who has written on the subject has aided it under contribution, however small, and it is the principal basis of much of this as relates to the early history of the city. Much, however, has been gleaned from a perusal of the history of the town as it is contained in the papers published in the city from its foundation.

Stockton is situated at the head of the water navigation on the San

Joaquin river system, on an arm of that river, three miles from the main channel. It is located on what was known as the Rancho del Campo de los Franceses (the ranch of the French Camp) which was granted by the Mexican government to Captain Charles M. Weber, and the grant was subsequently confirmed by the United States. The American patent was signed by President Lincoln and is the first land patent that received his signature.

Charles M. Weber arrived in California in 1841, and in what is now Stockton in 1842, after having fought under Houston for Mexican independence. He was a German by birth, a man of strong will and adventurous spirit who left his native country in youth, and became thoroughly cosmopolitan before he had grown a beard. His liberality was broad, and his enterprise was unlimited. After pursuing the cattle business, which was the chief resource before



the discovery of gold, he tried mining, milling, and merchandizing in their turn, and though successful in



R. E. WILHOIT,  
Pres't Board of Education.

each, relinquished all to develop Stockton, which he plainly foresaw would become one of the most important towns of California. He laid out the city which he at first called Tuleburg, but subsequently changed the name to Stockton, in compliment to Commodore Stockton, who had taken great interest in the place and promised to secure government aid in improving its harbor, a promise he was unable to fulfil.

With the discovery of gold, Stockton's real history begins. It was the principal outfitting point for the northern mines, and a city sprang up in a few weeks. It was a city of tents principally, but a busy place from which immense trains of wagons drawn by long strings of mules wended their way eastward and northward into the mines with supplies. Early in the history of Stockton, large numbers of sloops and schooners and nearly a dozen steamers navigated the San Joaquin, and brought supplies and people to Stockton, and took away the products of the mines and the ranges.

As the town grew, it became more substantial. Houses of wood and

adobe arose, and Captain V among the first builders. For frame house he paid a dollar per superficial foot for the lumber; others were paid \$10 a day, a thing that entered into the cost him in proportion to the. He was liberal to settlers, businesslike, and gave away good building-lots to those who seemed likely to become citizens, and as the city developed devoted a large number of acres of ground for public uses. In the county of San Joaquin across the court-house square, the city has numerous beautiful little parks for the people their first cemeteries.

By 1850, Stockton had assumed its urban form. Frame building was numerous, the lumber for them being brought from the coast around Cape Horn. In the frontier towns, the saloon, the gambling-house, the livery stable, the hotel were the pioneer structures of those early days too, the pioneers were largely composed of restless men who appealed to the very slight provocation, and shed over gaming, drinking



GEORGE C. TURNER,  
Board of Education.

smiles of women as reckless men were as common as the makes them in other California



mps of that day. Stockton was, however, a business place from its foundation. From its principal hotel for many years long lines of stages set out every morning for Sacramento and northern mines, for Sonora and the Tuolumne mines; for San Andreas, Angel's Camp, Shasta, and the Calaveras mines; for Marysville and the Stanislaus, and in fact for all parts of the State where mining was conducted.

August 1st, 1850, the first municipal election was held under a decree of the district court, in which the population of the city was estimated at 2,000. At that election the officers elected were: Samuel Purdy, mayor; C. M. Keniston, W. H. Robinson, J. W. Reins, James H. Reins, B. F. Whittier, Hiram Green, and



C. M. KENISTON,  
Board of Education.

George A. Shurtleff, aldermen; A. C. Bradford, clerk;

G. D. Brush, treasurer; C. J. Edmonson, assessor; W. H. Willoughby, marshal; H. A. Crabb, attorney; F. C. Andrew, harbor master, and Walter Heron, recorder.

Stockton's prosperity was not without checks. A disastrous fire occurred in December, 1849, and swept most of its fragile business houses away, entailing a loss of \$200,000. That winter was very rainy, and business was stagnant, because intercourse with the mines was rendered impossible, the soft adobe soil being saturated, making the trails impassable. This stagnation was aggravated by the necessities of the San Francisco creditors of Stockton merchants. The historical fire of 1849 in that city had borne hard on its merchants, who bore hard on

debtors in turn, and some Stockton merchants were crowded out of business.

Business recovered rapidly with the return of spring, and February, 1850, saw thirty-four new mill houses flourishing. Manufactures, which have since distinguished Stockton beyond other Californian cities, began that year. The first goods manufactured were crackers, which were made from imported flour, in a city where the present annual output of flour is worth \$500,000. Boat-building was the next important industry. The first boat was built in 1850 by H. Davis. It was, of course, small and counted for little to-day, but its building was an event to be appreciated then. This branch of industry has continued and grown, and now large steamboats, barges, sailing craft and pleasure-boats are built every year. In



H. C. HOLMAN,  
Board of Education.



L. M. CUTTING,  
Board of Education.



1850 also brick-making began, and the next year a brewery was built, and the first wagon was made in Stockton. Mining tools were made in that year, and until the business of mining was wholly changed.

In 1853 Jacob C. Wagner started a small tannery. Hides were a drug in the market and cost him but a trifle. This was his chief advantage, and the next was the ready sale of leather, but his appliances for tanning and finishing were necessarily crude and inconvenient. He persevered, however, and from his small beginning has grown the Pacific tannery, which in 1892 produced \$234,000 worth of leather.

Imported flour was not long used in Stockton, for in 1852 a mill was built by Austin Sperry and S. M. Baldwin, out of which has been evolved the present Sperry mill, whose annual product is worth more than two millions of dollars. In 1883 the Crown mills were erected, by which the product of flour was doubled, and in 1891 the Union mill, with a like capacity, was finished, so that now Stockton's flour-producing capacity is 6,000 barrels a day and the value of its actual product of mill stuffs for 1892 was \$5,250,000. Beside these three large mills, the Aurora mills do a custom business of 200 barrels a day.

Next to its mills in point of magnitude are Stockton's combined harvester works. These are five in number, from which in 1892 were turned out 379 of these massive machines, which go into a field of standing grain, cut, thresh, clean, and separate it, and leave behind them a trail of straw on one side and a trail of sacked grain upon the other. These massive machines, drawn by from twenty to twenty-six horses, cut and thresh the grain as rapidly as the ordinary reapers of the prairie States cut and bind it. Their employment in the great grain fields of the San Joaquin valley is made especially desirable by the absence of rain during

the summer and the e gales that in some thresh out the dried grain left in the field uncut and threshed.

The combined harvester invention. Crude harvester machines have been made in other parts of the State, but the Stockton machine, though it remained for years, did this city to make a name for itself. The first of these machines was made in 1865, and its first success was made the following year when three machines were made and the production was every year, except one year, a pressing in business, and in 1893 will find Stockton reaching the number of 400.

While flour and combining machines rank as the leading industries in Stockton, the means its only manufactures are besides six or eight other manufactures that are not of Californian cities. The army of 1,300 operatives they pay over \$1,000, and a large proportion of them are invested in home-built machinery. The result is that Stockton's manufactures are largely also the largest and the proportion of population and even more pretentious than owned by wage-workers is hardly exceeded in any other city in the United States.

The paper mill is the largest of the industries not previously mentioned. It gives employment to 100 persons and its annual production of "news" paper, is 1,000,000. Nearly equal in value is the woollen mill with its 100 employees, principally women, and its output of blank cloth, etc., worth \$250,000 per year. The wagon and carriage factory employs seventy employees, produces a year; two foundries will produce \$125,000 worth of machinery and the terra-cotta works with



e \$35,000 worth of sewer pipe, ling material, and plumber's e ware. Five planing mills are busy on building work, and their oined product in 1892 was worth ,000.

another branch of manufacturing, hich Stockton may lay exclusive n, is that of "buhach." That is

roduced mainly through the energy and enterprise of Joseph D. Peters, who is president of the company, and is also one of the foremost of Stockton's business men.

Stockton is not noted as a wine-producing point, yet it has its El Pinal vineyard and winery, which, with one small winery, produces



THE STOCKTON SCHOOL HOUSE.

rade-mark name of the insect n made from the pyrethrum , Stockton having the only in the United States for grind- he flowers of that plant, which is n on the plantation of the Buhach any in Merced County, the only in the United States where it een found to flourish in perfec-

This novel industry was in-

\$175,000 worth of wine and brandy annually.

Brick is another leading article of Stockton manufacture. It is made by the San Joaquin Brick Company. The peculiar feature of this establishment is its kiln, which is kept constantly burning. This is accomplished by what is known as the downward draft. The kiln is divided





JAS. A. BARR,  
Superintendent of Schools.

into many compartments, two of which are always open. One of these is receiving the unbaked brick, the other is being emptied of those that have been burned, while all of the remainder are in the various stages of being heated, burned, or cooled off. The fires are fed from the top through four-inch flues with fine slack coal which is poured into the flues with a grocer's scoop, about eight ounces at a time, and the fire kept increasing in intensity until the desired temperature is reached, when the brick are allowed to gradually cool. The value of the product of this industry in 1892 was \$50,000, and it will be greatly increased in a few years.

Add to the figures here given the miscellaneous manufactures such as are common to most cities of 18,000 inhabi-

tants, and the value of Stockton's manufactures will approach very nearly \$10,000,000.

While Stockton is proud of their manufactures and cherishes them, they are proud of their progress. Very early in the history of the city provision was made for the education of the children. Some of the first schools were ill-furnished, the buildings were bad, and the apparatus crude, but in them is apparent the progress of the city. Articles on the subject of newspapers of the city in the city's history show that years ago there was a great attention among the people to no official standard of education, but the people did not to have sufficient account. The Russian mines brought much money, but the people came tired of it, some, having been

the East, resumed their work here. Among the families



W. C. RAMSEY,  
Proprietor Business College.



many ladies who had been ed to teach, and these were added e corps as time demanded and the cial ability of the city permitted. ng those who were teachers in ston was Thomas B. Reed, who ince become famous as Speaker e National House of Represen- es, though his work was in a ite academy over which pre- l the man who was for some s superintendent of San Joaquin ty's schools. om small and inadequate begin- s, in rude and leaky buildings,

teacher was, in 1892, \$1,280, and of the females \$810; but that of the male teachers for 1893 has been increased nearly \$100 per year. Teachers are selected for their merits alone, and though the political "pull" may have been potent in the past, it is unknown now.

The schools are managed by a board of five directors elected by the people. The superintendent is chosen by the board, though the office until recently was elective. The present superintendent, James A. Barr, has held the position not quite two years,



THE SOUTH SCHOOL.

school establishment of Stockton grown, until there are now eleven d buildings, only three of which f wood. In these are employed one teachers, and the average attendance for November, 1892, t, 144, on an enrolment of 2,432. e the school census of that year the number of children of school s 3,120. e average pay of the male

but in that time has effected many improvements in school work. He recognizes that the schools are not perfect, though they deservedly rank among the best in the State, and he is laboring to make them as nearly perfect as possible.

Mr. Barr is a native of Kentucky, but has resided in California nearly twenty years, or ever since he was about nine years old, and is hence a



real Californian. His education was received principally in the Stockton public schools, though after his graduation at the high school he took a course at the Stockton Business College. After teaching in country schools two or three terms, he was appointed principal of the Jefferson School in this city, and after holding that position several years was in 1891 chosen superintendent. Mr. Barr is still a student. His experience as a teacher showed him that much improvement could be made in the methods pursued in this city, and he has devoted a large proportion of his time since he has been superintendent to the improvement of the system.

For this purpose he has carefully studied the methods pursued elsewhere, and, taking the best in each, is laboring to engraft the improvements on the system here. Two years are not a sufficient time in which to accomplish all he desires, but even in that time great improvement has been made. He reads closely all the criticisms on the public schools here and elsewhere, and seeks to profit by them. Neither given to fads nor devoted to established customs, he does not rashly embrace innovations or cling to forms simply because they have the negative approval of long use. During his superintendency, there has been a notable increase in the attendance as compared with the enrolment, a still more notable increase in punctuality, and a consequent increase in the proportion of the school fund received by the schools under his charge.

Through his efforts Stockton was largely represented at the annual convention of the California Teachers' Association last December in Fresno. This was the first

time Stockton had apparently in the meetings. So favorable a session. Stockton teachers make a convention that this city was chosen as the place for the next session, in this year.

The details of school work in Stockton would be uninteresting to the general reader, and are therefore omitted. It must suffice to say that Superintendent Barr is doing both as a business man and as a teacher. While fully appreciating the sacredness of the teaching profession, he also appreciates the importance of giving close attention to the details of education and is not willing to allow the schools to run on their own "elves." Being a man of a judicial temper, he persists in his deliberation but persists in some popular freaks. Some radical change in the curriculum, he will be long in opposition to continue the work he has begun.

On the southeast corner of Canal and Channel Streets is an educational institution of none of its kind—the Stockton Business College. Mr. W. C. Barr is the principal and proprietor under his able management.



STOCKTON BUSINESS COLLEGE.





THE HIGH SCHOOL.

on it has been raised to the high-  
standard of excellence hitherto  
ed by similar institutions.

Mr. Ramsey is one of those self-  
men whose elevation by their  
exertion marks them as pos-  
sessed of exceptionally high quali-  
ties and of energy and determina-  
tion rising above the general plane.  
In central Illinois, and left an  
man at an early age, he worked  
a farm during the summer and  
attended school in the winter. Such  
was his economy that he saved suffi-  
cient means to enable him to finish his  
education at the State Normal Uni-  
versity of Illinois, graduating from  
that institution in 1873. In 1879 he  
came to California, and in 1881 was  
employed as a teacher in Stockton  
Business College, which had then  
been established six years. He be-  
came proprietor of the institution in  
1881, at which time there were but  
few pupils enrolled; during the

past year there were over 700 stu-  
dents. Twelve teachers are employed  
in this college—persons of experience  
and ability, who combine courteous  
treatment with firm discipline. Mr.  
Ramsey's long experience of nineteen  
years in the profession has taught  
him what constitutes success in a  
teacher, and he surrounds himself  
with men of worth and capability.  
The courses of the school are thorough  
and comprehensive. In the theoret-  
ical department, which includes pupils  
from those who are just learning to  
read and write to graduates from  
the high school, the student decides  
for himself how much he learns, the  
work being for the most part indi-  
vidual, without the incentive of com-  
petition. The most interesting de-  
partment is the Actual Business or  
Practical Department, in which two  
banks are established, doing business  
with one another as if they were in  
cities far distant from each other.





MINNAPOLIS  
JAN 11 1891  
ST. PAUL  
JAN 11 1891

e pupils are supplied with all the requisites for such a business, a good representation of money, drafts, checks, notes, mortgages, deeds, due bills, etc., being in full supply. Then there is the Shorthand and Typewriting Department, and lastly the Normal or Teachers' Department, where about one hundred students are being prepared for the educational profession. The courses are all elective, and a pupil may select such and as many studies as he may choose.

In the matter of churches, Stockton is as well provided as in the matter of schools. There are now twenty-three houses of worship in the city and twenty-six religious organizations, exclusive of those auxiliary to the churches. Unhappily, recently the church architecture of the city is rather antiquated, as much of it still is. Within a few years, however, the principal Methodist congregation erected a magnificent church edifice at a cost of nearly \$50,000, and St. John's Episcopal parish erected a handsome new church at a cost of nearly \$30,000. St. Mary's Catholic church has recently been remodelled and improved at a cost of \$10,000, and within three years five small churches have been built to accommodate the people in rapidly growing suburbs, and in those districts within the city which are rapidly being filled with residences.

Among the public buildings of the city, the Court-house stands pre-eminent. It is a magnificent granite structure erected at a cost of \$260,000, and is a spacious and commodious office in which are all the county and city offices. It is furnished with the best and most improved modern furniture and office fittings, fireproof vaults, and conveniences for transacting public business. The

court-rooms are spacious, and the judge's chambers conveniently situated for those having business therein, and the rooms are heated and lighted with natural gas, furnished by a well sunk by the county on the lot whereon the jail is situated. The Court-house is 156 feet long and 126 feet wide, and stands in the centre of a block 300 feet square. It is surmounted by a dome 172 feet high, on which stands a colossal statue of the Goddess of Justice. From the dome a fine view of the surrounding country and its farms, fields, vineyards, and orchards can be had. On the east the Sierra Nevada moun-



THE COUNTY JAIL.

tains bound the landscape, on the south is the vast San Joaquin valley, on the west the Coast range, and on the north the view is limited by the scattered oaks and other forest trees which from that height and distance appear like a forest.

One square north of the Court-house on San Joaquin Street is the new jail, a handsome red brick structure with stone trimmings, which, were it not for the steel gratings at the windows, would not be recognized as a prison. It is within two squares of the business centre, and, instead of being regarded as damaging to the surrounding property, is admired as an improvement.

On the block next south from the



Court-house is the Free Public Library building, a small building of granite of modest design, which was erected in 1889, and is soon to be incorporated in a building that will cover an area of 150 by 100 feet, designs for which have been prepared and accepted. The new building will be a work of architectural art of which any city of double the size of Stockton could well be proud. The present building was erected from a fund the nucleus for which was a donation of \$5,000 by Frank Stewart, a pioneer business man of the city, and the new will be paid for out of \$75,000 bequeathed by Dr. W. P. Hazelton, a pioneer dentist of this city, who died in 1890 in Tarrytown, N. Y. Dr. Hazelton accumulated his first capital in Stockton, and when he had become wealthy determined to testify his gratitude to its people for the encouragement he received here. The bequest shows that his gratitude was great, and as he also left an ample fund for the purchase of books, and for medals for those grammar-school pupils who excel in scholarship and deportment, he has in his turn placed Stockton under an obligation of gratitude deeper than that which he has so richly repaid.

The Masonic Temple is a plain but substantial building that occupies a half-block. It is of brick with stone trimmings, three stories high, and contains a music hall, several lodge rooms, and other as-

sembly rooms, on the and on the first floor is the stores, offices, etc.

The post office will main in the Masonic Temple, ever, for the United States purchased a site on the south of California and Market which will be erected and contain all the Federal offices here. The appropriate purpose is only \$75,000, the price of the site is inadequate to the purpose up a becoming structure should appropriate sum sufficient to erect worth \$75,000.

The County Hospital building just outside border of the city, was destroyed by fire in the fall of 1892, replaced by a handsome building sufficient to house the means for that purpose raised by the sale of bonds which were recently premium of 2 per cent.

The California Asylum for the Insane, which was the first of that kind in California, located in Stockton. It contains four large asylum buildings, physicians' residences, houses, engine-houses, stables, workshops, etc., an enclosure embracing all of which was donated.



THE METHODIST CHURCH.





YOSEMITE THEATRE BUILDING.

ne must suffice. Within the enclosure are three natural gas wells, one of which supplies all the gas needed for fuel in the laundry, and another is being sunk which will be sufficient to supply fuel and light for the whole institution. The first, which was sunk for water, yields but a small supply of gas, which is not utilized, but the water of both the completed wells is used for irrigating the gardens within the grounds. The cost of the asylum buildings was about \$503,000, and they are sufficient for the accommodation of about 2,000 patients.

The Yosemite Theatre has been built by a company which was incorporated on June 1st, 1891. Ground for the building was broken on August 1st. The structure, which is of the best red pressed brick with terra-cotta trimmings, covers an area of 150 feet square. It is in the form of an H. The theatre and the office building are separate. They are divided by a lighted court ten feet wide, on each side of which are brick walls and iron posts.

The entire main entrance, including the box-office lobby, is finished with marble wainscoting, imported tile floor of a buff hue, and hard-wood. Plastic relief decorations increase the pleasing aspect of this corridor. Oil colors of soft tones that blend with the dark marble and hard-wood have been used.

The foyer decorations are a splendid example of the Empire style. The chandeliers in the foyer deserve to be termed magnificent. They were especially designed for a house furnished in the strict Empire fashion.

There are niches in the wall on the right of the foyer—the right on entering. One of them is on each side of the ladies' parlor. In these niches are settees, which are upholstered in corduroys. They afford handsome and comfortable lounging-places between acts. The seats are the best grade of Andrews' opera chairs. They are made of polished oak wood, are upholstered in rich old yellow plush, have springs, and are not only wide enough to suit all, but are set far enough apart in rows to



avoid any cramping of knees. Three rows in front in the dress circle are upholstered like the orchestra seats.

The boxes are all embraced in the limit of the proscenium arch. This arch is a grand sight. Its grandeur is better appreciated when viewed from the dress circle than beneath. Its soffit is 26 feet deep. The boxes on each side of it emerge from between beautifully proportioned Ionic columns. One of these columns separates adjoining boxes, and another is on the outer side of each box. The columns carry purely classical entablature, which is surmounted by a rich Empire frieze. From the top of this frieze on each side the sounding board rises toward the centre of the arch. The acoustics of the theatre are perfect.

The stage was constructed under the personal supervision of Thomas Harrington. It is 38 feet deep, 68 feet wide and 60 feet high, being 3 feet deeper than the California theatre. It is a completely equipped stage. There are twelve large dressing-rooms. A pretty feature is the brass chain and posts which form the footlight guard.

The school architecture of Stockton is not, as a whole, a matter of which the city can boast. Until recently the buildings, like most other buildings in the city, were more remarkable for strength than beauty. The spirit of improvement which has inspired individuals to modernize and beautify their homes and business houses reached the schools when the Fremont school building was erected. This was so satisfactory that the hand of improvement was next laid on the Jefferson building, which was transformed into a handsome structure. Then the wand of art was laid on the Washington or High School, and it rose one story higher and assumed form more becoming to the modern city of Stockton, and to its beautiful surroundings of beautiful residences,

neatly improved streets, and a beautiful little park of one square, its northern end.

The architecture of the city has undergone much change. Severe utility seemed to prevail a few years ago, but now grace has been paid to ornamentation, in the residence quarter especially. With the rise of the city, taste seemed almost at once, and now can afford handsome buildings. They have become imbued with emulation in that direction. A number of handsome residences have been built within the last few years, remarkable in a city of its size and reputation abroad for its slow.

Among the fine residences within a few years are those of Wilhoit, and R. C. Sarver, which are printed here. The Welsh recently finished his residence, which cost him \$20,000. Woods and his brother have each erected residences costing \$15,000 each, and the number that cost from \$5,000 to \$10,000 have been added to the list in a few years is too great to give in detail here.

Wheat-raising has been the backbone of the agricultural industry of Stockton, and its tributary to Stockton. Farmers have prospered, and it is more and more apparent that it is not a profitable business. To escape it, and to secure prosperity, an increase in the number and more desirable of the great attention is given to it. One system with about 10 miles of canal is now in operation and is working magic on the orchard and vineyard, and the handsome ranch will soon supplant the old ranch with its wide stretches of field, varied by occasional shade trees, and the great resolvent, water, will yield any kind of soil.



any season, and fine farm-houses will no longer be moved five, six, and eight miles into Stockton as has been done by ranchers whose families would escape the lonely life. Homes in the country will then be desirable, and the more there are, the more prosperous will Stockton become.

The other irrigation projects are being industriously pushed, and when they are completed, within the present year, nearly every acre of land in the country will be within reach of their waters. This will effect a great change in the city as

well as in the farming districts, and the population of the city, which has increased about one-third since the census of 1890 was taken, will more than double itself before another Federal enumeration is made.

Though Stockton is not noted as being in a fruit-raising region, the records of fruit shipments by rail show that it is the third in point of magnitude in the State. These shipments do not include the large amount that goes to San Francisco every day in the fruit season, when a steamer leaves in that trade two or three



RESIDENCE OF R. E. WILHOIT.



hours before the regular daily packet steamer. Eight hours is required for the trip to San Francisco, and fruit and vegetable raisers can send their products to consumers in that city, and lay them on their breakfast tables fresh from the gardens but little more than half a day after they leave the gardens.

There is a large amount of capital in Stockton, and most of its important enterprises have been carried on

capitalists and thus got indebtedness of both cities is therefore virtually a citizens.

Stockton's five banks are exclusively owned by the county. Of these, the general banking business being a national bank, the other two are savings banks, and are among the soundest managed in the country.



THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

with the money of its people. Its city and county bonds issued for street, sewer, wharf, and building improvements have been bought largely by its resident capitalists, who, knowing how secure is the investment, have usually bid higher than non-residents. An exception to this rule was found in the recent sale of county bonds for the new poor farm and the re-erection of the county hospital. An agent for the State school fund outbid the local

Stockton has had but one failure in many years, and that was a small one that it did not hurt the business of the city, having almost wound up before a sudden demand closed its weakness.

Failures in Stockton are not any line. Its business is conducted; most of its failures have been long in the city, who are not old residents, but business men who



been attracted hither by learning of the solidity of its growth, and by having a knowledge of its resources and surroundings. Good and prudent business men have no difficulty in obtaining money with which to do business, but Stockton is a poor place for the mere adventurer. Within the past ten years several such have come here with dazzling schemes to ensnare capital, but after wasting much eloquence have gone elsewhere to succeed where men are more sanguine and have more capital than judgment.

The influence of the combined agencies enumerated have operated to cause Stockton to grow very rapidly within the past few years. In 1880, the census credited the city with 10,287. This was only 221 more than were counted in 1870. In 1890 the increase was 4,096, and the population was given as 14,376. A city census, completed May 5th this

year, shows 17,759 inhabitants, an increase of 3,383 in less than three years. All these figures apply to the city proper, which is comprised within the quadrangle two miles square. On the north, the east, and the south, the population has overflowed until there are probably 5,000 people in the suburbs. There is nothing to mark the city from these suburbs. The centres of streets, well lined with residences on each side, form the eastern and southern boundaries. The northern boundary is a street on whose north side lie some of the most elegant residences and grounds in the country, while on each of these three sides the suburbs spread out from a half-mile to a mile, and two of them are thickly covered with the homes of people who earn their bread in the great manufactories within the city limits.

Stockton's situation, at an altitude of only thirty feet above mean sea-



CAPTAIN WEBER'S RESIDENCE.



level, on land that was originally intersected by sloughs or sluggish streams, that in the dry season had little or no current, made the drainage problem a grave one, that grew graver as the years went by, and the population increased. Most of these sloughs and streams have now been filled, and the water diverted into other channels, but no system of sewers was devised to take their place until a few years ago.

A very complete system was adopted, however, and is being rapidly constructed. As the natural slope of the land is very slight, art had to supply the deficiency. The system adopted was that of draining the city sewage into a vast reservoir, and then by powerful pumps lifting the sewage and forcing it through pipes to the San Joaquin River, two miles distant. Rain-water is disposed of in a separate system of mains which flow into the channels of the harbor. The pumping station, located in the southwestern part of the city, is a handsome little building that is furnished with means of consuming the foul gases that arise from the sewage in the reservoir, and no unpleasant odors escape therefrom.

The outfall pipe is provided with outlets, from which the sewage may be taken in the dry season to be used on the land over which it passes for irrigation or fertilization.

Water is supplied to the city by a corporation whose works are located on the eastern border of the town. The source of supply is a large number of deep wells, sunk far below all danger of pollution from the surface. The works have recently been rebuilt, the machinery greatly enlarged, and new mains laid throughout the city.

The streets are illuminated with electric lights, and electricity supplies the power by which street-cars are propelled every few minutes over two lines, one of which is nearly four miles long and the other two miles.

Other lines are to be constructed

at an early day, and the existing lines is tended northward and suburbs that have grown the last three years.

Stockton is only two as its plat is recorded records. Stockton is overflowed those lines eastward, a like distant ward, and is rapidly extended, but its progress is limited to the land Stockton channel, because south is too low to be residences. The population of Stockton is a little over the population of about nearly 20,000.

Stockton owes much prosperity to its location tide-water navigation it the natural metropolis San Joaquin valley. wheat is transported to Francisco Bay for seven per ton, hence vast wheat and barley find beside that which is mills. Being one of "points" on the Southern road, it enjoys lower rates and these two advantages greatly to its advantage. The advanced river transportation has greatest lumber mart of the State, and its and manufacturing by large numbers of people towns, who greatly extend trade in all lines.

The traffic on the river that one transportation thirteen steamers, large almost constantly in another has two large besides these there are one hundred other cities lumber, coal, hay, grain and other bulky commodities or bring them to Stockton are three miles of improvement and the whole water-



n miles must, within a few years, be improved by bulkhead wharves to accommodate the increasing commerce.

Another factor in producing the prosperity which Stockton enjoys is natural gas. It has been known nearly forty years that inflammable gas could be found at an inconceivable depth in the earth under the city. That knowledge was not used to any extent until 1887, when Jerome Haas, a Pennsylvanian, who had had some experience with oil wells in his native State, sunk a well whose depth is only known to be within the city limits, and got a flow of gas sufficient to justify him in his associates in laying an extensive system of pipes in the city, supplying the gas for lights and

This gave great impulse to the seeking, and there are now fifteen wells either within the city limits or within a short distance. Some of them supply but few besides stockholders in the corporations owning them, while others sell enough to pay handsome dividends. They are in depth from 976 to 1,970 feet, from 8 to 12 inches in diameter. The gas is found in heavy flows of water, and is thereby divested of its impurities, which makes it an excellent fuel, but makes it necessary to supply it by artificial means to make it a good illuminant.

Among the moral agencies of Stockton, her newspapers must be counted as equal, in their province, to the schools and the churches.

The history of daily journalism in Stockton extends back forty years, but is necessarily too long to be fully told here. The daily newspapers to-day are the *Independent*, the *Mail*, and the *Record*. The first-named was moved here from San Andreas, Calaveras County, early in 1861. It had a checkered career, and has changed proprietors many times, but during eight years past has been published by J. L. Phelps and C. L. Ruggles (J. L. Phelps & Co.). Mr.

Phelps, who has lived in Stockton nearly twenty-five years, is the editor and carefully guides and controls its tone, and Mr. Ruggles devotes himself to the business management. It has the Associated Press franchise, and is the only morning paper that has endured in Stockton. When Phelps & Co. purchased it, it was heavily encumbered, and had lost some of the prestige which it had won by the ability of its early editors. By careful management, conservative action, and energy, they restored its lost prestige, freed it from incumbrance, doubled the value of its plant, increased its revenues more than double, and have made it one of the best interior papers of California.

The *Mail*, the only evening paper that has enjoyed a career of any length, is a bright, vigorously edited paper. It is bold in its attacks on what it deems wrong, trenchant in its editorial style, light, newsy, and entertaining in its manner of serving local news, and has the air of a thoroughly prosperous paper that can afford to be independent and attack or defend whom or what its editor thinks should be attacked or defended. It is published by Colnon & Nunan, E. L. Colnon being the editor and J. J. Nunan the business manager. They have conducted the paper about seventeen years, and have covered the afternoon field so thoroughly that no competitor has been able to make sufficient inroads on them to enable it to long survive, though many have tried.

The only weekly paper that has outlived a couple of years is the *Record*. It is a lively, gossipy, independent sheet, that aims to "shoot folly as it flies," while also taking a tilt at politics, as its editor feels inclined. It is ten or a dozen years old, and has for four years been published by Denig & Martin. Mr. Denig, the business manager, was one of the original publishers, and has clung to it from its birth. Mr. Martin, a graduate of the *Independent*







h was easily acquired in his day  
the region where he lived, men  
had to defend it with force and

illustration of these apparently  
sistent characteristics was given  
squatters and the heirs of his  
r partner Gulnac attempted to  
possession of the land within  
ant. He contested their claims  
e courts at an expense that was  
er than the property they at-  
ted to deprive him of. When  
umphed, he gave every aid to  
quatters, besides forgiving them  
offences against him, but he  
led the attempt to take his land  
assault on his integrity, and  
o him was dearer than life.

Captain Weber died May 4th, 1881,  
a brief illness, of pneumonia.  
terminated a career of great  
ness, which the people of  
ton remember with deep grati-

The portrait of the beloved  
er of the city hangs in almost  
public building and in many  
e residences. It occupies the  
of honor in Pioneer Hall,  
g the many others that line its  
and Captain Charles M. Weber  
be gratefully remembered as  
s Stockton exists and its history  
d.

Stockton was for many years the  
of David S. Terry, the man  
acquired almost a world-wide  
ation by two tragic events. In  
st of these he killed Senator  
rick, and in the other was killed  
avid Neagle, a deputy United  
marshal, for an assault upon  
en J. Field, associate justice of  
upreme Court of the United  
His widow, who acquired  
notoriety by her efforts before  
marriage to Terry to establish  
aim to be the wife of ex-Senator  
um Sharon, now languishes, a  
ess maniac, in the insane asy-  
n the city where her husband  
once so much loved and re-  
ed.

was the early home of Josie

Mansfield, the beautiful woman who  
caused the quarrel between Colonel  
Jim Fisk and Ed Stokes in New  
York, which caused the murder of  
Fisk. Her father was the editor of  
a paper in this city, and was killed  
by a man whom he had offended by  
something he had published concern-  
ing him.

One of the most prominent charac-  
ters in Stockton is Thomas Cunning-  
ham, the sheriff of San Joaquin  
County. Mr. Cunningham enjoys  
the distinction in California of being  
the only sheriff who has been re-  
elected ten times. He is now serving  
his eleventh term in that office, and  
such is his popularity that he has  
several times been the only Republi-  
can candidate elected during a time  
of a general revulsion in politics,  
and has also several times been re-  
elected practically without opposi-  
tion. His efficiency as a sheriff is  
such that but two or three persons  
who have committed grave crimes  
during his twenty-one years of service  
have escaped the penalty of the  
crimes they have committed in this  
county. He has entirely suppressed  
gambling in the county; no prize-  
fights or other illegal sports are toler-  
ated, and though Stockton is famed  
throughout the land as a racing  
centre, the dishonest characters who  
usually follow the racing circuits  
avoid this city, knowing that they  
will be almost certain to be arrested  
by Sheriff Cunningham or some of  
his efficient deputies.

Stockton's kite-shaped race-track  
was the first of its kind on the Pacific  
Coast, and has been made famous by  
the large number of trotting records  
broken here by horses of national  
reputation for speed.

Among Stockton's attractions are  
its mineral water baths. In two of  
these, the water from gas wells flows  
into large tanks, one of which is over  
200 feet long. In these large num-  
bers of people indulge in swimming,  
and derive great benefit from the  
medical effect of the water. Another



of these swimming-baths is being constructed, and Stockton will soon be better supplied in this regard than any city on the coast, San Francisco not excepted.

When the irrigation systems now being organized are perfected, the water at the dams will be utilized as power to generate electricity. This will be conveyed to the city to be used as power in manufactories, and as a motive power on several lines of electric railways that are also projected to interior points for the conveyance of freight as well as passengers.

It is not difficult, from all that is here written of existing facts and of enterprises proposed, to foresee a great future for Stockton. As a grain mart with more warehouse capacity than any city outside of San Francisco; as the third shipping-point for California fruit, according to the amount forwarded from here as indicated by the Southern Pacific Railroad reports; as the greatest flour-making point in the interior and the largest manufacturing city, it cannot stand still. The ratio of its growth in wealth and population must continue to increase, until it must in a very few years become one of two or three of the cities in California which will be distinguished beyond all the others for rapid and solid prosperity, peacefulness, morality, and high culture.

Although public improvements and the advance in the value of real estate in Stockton have been rapid during the last few years, the tax levy this year is \$1.72 on the \$100 on a very low valuation in the "old

district," and \$1.50 on those additions that have been embraced within the city limits. Outside of the city, only pay \$1.00, and enjoy the benefits of the city's schools.

At the election of 1891, Clark was re-elected to the board, which is very rare for one having been re-elected for many years. In the election of 1892, three new members were elected to the board. The new board will be organized in September, and will consist of C. Turner, H. C. Bogue, S. A. Kitch, and S. Woods. The last three were the places of President L. M. Cutting, and of the outgoing members. Two have served on the board, and Mr. Kenyon has experience as a teacher, of which were in the city.

The high school has for the year a class of forty students, which is the largest in the city, and the examiners of the State University of California speak highly of the work done.

The principal, I. Pennel, who has only been in the position one year, was formerly principal of the State Normal School at Chico. He is the only one of the high school teachers who holds an important position. Prof. A. H. Randall, of the State Normal School, has been having for several years the Stockton high school.







THE LIFE OF  
SAMUEL JOHNSON  
BY  
JAMES BOSWELL



THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON  
BY JAMES BOSWELL

# THE CALIFORNIAN.

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GRASS-THATCHED HUTS AT LOS PUENTES.

## VILLAGE LIFE IN MEXICO.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

**T**O reach Coatepec from Vera Cruz, on Christmas Eve, it was necessary to get up at daylight and have our baggage carried by *car-gadores*, or porters, to the station of the Inter-Oceanic Railway. For some little distance out from the city of Vera Cruz we passed over sand-hills. When these had been traversed, we got out into a green country dotted with palm-trees and cottages thatched with palm-leaves. In the *tierra caliente* no more substantial habitations

than these huts are needed. The track passes through the old national road by way of Cerro Gordo, where General Scott defeated the Mexican General Santa Ana on the 18th of April, 1847. At many points along the track are seen tiny cairns, erected to commemorate some death by violence. When a native finds a dead body he piles a little heap of stones upon it, and each subsequent passer-by adds a stone or two. On the top of the pile a rude wooden cross is placed. At the little way-stations small crowds of natives





A PEDLER.

gather, to whom the trains have been objects of wonder and interest. The River is crossed by a fine iron bridge, many metres in length, which was manufactured in England and put together on the spot. As we advanced further from the coast, the country became steeper and the country bolder; we had to climb up hill-sides and to pass through narrow cuts, often made through solid rock. Then the view opened out, and gave us a glimpse of wide stretches of country, in which many cattle were seen feeding. At the highest point the descent began, through very pretty curves, through very pretty country, green and fresh. Soon Orizaba appeared, an almost perfect cone, came into view except when hidden by clouds with the rest of the journey. The vegetation was thick, rich, and luxuriant, being sufficient to keep it in a

state of verdure very refreshing to eyes wearied by the arid aspect of Mexico or of the environs of Vera Cruz. When the train came to time it does, of the bower of vegetation through its path, wide views reaching far away on one side to the mountains in the Valley of Mexico, or to the waters of the Gulf of Mexico obtained: the distant ranges look purple in the haze, and the city of Orizaba is often so obscured by clouds that its situation can scarcely be made out with certainty. The ride is a beautiful one, and becomes more so as the train nears Jalapa, where we were kindly received by Mr. Loftus Nunn, an official of the Inter-Oceanic Railway, and Mr. Thrailkill. The latter is a big Kentuckian, who has been for many years in Mexico in charge of the tramway from Vera Cruz to Jalapa; he had all sorts of adventures in the earlier days, is a wonderful hunter of big game, and a lively raconteur of



A STREET IN COATEPEC.



stories. To support his statement it is his custom to appeal to a man servant of his, who to the question, "Is it not so, Ramon?" indiscreetly replies, "Si, señor." Leaving our baggage at the station we walked up a winding, hilly, picturesque stretch to Mr. Nunn's house, where we took lunch, meeting a wife and sister, the latter a beautiful girl just out from England on a visit to her brother. Their house is a charming, roomy old place, the walls of which belonged to the convent. The garden contains a stone bath, supplied with water

perennial, and the surplus is pumped out into a fountain on the street. It is partly surrounded by old stone walls which command a fine view. The plain at our feet stretches away to the rolling hills dominated by the commanding mountain of Orizaba. The glorious view of Ixtaccihuatl is from a white woman. The adiazza looks over the garden, where in lounges hammocks they spend much

of their time. The drawing-room contains one of the very few fires to be found in Jalapa. Jalapa—the place of water and health—has many charms and is a favorite health-resort, many Vera Cruz maintaining houses both in Jalapa and in the Gulf city. The streets are steep, quaint, and windward, and the air of the highlands is fresh and invigorating. The city has a permanent population of 14,000, but this number is increased at certain seasons of the year. There is one cathedral and several hand-

some churches, most of which were built by Cortes and his followers. But the confiscation of church property has caused many of the sacred edifices to fall into ruin; for when a tower is thrown down by an earthquake or lapses from natural decay, no repairs are made. Near the cathedral a pretty little plaza, with an ornamental bandstand and stone seats, has been made. The convent of San Francisco in the middle of the city was formerly the seat of a powerful and wealthy monastic fraternity, but it is now shorn of its revenues and influence.

The Municipal Palace—for Jalapa

is the capital, though not the largest city, of the important State of Vera Cruz—is a large building in the pseudo-classical style, and contains, as I was told, some handsome rooms, in which occasional entertainments are given by the governor, whose official residence it is. The governor receives a salary of \$6,000 a year. The last governor had, in addition to this, \$6,000 more, his pay as a general in the Mexican army. The

deputies to the State legislature meet in Jalapa, and receive a salary of \$250 a month each.

Here, too, is a normal school for the training of teachers, who in the earlier days of the republic were very ignorant, knowing the church catechism and very little besides. Each canton sends two pupils to the normal school, and each pupil is allowed \$40 a month for expenses: at the end of the course they must go wherever the government sends them to teach.

Besides its pretty streets, winding



NEAR COATEPEC BRIDGE.



irregularly up and down the hillsides, its splendid views of Orizaba and of that singular box-shaped peak, the Cofre de Perote, and its substantial stone houses, Jalapa is famous as having the most beautiful flowers and the most lovely women in all Mexico. Vanilla grows wild in its forests, and the gathering of it affords a large revenue and constitutes an important industry. Its flowers are greenish-yellow, with spots of white, and grow upon a climbing stalk. The pods grow in pairs and are as large around as a man's little finger. They vary in length, but six inches may be taken as an average. At first the pods are green, but they turn to yellow, and finally to brown. They are dried in the sun, and while drying are touched with palm-oil, which imparts to them a brilliant gloss. Every one knows the delicate flavor which vanilla gives to the wares of the great French manufacturer of whom Parisian wits said that, while Fame had stamped her mark upon Thiers, Menier had stamped *his* upon chocolate. Jalap, a medicinal plant well known in nurseries, is native to Jalapa, and derives its name from the city. The luxuriant vegetation, brilliant flowers, and glowing complexions of the women of Jalapa are largely due to the moisture of the atmosphere, in fact to the same cause to which the belles of Devonshire, Ireland, and Tasmania owe their reputation. On the highlands that overlook the *tierras calientes*, a

drizzle called *chipi-chipi* occurs and keeps things fresh. Jalapa has singing-birds, often of brilliant plumage, which do not occur as in most countries. Many birds are kept in cages, and at the hotels are a nuisance to the tourist who sleeps in the early morning. Of course, most Mexican men, whether of Spanish or Indian descent, are copper-colored, but



COTTAGE DOOR AT CHAPULTEPEC.

shawls, and the men like vari-colored serapes or deadly yellow feathered shawls. At Vera Cruz, is almost the healthy air of Jalapa, yet, curiously enough, has been attacked by the lowlands moves. In the lowlands, he almost invades. The house-windows in most Mexican cities are barred by iron grates. The maidens sit or stand





SUGAR FACTORY AT COATEPEC.

outhful admirer "plays bear" in the street below. This silent flirtation by means of bows, gestures, sighs, and flowers is sometimes carried on for many months before the young couple meet.

A common feature of a Mexican town is the public washing-place. Around two or three sides of a small square are white pillars supporting a red-tiled roof. The roof shelters two rows of tanks placed at a height convenient to a woman standing up: the

tanks have marble floors built on a slope. On the grass of the inclosed square the clothes are spread out to dry. The women bring their own soap, but water is obtained from the public pump.

We were sorry to hurry away from Jalapa and our kind hosts, but it was necessary for us to be getting on to Coatepec. Accordingly at a few minutes to 3 P.M. we presented ourselves at the office of the mule-car line running between Jalapa and Co-



COFRE DE PEROTE FROM COATEPEC.



atepec, but only to learn that the car had started half an hour before. On going up to Mr. Thraillkill's house, he expressed his astonishment at the early departure of the car, but very kindly offered to lend us horses on which to pursue our journey. We accepted his offer, hired a mule to carry our baggage and a *mozo* on horseback to look after the mule. The *mozo* led us over a rough causeway, irregularly paved with stones and in many places slippery with

about two-thirds of the day. At dusk darkness came on. We found the way for a while, but came to a long bridge over a mountain stream, then to a small town, and so into the village. After a little blundering, a host came out to us and showed us a very kindly, showed us a room assigned to us, a large room floored with bricks and having



COATEPEC FROM THE CERRO.

mud. On either hand were copses of fine trees and flowering bushes; the banks were high and dripped with moisture, which caused ferns and mosses to grow most luxuriantly upon them. As we went on, we now and then saw the track of the Inter-Oceanic Railway, and once or twice we crossed it. Sometimes the descents were steep, and the horses slipped about on the mud-covered stones, though my horse, having no shoes, stood up better than those which were shod. On the way we met a few peons on foot carrying burdens, and exchanged "*buenas noches*" with them. When we were

barred from top to bottom onto the street. The house is three stories and is built in a pretty *patio* adorned with hanging baskets of ferns and a fountain; behind are the sleeping floors and some of the kitchen, including a weighing-machine, a bean sorter, and a room connected with the purchase and buying of coffee. The house was our home during the time in which we pottered about the village life, taking in the morning or playing billiards at Mr. J. V. Brenchley's, who was also a guest in



been more than three years in  
co, employed upon railway en-  
gineering. He is an ardent sports-  
man and told us many stories of  
his adventures.

Our host is the owner of a large  
coffee-plantation, and also buys coffee  
from the small growers,  
and everybody in the district be-  
comes a coffee-raiser. The coffee grown  
in Coatepec is of excellent qual-  
ity. Three thousand pounds of it were  
sent as an exhibit to the Chicago Ex-  
position. The coffee-  
buyers dispose  
of the coffee they  
buy from the  
small growers to  
dealers in New  
York and New  
Orleans, the magni-  
tude of the dealers'  
operations being  
shown by the fact  
that one house buys  
100 bags, each  
containing 130  
pounds of coffee,  
usually. The vari-  
ous grades of coffee  
sold by the whole-  
sale dealers are pro-  
duced by mixing  
different qualities,  
adding sugar into  
the paste with the  
coffee, and by roast-  
ing them to a lighter  
color.

The coffee-raising  
region of Mexico extends from  
the coast up to a height of 5,000  
feet above sea-level. The coffee-  
tree, however, flourishes best at a  
height of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet,  
where the plant gets that heat and  
moisture which it requires. In a  
coffee-plantation all trees more than  
ten years old will be found well laden  
with fruit. The land for planting  
is obtained for about ten dollars  
per acre, and once planted will go  
on yielding for years. After clear-  
ing the land, plants varying in age

from six to twelve months are set out  
in rows distant eight to ten feet from  
each other, the plants in the row be-  
ing about six feet apart. As the  
young coffee-tree is sensitive to ex-  
cess of heat, bananas or plantains are  
set out to give it shade. These grow  
quickly and in a year yield abun-  
dantly so that a revenue begins to  
come in from them while one is  
waiting for the coffee. If one is  
very anxious for quick returns, corn  
or tobacco may be planted, but it is

better not to make  
too heavy a drain  
upon the natural  
richness of the soil,  
but to be content to  
wait till the coffee-  
trees begin to bear.  
The trees rarely  
yield much until  
they are two or  
three years old, and  
are not very pro-  
ductive until they  
are four or five years  
of age: they reach  
their highest pro-  
ductiveness in the  
sixth or seventh  
year from planting.

In the favored  
region around Ja-  
lapa, Orizaba, and  
Cordova almost any-  
thing will grow.  
The products of  
temperate and trop-  
ical lands alike can be

raised successfully, for the climate is  
a harmonious and happy blending of  
the characteristics of both these zones.  
Mr. Frederick Ober, in his charming  
book of travels in Mexico, mentions  
the case of a young man who came  
from Illinois to Cordova with \$3,500  
and bought fifty acres of land, half  
of which he planted with coffee-trees.  
In due time he found himself the pro-  
prietor of a flourishing plantation and  
enjoying a happy and almost luxuri-  
ous life in a lovely land.

Coffee is not a mere bush, but a



NEAR THE AQUEDUCT.



tree, which if allowed to attain its full growth unchecked would reach a height of twenty feet or more; but when it is about six feet above the ground, its further growth is stopped in order that its strength may be husbanded and that the tree may not rise to a height inconvenient for the pickers of its berries. The green berries turn to a deep bright red and are hulled by passing them through a machine: then they are laid out on mats or on concrete floors to dry in the sun. The gathering of the crop goes on from November to April, and during those months in a coffee district the berry is seen everywhere, for nearly every peasant who has land grows more or less coffee. This he sells at a rate per pound according to its quality to a buyer for silver coin, which he generally buries in the ground. In hard times he has to dig out some of his buried treasure, but he always does so with extreme reluctance. The buyer ships the coffee to a wholesale firm, who roast and blend it as already described.

In a Mexican household coffee is made very strong and is served up in a small jug; a few spoonfuls of the concentrated coffee are put into the cup, which is then filled up with hot milk. In the restaurants the waiter brings two pots, one of coffee and the other of boiling milk, and pours from them according to the taste of each customer.

The sugar-cane was introduced into Mexico by Cortes, and the valley of Cuernavaca, where he built his Palacio, is still green with great plantations of cane. In most of the sugar haciendas the machinery is of a primitive kind, but in some of the large establishments, which produce a million pounds of sugar a year, the most modern appliances for crushing the cane and evaporating the juice are found. We walked out one lovely morning from Coatepec to Los Puentes, over a rugged stone causeway, down which came clattering a party of rural guards, heavily armed and

well mounted, in attendance on the governor of the State. A pretty hamlet, consisting of a factory, thatched cottages, rock-strewn streams, and a camera, is dotted about there.

Cotton also grows well, and in some parts of the State the valuable quality of the soil bears good crops for years in succession; while in the Southern States of America the cotton-plant is native and yields very richly. These great natural advantages, however, do not produce enough cotton to keep her own needs, but imports large quantities from the United States. The cotton hacienda is strong, with walls like those of a fortress; the walls are often strewed with broken glass of the deadly appearance; for protection, companies of soldiers are kept within the estate. The hacienda of this type devoted to the manufacture of cotton, the raising of silver, is a complete establishment with every appliance for security. It contains hundreds of peons, sold a chapel, houses for apartments for the family, and every need for man and beast. The head of the great family; disputes arising between members of it, and if finally just, never finally disputed, but is looked upon with much respect and consideration. Peons in all family matters. A gentleman who was for some time administrator of an estate of Coahuila told me that he was occupying this position he



EL MEXICANO LABRADOR.



high opinion of the simplicity, honesty, and trustworthiness of the Mexican laborer.

The inhabitants of Mexico are Europeans, Creoles, and Mestizos. Creoles are children born in Mexico of European parentage; Mestizos are people of mixed origin. The Indian, or indigenous inhabitant, is of a brown color, is rather under the middle height, muscular, broad-chested, and, though his legs are not large, is capable of great endurance. The Indians retain the simple national dress they wore centuries ago and form the large class of peons, or laborers, on the great mining, coffee, and pulque haciendas. The man wears coarse cotton shirt and drawers and a piece of rough woollen cloth fastened round the hips with a belt and reaching to the knees; on his head is a high broad-brimmed straw hat, and on his feet, if he is shod at all, are leather sandals. For some unexplained reason the men almost always have one leg of their trousers rolled up to the knee. The women wear a chemise reaching to the knees and a piece of woollen stuff passing twice round the body, but not sewn together, girded round the waist by a colored sash. The hair is either rolled up on the head or worn in two

long braids fastened together and ends with a piece of ribbon. Rings and bead necklaces are usual ornaments.

In the *tierra caliente* the house is of cane or wood, with straw or palm-leaves. In the *tierra fria*, or table-lands, more substantial dwelling is of adobe, with a roof of clay supported on beams. In the hut the sacred fire of the hearth is never allowed to die out. Domestic utensils are few and simple, a *metate*, or stone for crushing, of which the tortillas are made, a *comal*, or pan for baking the tortillas, an enware brazier in which charcoal is used as fuel, and a few unglazed earthenware dishes. In some parts of the country, however, beautiful highly glazed, of artistic and graceful shape, is manufactured. Copies in miniature of the domestic vessels of a nation can be obtained, and make mementos of a visit to Mexico. Usually the walls of an Indian house are decorated with a few rude colored pictures of saints, and in the corner there is an image surrounded by cheap and tawdry ornaments. Though the property of the Church has been confiscated,



PRINCIPAL CHURCH IN COATEPEC.



riests continue to exercise a strong influence over the natives, a large portion of whose scanty earnings they absorb.

The food of the Indians consists of fruit, vegetables, tortillas, frijoles or beans, and chilies. At a country *onda*, or restaurant, one is offered *file con carne*, or bits of meat rendered fiery hot with peppers, frijoles, the ever-recurring tortillas, either plain or with chili sauce, and to drink, the national liquor *pulque*. *Pulque* is

maguery, and is much more highly intoxicating than pulque. To prepare it the leaves of the plant are crushed in a mill, and the juice thus expressed is distilled.

The fermented juice of the prickly pear is also drunk; and on the lands near the coast palm-wine is made. From the juice of the sugar-cane another intoxicant, called *aguardiente*, or fire-water, is obtained. However, this last, despite its ominous name, is no worse than the rum of the Brit-



MUNICIPAL BUILDING, COATEPEC.

produced by the fermentation of the *aguamiel*, or honey-sweet juice of the maguery, or century plant. It is of a milky-white color and looks very much like soapsuds. It is lightly intoxicating, as it contains about six per cent of alcohol. Its taste and smell must be tasted and smelt to be described. If one is very lusty and thirsty, closes one's eyes, and tries to deprive one's self of the sense of taste, it may be drunk, but hardly otherwise. *Mescal* is a spirit prepared from a particular species of

ish sailor, the potato-brandy of Hamburg, or the arrack of the Chinaman.

As servants the Indians are indolent, but are always to be relied on; nor are they ever guilty of rudeness or impertinence. Of course, if a mistress starts out by thinking them devoid of all honesty and treating them as thieves and liars, she will probably be served as she expects to be served; but kindness and consideration, in the Republic of Mexico as elsewhere, reap their reward in faithful service. In hiring laborers



to work on a plantation or as domestic servants, you must advance them money and repay yourself by keeping back a part of their wages as they are earned. A servant always owes his master or mistress money when he leaves. When he wishes to leave he tells you so, and goes. This is usually done when the servant has a little money in hand, and then he does nothing while the money lasts. The next employer assumes the debt of the servant to his former master. There is no imprisonment for debt: a laborer cannot be forced to work until he has earned enough to wipe

domestic work with from their kind mditional help is wa the cook's mother ready to help. Th at a native range, using charcoal as f make for their o bought for them t if I remember c cents for fourteen.

The tortilla is t the native, and the to be working nig grinding of the co made. The corn i



A MEXICAN VILLAGE MARKET.

off a debt; and at death all obligation ceases; being purely personal, it does not descend to heirs. Wages are low, about two reales a day for an ordinary laborer; but mechanics and artisans are, of course, more highly paid. Our hostess in Coatepec told me that when she and her husband first came to Mexico she had to do almost all the work of the household herself; but she took great pains in teaching her servants, and now she has an excellent cook, a neat maid, and a boy, who carry on all the do-

or potash water, an to a fine paste wit pin upon a little slo stone table. Some patted and flatten palms of the hands which is baked on a thin iron plate O often the tortilla i of meat or with and fried in greas frijoles, eaten with the chief articles o of Mexico.





RURAL GUARDS.

The natives are clean in their personal habits, being fond of bathing. The steam-baths are produced by pouring water on heated stones. They also keep their clothes very white and clean. When not grinding in a native woman seems always to be washing clothes. At Coatepec I was fond of going down to a narrow, brawling stream which flowed through the village and watching the women, with skirts tucked up to their knees, standing in the running water washing clothes, or sometimes their own long hair, a process in which they are very liberal of soap. On both banks of a stream are lined with women washing clothes on flat stones at the edge of the water. At Coatepec my attention was especially attracted by a pretty red-haired girl, who laughed very much when I wished to take her photograph. She was probably a witching maiden of Jalapa, where blue-eyed blond girls are not uncommon.

The Indians are strong in bearing burdens, and will carry loads weighing from fifty to a hundred pounds as

many miles to market, from which they return with only a dollar or two. After selling their earthenware vessels, chickens, charcoal, or garden stuff, they usually visit a pulqueria, or drinking-shop, which absorbs most of their earnings, and of the remainder the village priest gets a large share. The pulquerias are adorned with gaudy wall-paintings, and bear such names as "The Devil," "The Black Cock," "The Elephant," "The Little Hell," and so on. Like the American saloon, the London gin-shop, and the Parisian cabaret, they are the resort of loafers and idlers, who consume immense quantities of pulque. The stronger drink, *mescal*, is the cause of much of the crime in Mexico, fatal quarrels frequently arising from over-indulgence.

I come now to the second division of the inhabitants of Mexico—the Creoles. They are of European parentage, born in Mexico, and are often very handsome. They are indolent, very fond of gambling and of the fair sex. The young Creole girls are very closely watched by their mothers, and flirtation is carried on



under considerable difficulties. Usually the women wear the mantilla, or lace shawl, especially when going to church, but when dressed in their best they wear the latest French fashions.

The Mestizos (feminine, Mestizas) spring from the union of the Spanish and Aztec races, the fathers being usually white and the mothers Indian. They have swarthy complexions and are the handsomest people in Mexico. They are of gentle manners, docile, clean in their habits, and perfectly honest. They are fond of pleasure, and still retain many of their ancient customs and dances and the style of dress which they wore before the conquest. When of good blood they are often clever, and make excellent lawyers, doctors, and soldiers. They are superb and showy horsemen, and their riding costume is handsome and appropriate. It

consists of a plaited shirt, with trousers of white or colored drill, fastened round the waist by a colored silk sash. The broad, high felt hat has a silver cord round it, often a silver monogram on the sides, and silver embroidery on the brim. The saddle is embellished with carved leather and silver bosses; a silver-mounted sword, a revolver, and a carbine also forming part of the outfit. The peasant wears open trousers of leather ornamented with silver and split up the sides to show the white drawers underneath, and a serape, or blanket, of gay colors, with a slit in the centre for the head to pass through. The Mestizas wear

loose embroidered chemise or calico skirts, and over their shoulders the fringed *rebozo*. They rarely wear stockings, and their shoes are often made of rawhide.

The Mestizos of the highlands are disposed to adopt the customs and social matters of the Spaniards, and are refined, light-hearted Galicians, those of the more phlegmatic lowlands are those of the more phlegmatic. Their manners are very courteous and they place themselves at your disposal, if not *à la lettre*, is at any rate.

To return to Coatepec, the village is a high mountain, and the road to Cerro de Coatepec is a scramble over one dam through bushes and and obtained from its bird's-eye view of the little one or two private buildings exceed a single story.



MEXICAN CHILDREN.

seen the peak of Orizaba. The saddle is embellished with carved leather and silver bosses; a silver-mounted sword, a revolver, and a carbine also forming part of the outfit. The peasant wears open trousers of leather ornamented with silver and split up the sides to show the white drawers underneath, and a serape, or blanket, of gay colors, with a slit in the centre for the head to pass through. The Mestizas wear

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On any village road one may see from time to time of bullock-carts, each with a driver who holds in his hand a goad so familiar to students of the Old Testament and to the books of travel in the East. Indeed, one is often reminded of Mexico of the primitive



estine and the East. In both is the same tenacious clinging to old-fashioned and apparently inefficient implements, and the same trust of new-fangled contrivances which their forefathers knew not. In common fairness to primitive peoples it must be considered that only ingenious and complicated uses of machinery are not suited for use in a country where there are no skilled mechanics. If the complex machine gets out of order, who is to repair it? If one of the screws or bolts is missing, how is it to be replaced? Further, where the labor of men and women is exceedingly cheap, much can be done by hand which in countries where labor is costly must be done by machines.

In my part, I am by no means deterred with anxiety to see old countrysides invaded by steam-ploughs and reaper-harrows; there is more charm in the old methods. Beautiful handiwork is becoming a thing of the past, and the craftsman of earthenware, who was really an artist in wood, or metal, has well-nigh disappeared, and instead of him we have machines (of wonderful ingenuity, it may be granted) which turn out thousands of articles precisely alike, and which dull the ears, blur the eyes, and deaden the souls of all who are concerned with their work-

Who would compare the spiritual value of life in a modern manufacturing town with existence in Florence or Rome in their best days? Does the thick white iron-china plate of a cheap city restaurant bear comparison with the commonest Mexican pulque-jug? Is cocoanut matting any improvement on hand-made petate? Does a machine-made straw hat, even with a buzz-saw edge, mark any distinct advance upon the peon's headgear? Is not a modern railway station or ferry depot an object of despicable meanness and ugliness? and what lessons does it teach other than those of a grovelling utilitarianism? If it pleases the traveller in Mexico to go back in imagination to Palestine in the days of Christ, why deprive him of his simple, harmless pleasure by noisy declamation about the wonders of steam, the telephone, and the telegraph? Let us rather thank God that the world has some regions left as yet unpenetrated by the modern spirit of unrest, where the heart, tired and chafed by the self-laudation of the nineteenth century, may refresh itself by contemplation of the simplicities of a life which hears the din of the great world, with its marvels of steam and electricity, only as the roar of a distant sea, whose ceaselessly plashing waves serve not to disturb, but to accentuate its calmness and repose.





## CALIFORNIA AT THE WORLD'S

BY CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

THE WHITE CITY is one of the things that come up to the brag, "It is immense;" there is so much to see that nothing can be seen. One is reminded of that son of Erin who went hunting, but came back disgruntled and empty-handed, saying, "I give it up: every time I aimed at a duck another got in the way." There is food in the Fair for the critic and the cynic, but, withal, there is nothing of the kind in recorded history so vast, varied, and impressive.

California's place in this great show is distinctly strong and dignified.

She attracts the eyes of the world. There is an air of vastness and abundance about her exhibit. The Californian commissioners did wisely in making a separate State exhibit, in addition to her display in the general departments. In no other way could California have impressed her dignity and importance upon the world. As it is, she makes a profound impression; she stands out a distinct and significant figure—an empire in herself. Moreover, I feel that this gathering of the peoples will help on the growth of the fraternal feeling—help to wipe out our petty jealousies, our little spites, our absurd provincialism.

Mr. Opie Reed is a prominent fig-

ure in literary Chicago. The usual question he thinks of our exhibit quickly: "It will be to her. combi any



BEAR CHAIR—HUMBOLDT EXHIBIT.

her display, California State in the Union. to her a thousand a deed all that you c many-volumed Ban a century, produce demonstration. It all your books and erroneous impress has a great future will pour out of t Northwest upon t A nature-force an will drive them to of the East will fle of the Atlantic sea Swedes and Pole the Northwest, wi





the present inhabitants upon the coast."

Let us step into the old adobe Mission, so strangely picturesque, and see the exhibit that inspired this song of praise. We are at once in the heart of Southern California. On every hand are oranges and orange-boughs and the delicate fragrance of lemons. Here, upon the left, is the daring display of Kern. The county is symbolized by a bridge; the bases rest upon two globes, one the "Orient," the other the "Occident." In the

wheat, barley, corn, broom-corn, ramie, copper, gyphur, salt, nickel, kaolin, the list runs out to the

Los Angeles, San Ventura, Santa Barbara, and the new outside, owing to the sin products, are associated exhibit. As we pass we hear a clack of the holds the bottles up?" them or they'll fall!"



HUMBOLDT COUNTY EXHIBIT.

centre of the bridge hangs a scale of prunes; the short arm represents the world, the long arm the county of Kern! So Kern is the macrocosm, is it? Draw your own conclusions. But first inspect these heaps and pyramids of riches. Inspect the pilasters and panels of the arch. Here are oranges, lemons, peaches, apples, pears, nectarines, plums, cherries, olives; English walnuts, black walnuts, peanuts, pecans, pinones;

way, we see two tons of oil built high into a tower. Needle. The frame of the tower is hidden. This is due to the fact that California is the oil-producing Mediterranean. Near the group is silently looking at the "Flower Festival" at Santa Barbara and I am again in the land,



ere tides of grass break into foam of flowers,  
and where the wind's feet shine along the sea."

another turn and we stand before Bean Pagoda of Ventura! But can we talk of beans, with the t of the wild-rose in our nostrils the noise of breaking billows in ears? Let us pass on to the mulberry-trees of San Diego and Los Angeles. Here we find silk-culture all its stages from the egg of the m to the finest of colored sewing. Here, too, are jellies and grains eaps. We taste the raisins of San go and find them sweeter than raisins of Malaga. Now we come e big vegetables of Orange. You, grade, sit there on that mammoth t, and I will get along on this big ash. If you wish to move the t, call two helpers, for it weighs hundred and fifty pounds. What der trees are these to our left? y are not trees: they are twenty-corn-stalks from the valleys of nge. Yonder is the fine citrus lay of San Bernardino—her ns, her honey. We cannot see n here the case containing speci- is of the gold and silver hidden in mountains. A little farther on iverside. In spite of her youth, attracts almost as much attention ny country in the southern sister- d. Here, to the right, is Los geles with her immense globe of ges and her tower of English nts. Yonder is her "Palace of ty," a large structure in the shape a Greek cross. It contains the lucts of the southern group; and claimed that among these prod- will be found all the fruits and ns of the Union. Those nodding nes yonder are feathers from the ich-farms. Elsewhere Los An- s has her mighty Liberty Bell, e of oranges and modelled after old cracked bell of '76. Later ve will look at the work of the en of the south; nor can we now to look at the clumps of shrubs

and ornamental trees. We must hasten on to Central California, to the northern citrus belt. Perhaps we can climb north on this castor-bean stalk. It will hold us up, for it is fourteen inches in diameter and is the famous stalk that Jack the Giant-Killer climbed in our youth. On our way we pass frames of honey in the honey-comb, and suddenly my heart goes back to the woods of Ventura, to the glens of Santa Barbara. Buried twilights return—I see the flaring camp-fire and the bed upon the green boughs.

We are now on the border of Fresno, the region of the sun-dried raisin. Here is a pagoda of redwood, with rafters of fir and roof of barley and wheat and oats and corn and pampas plumes. Here are all the sun-dried fruits—raisins and the rest—the pride of Fresno. Look at the walls of the pagoda: the pale gold of the lemons and the blood-red of the wood make a delicate chord of color.

We are bound for Santa Clara, but on the way let us step over to the Pampas Palace, examine the plume-built walls, the pictures, the relics. Close at hand is the great central palm-tree, towering forty feet into the air and throwing out of its top its green, enormous leaves. A daily bulletin is fastened to its trunk, giving the comparative temperature of Chicago and Coronado Beach. On July 13th the noon temperature of Chicago was 95° and that of Coronado 70°. This old tree has come two thousand miles to tell its story of sunshine and soft air.

What black knight is this on high, clad in the sixteenth century, dashing forward, sword in hand, "pointing with pride" toward a banner inscribed with the bold device: "Santa Clara challenges the world in the production of dried fruit!" It is the famous Knight-errant of Prunes (mem., Santa Clara in 1891 produced 20,000,000 pounds of prunes—the rest of the world 9,000,000). Let us turn a moment, in this time of war, to listen



to the healing music of the redwood piano of Santa Clara. How exquisite the grain of the wood—how perfect the polish! Now we examine cinna-bar from the mines of New Alma-den; magnesite, or fuller's-earth, that gives smooth finish and weight to paper; Angora fleeces, silky and fine, we are told, as the wool of Ancyra.

and petals. Another man goes to the transparent view of the Lick Observatory. No forget the Eschscholtzia José: it sends a case of china—very attractive in the name of Apollo and I call down a purifying this club for adopting the



DESIGN MADE FROM PRODUCTS OF BUTTE COUNTY.

We are urged to taste the delicious cherries and to sip a new beverage, an unfermented grape-juice that holds the flavor of the grape. Now we pass an immense pyramid of fruit—fruit seemingly from all lands. Here is a symphony of color—reds and yellows and whites and delicate greens. We must spend a moment over the pressed wild-flowers. They are mounted on cardboard and covered with celluloid. This new process protects from dust and prevents the crumbling of leaves

name. What is the mat (California Poppy Club?)

Moving on we see Schmidt's famed figure. Now we are at Humboldt's cave, a grizzly, comical cave, growls across the cave, thinks himself in the museum. Here are trophies and curios; here are minerals and grains, and Mrs. Schmidt's story of them all. A woman, what are the



te some fragments of her long  
nicle:

Humboldt is the banner redwood  
ty. Her redwood alone is worth  
and a half billions, and her fine  
ing of the burl, curly, and  
ght-grain, plain and polished,  
made the woodsmen of the world  
t is the wood of the future, and  
oak has had its day. The capa-  
y of this wood to take a high

wood, only of a deeper, richer red,  
hard as mahogany and capable of  
a high polish. We show Douglas  
spruce from which our finest ships  
are built and our tapering masts are  
made. And they are of such strength  
that even if old Boreas bends them  
when he sends his mighty breath  
roaring over old Ocean, they rise  
gracefully again and bear our prod-  
ucts all over the world. . . . For min-



SANTA CLARA COUNTY EXHIBIT.

h shows that it is far ahead of  
oreign woods. You can see  
ies, vases, urns, and curios, all  
hed like glass; canes made of  
and burl; also a vase turned  
redwood bark that equals  
y. Humboldt has laurel of a  
a and length to utterly paralyze  
ern people. She shows yew-logs  
feet in diameter, equal to rose-

erals there is gold, silver, petroleum,  
coal, and iron. . . . Humboldt's fu-  
ture is assured. And they haven't a  
Chinaman in the county. . . . This  
famous mule's-head violin was made  
by the old hunter and trapper, Seth  
Kinman. And he told the story of  
it, caressing it all the time: 'I crossed  
the plains in '46, and me, the mule,  
and my old violin was true compan-



ions; sometimes not seeing a human face for a year. And when I'd get the old fiddle out and commence to play, that old mule would stick up his ears, leave his feed, and putting his head in the door of the tent or cabin, would wag his ears as long as I played, never leaving to feed. And I used to wonder if he wasn't musical. In '51 I rode him, a pioneer, into Humboldt; and when he died of

chair was also made for Dom Pedro, and naries made for pr he overheard Dom thing detrimental Government. He hotel, packed the ch home, and Dom P chair."

There, in the nor the building, is the



THE LIBERTY BELL OF ORANGES—LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

old age I cut down a tree, split out boards, and made the violin out of the skull, in memory of the hardships we endured together.' Both are dead now, man and mule, and the old mule's-head fiddle is wanted for the musical conservatory of Berlin, but I have refused three hundred dollars for it, thinking such things should stay in America. This bear-skin

Butte, ble-wall and filled a variety of ous are one find are made grasses of a skill ist. An Butte di

Shasta her fruit woods. in jars: and rem to day. yoke-fell and glori of orang She has some n almond the way, upon th find it is

"The first bloom

We no entering the cou

mento. Here are gt without end. So fine the grapes and peache yet upon them) that p nighted lands insist made of wax.

We walk through t Alameda; we glance grains, but we weary —peaches white and



gar in crystalline cubes, pre-  
gloves and Egyptian jars,  
rheat and white barley, tea-  
d tall corn, grapes from roll-  
oranges from sheltered can-  
There is a moment left to  
the relief map of the county.  
s the imagination. You will  
so, the relief maps of Cali-  
id of San Francisco.

e now in the southern wing  
ilding, by the bronze statue  
hall, the discoverer of our  
le stands in the centre of the  
display of the State. Here  
old from the Delhi; gold in  
artz from Siskiyou; crystals  
and leaf gold from Plumas;  
ets from Nevada; diamonds  
the gold-dust of old river-  
ire-gold from Green Moun-  
arbles from the quarries of  
erpentine from Amador; ru-  
red tourmaline) from San  
luminium from San Bernar-  
phaltum and petroleum from  
id Ventura; softly colored  
m San Luis Obispo. Look  
se slabs of polished onyx:  
e clouds there that stir not  
tain ranges that never heard  
of cow-bells.

ve go to the gallery above.  
he work of the schools and the

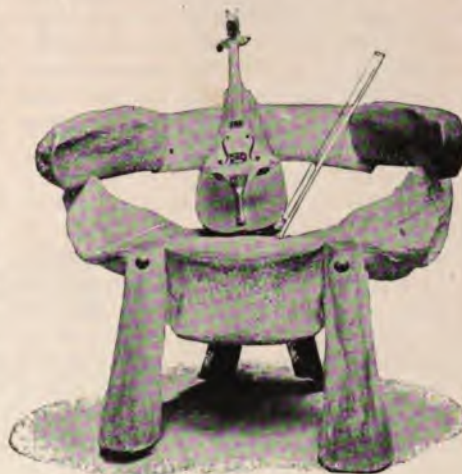
Berkeley and Palo Alto  
otographs of their universi-  
ere is some crayon work, fig-  
life, from the Mark Hopkins  
of Art. These studies are  
the best work in this de-  
t. Mills College shows views  
uildings and grounds. The

the Cogswell Polytechnic  
s favorably with anything in  
artment of Liberal Arts. A  
ring of manual-training work  
rom the San José Normal

The manager of the depart-  
iss Katherine M. Casey, goes

"Quote me as saying," she  
hat the Oakland exhibit is  
mplete and satisfactory than  
public-school exhibit. Also  
work of the little school at

Temescal is my pet display." Santa  
Clara, San Diego, Los Angeles, Ala-  
meda, and Humboldt counties make  
excellent showings. There is no



MULE-HEAD VIOLIN AND WHALE-BONE SEAT—  
HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

time for the pictorial exhibit of the  
churches; for the good work of the  
Blind Asylum and the School for  
the Feeble-Minded.

In the west wing is the historical  
exhibit, under the management of  
Mrs. Mary E. Hart, of Los Angeles.  
Here are things without end to de-  
light the eye and warm the heart of  
the antiquary. Our three eras are  
represented—the aboriginal, the mis-  
sion, and the pioneer. First we come  
to an Indian tepee or wigwam, made  
of untanned deer-skin, ornamented  
with figures of strange beings mov-  
ing wildly in procession. Look at  
these old musical instruments, faded  
garments, odd implements for games,  
crude primitive machinery for pre-  
paring food. There is no time to  
examine these vases, these reliqua-  
ries. Now we come to a later day—  
to rude pictures painted by the early  
Indian converts, a series of pictures,  
fourteen in number, representing  
the fourteen "stations of the cross."  
These were recently discovered  
walled up in San Fernando Mission.



They look like old Egyptian paintings; some of the faces and figures seem identical with those upon the walls of the Egyptian temples in Cairo. Here, also, is a model of the San Luis Rey Mission; also, a curiously carved bench of Indian workmanship; also, an old worm-eaten door from Mission San Gabriel and a crumbling chime-wheel from San Juan Capistrano. An old clumsy plough used by the early Mexican inhabitants of the State takes us back to the crooked stick of the ancients. It was made from the bough of a tree, a branch of which forms the single handle of this strange implement. The place where the hand held is worn smooth. What a tragic interest hangs round this homely relic! Think of the men who have staggered behind it; and now it is the one witness of their anxious efforts, the one thing left on earth to tell the story of their days.

Of the Wells-Fargo display volumes could be written, for every corner and cranny of their room has some reminder of the life of desperate men. Everywhere are trophies that recall the masked men at the sharp turn in the road, the "hold-up," the mountain trail, the hunted tramp. Much, too, could be written of the Art Gallery. Among the important paintings are five Keiths and two Matthews. The gallery has many visitors. No other State has a separate collection of paintings.

Now the work of the women of California! They have a just pride in what they have done. Notice the grace and beauty of that circular colonnade below us. It was erected for San Mateo, but is a part of women's work. Also the Pampas Palace that we passed. Yonder, too, are a thousand dainty things from Southern California—silk embroideries, decorated china, Mexican drawn-work, oil-paintings, souvenirs. Also a display of wild-flowers painted on native woods, from Mendocino; carved easels from Alameda; sea-weed and shells from Monterey and Santa Cruz.

To the women we over-looked the attractive and restful room. It contains the literature and music, in charge of the well-known Mrs. Ella Sterling. The latter was arranged by Vance Cheney, the president of the Century Club. This room is made of fragrant redwood; a warm, the prevailing tone. The walls are portraits of Emma Sanderson, Karl Form, and panels hung with musical instruments—Chippewa Indian, and Hawaiian. Yonder on the west wall we can get a taste of California—Joaquin Miller, Bierce, John Vance Cheney, Warren Stoddard; Mrs. Gertrude, the rest. Fine fire-etc of these are hung upon

Now we reach the Wild-Flower rooms. Mrs. Smith, president of the Women Managers, is here. At the portal we pause to look at Wagner's poppy poem, gold threads upon a red background. The Poppy room was made of the emblem flower. The divans and the decorations in white and yellow—velvet cloth of gold—and the walls with curtains of gold. In the center is the figure of a woman, haired and beautiful, the poppies. Behind her are the sporting, and farther are the outlines of palms and green, rising rosy light. There is twilight always in the room. Push aside these portières and are in the Wild-Flower room. Everything is more simple in design. Long, delicate, over a pedestal of green marble. The walls are folds of olive-green silk; these hang our wild-flowers in colors.

As we pass down through the long building in the open air. As we near the door a man from Ventura rushes up to me: "For Heaven's sake, writer, don't forget to put in my pagoda! It draws a bigger crowd than anything in the house. Put it in: it will help your magazine." Conscience-stricken, I take up the pencil and take down his words: "The County bean pagoda is after the ideas of the architect in N. Blackstock, a leading attorney in Santa Barbara. I am giving you some important



TOP OF CALIFORNIA BUILDING.

The architect was George C. Ventura. Captain W. H. A. Blackstock, of West Saticoy, is manager of the exhibit, and F. A. Foster, of Santa Barbara, arranged the beans. The bean pagoda is twenty-three stories high, extreme height, and set from side to side, with an open base. It contains one ton of beans, six hundred and fifteen pounds, faced with glass and filled with beans. On its top are rows of potted plants. All these are from Ventura County."

As I look back over it all, the figure of California, looking down on us, silent and satisfied, with the products of the thrifty tillers of the earth. Let them take up their work, for, ages ago,

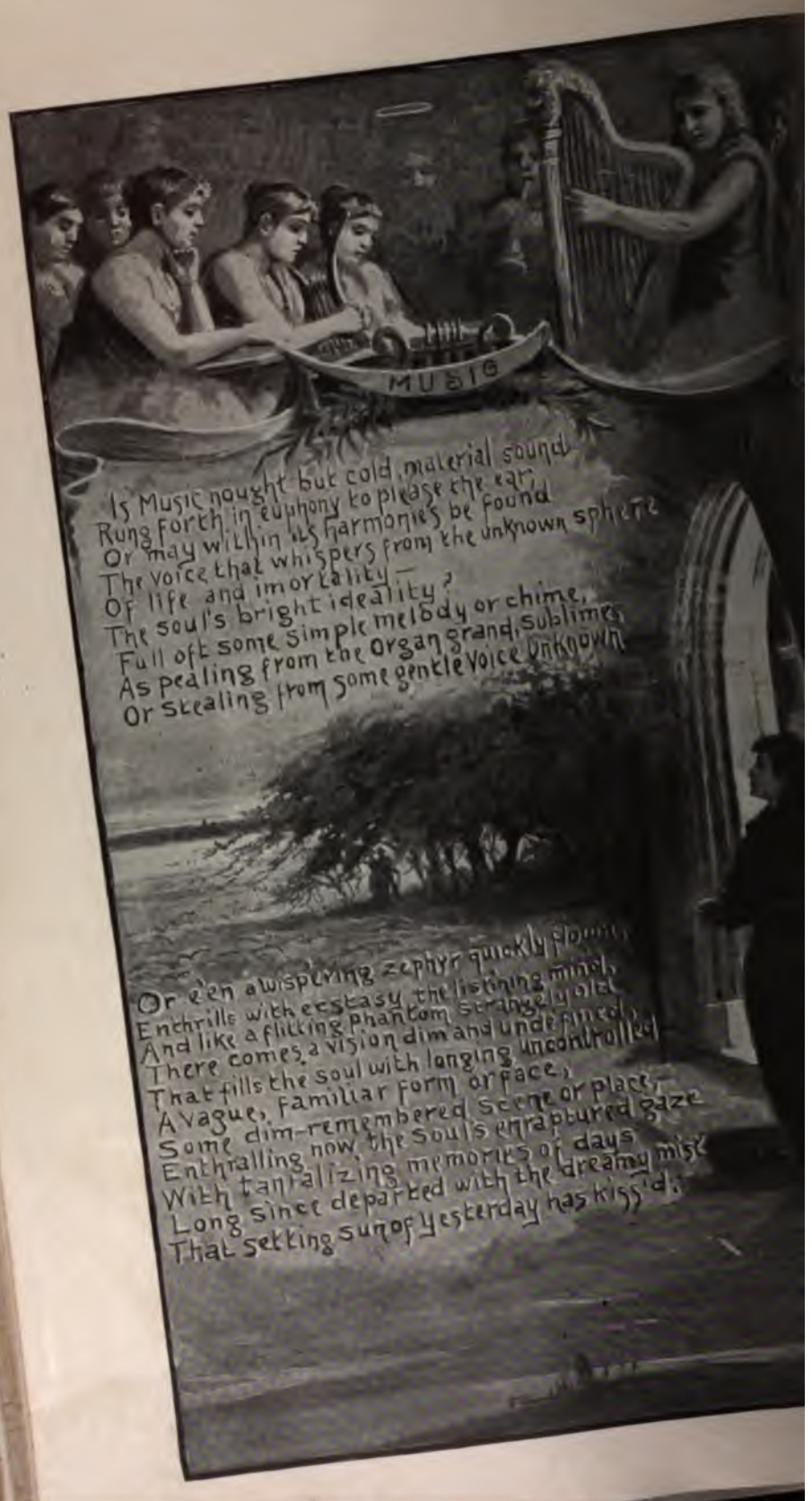
Zoroaster left his blessing upon them. Open your Zend-Avesta and read:

"Not for the righteous—  
Not for the thrifty tillers of the earth  
Shall there be destruction together  
With the wicked."

But there is a touch of pathos in the fact that this great structure, built with so much anxious thought, is only for a day. Yes, all this White City that has come so suddenly is to pass away as suddenly. It is only for a day: a little while and all these towers and domes, these white walls, these colonnades, these sculptures, these thronging forms, these voices, this music—all this vast fabric that touches the earth so lightly—will suddenly break and disappear.







Is Music nought but cold, material sound,  
Rung forth in euphony to please the ear,  
Or may within its harmonies be found  
The voice that whispers from the unknown sphere  
Of life and immortality —  
The soul's bright ideality?  
Full oft some simple melody or chime,  
As pealing from the organ grand, sublimed,  
Or stealing from some gentle voice unknown

Or e'en a whispering zephyr quickly flowing,  
Enthrills with ecstasy the listening mind,  
And like a flicking phantom, strangely bold,  
There comes a vision dim and undefined,  
That fills the soul with longing uncontrolled,  
A vague, familiar form or face,  
Some dim-remembered scene or place,  
Enthralling now, the soul's enraptured gaze  
With tantalizing memories of days  
Long since departed with the dreamy mist  
That setting sun of yesterday has kissed.





The Vision of these days returned  
 but the memory of a dream  
 impress on the mind had been unlearned  
 shaken by the music's magic theme?  
 Or by transcendent memory  
 isken life in faint rehearse,  
 is the hidden chord of mystery  
 as the soul with all the universe  
 is with the life divine  
 the spirit's mortal shrine  
 the mystic melodies of earth  
 all Symphony or mellow mirth  
 all in unison the vital note  
 distant worlds howe'er remote?  
 the soul that ne'er before gave sign  
 ve, but slumbered on unknown,  
 day within the thrall divine  
 electric, sympathetic tone,  
 rills the latent soul with life  
 with wild, ecstatic strife,  
 the touch of nature's breath unfold  
 then bud, though seeming dead and cold  
 age. Colight in mystery combined  
 d beauty none had e'er divined

Clifford Howland





## THE EARLY AMERICANS.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE N. RICHARDSON.



OVER an immense region, including large portions of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah, are scattered countless ruins of edifices that were once the habitations of a by-gone people. Who these people were, whence they came, and what was the cause of their disappearance—or almost total disappearance, if the Zuñi and Moqui are remnants of them—the archaeologist cannot inform us; but it is certain that the whole of the great territory which they occupied was once as densely populated as the most populous rural districts in the United States at the present time. There was no place on the wrinkled surface of the land that they did not inhabit; in deep canyons, fertile valleys, midway up the faces of frowning cliffs, on rolling mesas, and on the summits of almost inaccessible rocks they constructed their abodes.

That those who inhabited the valleys and the lowlands were a peaceful agricultural race there can be no doubt; but what manner of people were those who lived in the cave dwellings and built those impregnable fortresses, the cliff-houses? Who were the enemies that compelled them to find safety on inaccessible crags? Why should the quiet settlements on the banks of streams be left unmolested, while the cave-dwellers and builders of the cliff-houses were made subject to attack? Were the latter contemporaneous with the valley tribes? These are questions unanswered as yet by the ethnologist.

There are, however, incline to the opinion that the population which inhabited the mesas and driven to make their cliffs by the invading tribes from the north, the great changes which the later epoch rendered inhabitable, causing both conquerors and

Coronado was the first to enter the territory of the Indians and verify the reports that reached the Spaniards.



CLIFF-DWELLING, MANCOSA.



nce. That was in 1540, and in August of that year, in his report to the Viceroy of Mexico, he gave a description of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," the site of which has not been accurately determined. Hubert Howe Bancroft, in his *Native Races*, is of the opinion that the evidence in favor of Old Zúñi being the ruins of Coronado's celebrated "Seven Cities" is conclusive. Gallatin, Squier, Whipple, Turner, Kern, and Simpson are of the same belief, but Bancroft supports his conclusion mainly on the statement made by Espejo, who visited the locality some years after Coronado's expedition, and who distinctly says that the place was called Zúñi by the natives and Cibola by the Spaniards. Another opinion is that the ruins of those ancient pueblos lie on the Chaco River, an affluent of the San Juan. These cliff-dwellings in time were lost sight of, and it was not until exploring expeditions sent by the United States into the region discovered ruins and archaeological remains of importance that the interest of scientists was aroused.



A HIGH CLIFF-DWELLING.

Various exploring parties visited the locality, but nothing of importance was gained until the Hayden survey



CLIFF-DWELLING IN MANCOS CANYON.



during 1874-76, when Mr. William H. Holmes and Mr. W. H. Jackson furnished valuable information with respect to numerous ruins which they examined.

Last year a scientific expedition into the San Juan district was organized by *The Illustrated American* Publishing Company of New York, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Museum of Washington, the American Museum of Natural History of New York, and the Peabody Museum of Boston. The members of the party were selected with care, and the results have been a grand addition to archæological knowledge, important discoveries of ruins and of relics that reveal the habits and customs, the industries and occupations of the ancient inhabitants, and the finding of new fields for future explorations.

The ground explored by the expedition covers the four corners where the States of Colorado and Arizona and the Territories of Utah and New Mexico join together. For several months canyon after canyon was visited, cliff after cliff was climbed at risk of life and limb, while ever and anon dangerous streams were descended and waterless deserts were crossed. The first ruins visited were those of the pueblos at Aztec, New Mexico. The party then

proceeded northward to the Rio de la Plata, to examine future movements of the Rio Grande, and to see the weep, and Ruin Canyon, and examined, as at Comb Wash, Monarch Canyon, and other places where ruins were found.



CLIFF-DWELLING, MANCOS CANYON

the fact that the ancient ruins of the region had been so long in its existence very generally.

In most of these fragments of pottery stances unbroken spears and arrowheads displayed designs that mutely



tee of skill and art to which the  
ent potter had attained. The  
ples unearthed consisted princ-  
y of bowls, water-jugs, and jars  
arious forms, and earthen vessels  
he shape of the modern frying-

Arrow-heads, flint knives, and  
e axes were also found, and hu-  
skeletons, these latter being  
d in the burial-mounds on the  
as and in the valleys. Of the  
ner in which the cliff-dwellers  
osed of their dead we shall speak

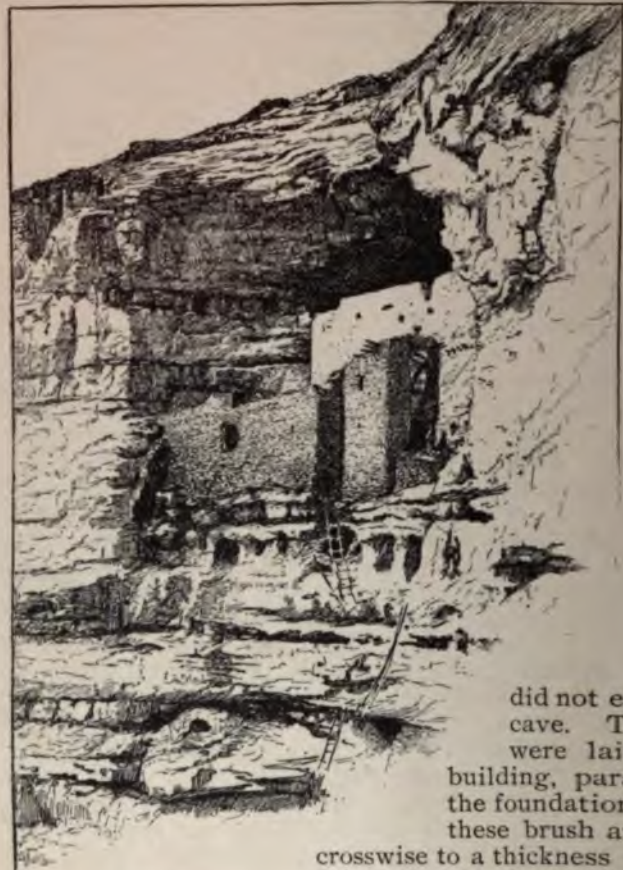
the McElmo and Hovenweep  
yons were discovered numerous  
re-writings, the most interest-  
of these being in Yellow Jacket  
yon, about one mile to the east of  
junction of the Hovenweep and  
Elmo Creeks, where there "is a  
eave-shelter with the remains  
tower on top of the boulder. One  
of the rock was literally covered  
picture-writings and signs.  
human form, deer, goats, lizards,  
es, bears, turkeys, and many  
r birds and animals are plainly  
nguishable, while intermingled  
the figures are many hiero-  
phics." The occurrence of the  
stika cross, however, was re-  
led as the most important dis-  
ery made in that group of picto-  
hs. This cross is a Mexican and  
tral American symbol, and its  
ence at this distant point would  
to indicate that the inhabitants  
e cliffs were conversant to some  
nt with the religious rites of the  
ons in the south. The same  
bol has been found in the ruins  
e Mancos Canyon.

San Juan County, Utah, is the  
ous Ruin Canyon, with its circu-  
semi-circular, and square towers,  
its ruins of great buildings.  
se remains the exploring party  
nined carefully, and several very  
ous facts presented themselves in  
ection with the existence of the  
ent inhabitants, namely, that the  
s are a considerable distance  
any other group; the soil of the

canyon is not tillable; the buildings  
were constructed for defensive pur-  
poses, each one being a fortress in  
itself; and that there could be found  
no cemetery or burying-ground.  
How did these people live, when in  
Ruin Canyon there was no soil in  
which to raise a crop? The numerous  
picture-writings on the cliffs reveal  
the sources of subsistence. The fig-  
ures of goats and sheep appear wher-  
ever these pictographs are seen, and  
we know that the cliff-dwellers reared  
these animals and were thus supplied  
with food, milk, and clothing.

The southeast corner of Utah is a  
desolate land, cut and slashed and  
torn in all directions by deep gorges  
and wild canyons, and abounding in  
precipitous cliffs pierced by great  
caves and caverns. In this uninviting  
region the ancient cave-dweller found  
refuge from his foes, and evidence  
of his former presence is everywhere  
visible. A number of these cave  
shelters and dwellings in Butler's  
Wash, Comb Wash, and Cottonwood  
Gulch were visited by the expedition,  
but the most picturesque group of  
ruins yet discovered by them was in  
a beautiful little box canyon running  
about half a mile into the rocky divide  
which separates Butler's Wash and  
Comb Wash. In it shady cotton-  
wood trees, green shrubbery, and  
flowering plants greeted the toil-worn  
explorers and cool running water  
quenched their thirst. At the far  
end of this little paradise, in a des-  
ert wilderness, a large cavern is  
formed in the cliffs as they meet.  
The ruins in this cave, which is  
thirty-five feet high and over fifty-  
seven feet deep, with their curved  
fronts and numerous port-holes, give  
them the appearance of a modern for-  
tress. The cave is one hundred feet  
above the floor of the canyon and can  
only be reached by using the ancient  
footholds cut in the steep surface of  
the sandstone ledge. Mr. Lewis W.  
Gunkel, geologist of the expedition,  
thus describes this interesting cave  
dwelling:





CLIFF-DWELLING ON  
BEAVER CREEK.

dition) still show the finger-marks of the ancient builders. These buildings are two stories in height, the upper in good state of preservation, although the floors have fallen. In some cases, the entrance to the upper room is by a small door; in others, it is reached by means of a cedar log laid across to the next room. The log is a little lower than the sill of the door, and for convenience a stone protrudes from the building, serving as a step to the door above. It is truly a unique way of entering one's dwelling, and is the only case which we have noticed."

On the walls of the cave representations of the human figure were seen in great numbers, colored red, white, and green. Rudimentary weapons were also seen both inside the cave and along the sides of the entrance. Some of the rooms neatly worked stone axes were found by the side of arrow-heads, pieces of matting, string, corn-cobs, and sticks of pitch on the end for torches.

The symbol of the hand is one of the most ancient known to archaeologists, and is as widely spread as the symbols of the Swastika; it appears in the walls of ancient temples and palace

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did not extend up  
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were laid across  
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the foundation for the  
these brush and smal

crosswise to a thickness of three  
this was set a layer of adobe n  
four inches thick, neatly plaste  
roofs in Monarch's Cave (thus n



found in Yucatan and in the length and breadth of the Mississippi Valley. Civilized nations and barbaric races of the past used it, and it is still preserved in our legal documents in the words "witness our hand and seal." Though the origin of it is lost in the mists of the past, it was the most nat-

by numerous pictographs of animals and inanimate objects. In almost all cases they are located in such inaccessible places or are so indefinite that it is quite impossible to secure photographs.

"The rear walls of each of the fifteen chambers of the Casa del Echo



RUINS NEAR FORT WINGATE.

ural symbol for primitive man to make use of to represent possession, strength, and authority. The impressions on the walls and over the doors of the buildings in which the ancient cliff-dwellers lived were probably the marks of ownership used by successive possessors during many generations of a family; but the symbol was put to different uses by different peoples. With regard to its prevalence in the buildings and cave-shelters of the cliff-dwellers, an anonymous writer in the *Illustrated American* of August 13th, 1892, makes these remarks:

"The hand is, of all pictographs, the symbol of most frequent occurrence. It is cut into the rock or painted upon it in red, yellow, or black. Sometimes it stands alone over the entrance to a dwelling, and sometimes on the walls surrounded

(sic) cavern are stamped with several hands of ordinary size. Not one of them is cut into the rock; in every case the owner or dweller seems to have dipped his hand into red paint, and then firmly pressed his palm and fingers against a smooth portion of the wall. Since it seems incredible that so light a paint could have lasted through the thousands of years, it is probable that the color was thickened by the laying on of more paint over the lines of the first made. It is observable that the right hand predominates, and by actual count we found the average to be an excess of over seventy per cent."

The Casa del Eco is a famous relic of the cliff-dwellers. It was discovered and named by the Hayden survey expedition, and both Mr. Holmes and Mr. Jackson have given descriptions of it. Mr. Jackson thus



writes of it: "The opening of the cave is almost perfectly circular, two hundred feet in diameter, divided equally between the two kinds of rocks (light-colored sandstone and a dark red variety), reaching, within a few feet, the top of the bluff above and the level of the valley below. It runs back in a semicircular sweep to a depth of one hundred feet; the top is a perfect half-dome, and the lower half only less so from the accumulation of *debris* and the thick, brushy foliage, the cool dampness of its shadowed interior, where the sun never touches, favoring a luxurious growth."

After describing the buildings that extend along this semicircular floor he remarks: "The whole appearance of the place and its surroundings indicates that the family or little community who inhabited it were in good circumstances and the lords of the surrounding country. Looking out from one of their houses, with a great dome of rock overhead, that echoed and re-echoed every word uttered with marvellous distinctness, and all about a steep descent of one hundred feet down to the broad fertile valleys, covered with waving fields of maize, the scattered groves of the majestic cottonwood, and the meanderings of the Rio San Juan, these old people, whom even the imagination can hardly clothe with reality, must have felt a sense of security that even the incursions of their barbarous foes could hardly have disturbed."

A favorite resort of the cliff-inhabiting people was the canyon of the Rio Mancos, and traces of their industry may be found everywhere, on river bottom, cliff, and table-land. A special feature of the relics in this canyon are the ruins of round towers, which occupied positions of different elevations, some being on high promontories, others on the edges of cliffs and erected immediately above cave-dwellings, and others again quite low, within twenty or thirty feet of the river-bed. Some of these

towers were surrounded by a wall, the space being divided into compartments, and one of the Rio Mancos towers, the smaller diameter of fifteen feet, the larger one tangent to the outer wall. They are built into the cliff, the smaller tower having been the tower of the canyon midway up the canyon strip of alluvial bottom. The large circular ruin was named the great tower of Canyon. It represents towers that were part of the outer wall. This ruin is an advanced stage of decay, but its great antiquity. It is, however, can be traced the entire circle, being twelve feet in height of the outer wall is still is twelve feet in height and that of the inner tower. The space between the towers is divided into compartments in number according to calculations made by based upon four of the which still remain in preservation. Each tower communicated with the canyon by means of a doorway six feet above the ground and measuring two feet and three feet in height. fairly presumed," says "that the outer wall had no windows within the canyon ground, and that entrance was obtained, by means of low high windows or by way of the canyon.

Valuable as were the expedition sent out by the American Publishing Company in respect to discoveries of interest that will be an ancient remains, another important matter was accomplished that was the securing of the Smithsonian Institution the gift of cliff-dwellers' relics.

the possession of Mr. Charles McLoyd, of Durango, Colorado. This collection consists of 21,000 different specimens and objects accumulated during a period of many years and under circumstances entailing toil and danger. In itself it contains the history of those ancient tribes, and both ethnologist and archæologist will have ample means of pursuing their favorite studies to enable them to penetrate the mysteries of the past and read the records of ancient days. There are skulls and mummies and skeletons to enable the craniologist and scientist to tell us about the mental and physical development of the cliff-dweller; there are his implements of war and industry; pottery and household utensils; there are specimens of his food, his pipe, his dress, and his children's playthings—silent recorders of his pursuits and industries, of the conditions of his life and his domestic habits. Surely, with such store of relics the scientists will be able to throw some light on the obscurity which conceals from us alike his

origin and the cause of his extinction.

The relics found in these strange ruins are for the most part unearthed from a covering of fine dust and rubbish, the accumulation of centuries, work in which is very trying. Indeed, the explorer is frequently compelled to tie a damp sponge over his mouth and nostrils while engaged in excavating.

At the end of May last a member of the "H. J. Smith Exploring Company" passed through San Francisco *en route* to Chicago. He was conveying a consignment of cliff-dwellers' relics to the World's Fair. The labors of the exploring party to which he was attached were best rewarded in the "Cliff Palace" city, in Navajo Canyon, about six hundred and fifty miles southwest of Denver, the population of which, judging from the extent of the ruins, was estimated to have been not less than one hundred and fifty in number. Situated one hundred and fifty feet below the edge of the bluff, this cliff village—for such it may be called—was five hun-



ANCIENT TOWER NEAR FORT WINGATE.





RUINS NEAR FORT WINGATE.

dred feet in length and one hundred and twenty-five feet in depth. The houses ranged from four to seven stories in height, and the ground-floors show one hundred and twenty-seven rooms. The bed of the canyon lies a thousand feet below.

The most interesting relics found in this human eyrie were the remains of the dead, many of them being in mummy form. So dry is the atmosphere in that arid region that no embalming process was necessary; decomposition has no occupation there—evaporation has usurped its power over mortal remains, and the corpse shrivels and dries. The mummies were found in little closets and hollow places in the walls, while other remains were unearthed from shallow graves. A noticeable particularity of the mummies is the hair,

which is t in color fr a convin cliff-dwel Indian ra specimen up in a c ruins. I woman, inches in the conte doubled-t truding to reason to died in ag by her si of tiny l conjectur perished they had l the punis priestess' wife's inf

In the dead, the ployed se displayed They had kinds of se a shallow; a tomb ere in some i

ioned in hollow depositories of the still another metho ate to the purpose entrance to which sealed with stone

The corpse was, garment which w texture of some which were inter feathers so close robe had the app made entirely of b this undergarment piece of matting w in a layer of cotton ering of reeds was corpse. Over the kind of wicker ba in shape to the mo shade. By the sid been found earthe



ary utensils, also flint knives, arrow-heads and other objects, immediately those used by the deceased when alive.

Hitherto all attempts to assign a date when the cliff-dwellings were abandoned have been mere conjectures. Some theorists incline to the opinion that they were inhabited prior to the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards; others that they were ruins of many centuries before the discovery of America, while the anonymous writer quoted above, and who was recently a member of the expedition sent out by the *Illustrated American Publishing Company*, is bold enough to carry back the date of abandonment to "thousands of years." The ruins are not all of the same age; it is not unreasonable to conclude that the cliff-dwellers lived during a long period of time, and that various communities voluntarily abandoning their old homes for more favorable positions long before the final disappearance of the

people. Now that so many of these ancient ruins are being explored, the archaeologist by comparative examinations of the improvements in architecture, the careful consideration of the conditions and progress of decay, and by studying the relics of earthenware and the implements that are continually being found, will, it is hoped, be able approximately to assign different periods of antiquity to different ruins. In spite of the arid climate and other favoring circumstances militating against decay, it is difficult to believe that certain objects, such as wood-work, matting, and the like, have defied the destructive action of time of any great length. It is probable that the ceremonies that infolded Egyptian mummies are thousands of years old, but it must be remembered that they were smeared with preservative substances, that many of their lifeless

wearers were inclosed in air-tight sarcophagi, and that none of them were exposed to weathering influences.

What an extraordinary life those ancient peoples led! What curious households they presented, living in homes perched in holes and niches and wide-yawning caverns in the cliffs at heights varying from one hundred to two thousand feet above the bottoms of the canyons! With muscular limbs and steady nerves the cliff-dweller day by day would sally from his doorway and descend the bald rock a thousand feet without a tremor—with no more feeling of trepidation than had the eagle which soared above him. Accustomed from infancy to gaze from dizzy heights, he skirted the precipice's edge in all safety and looked unmoved into the abyss below. Evening found him at home again with his children around him, perhaps smoking his pipe after a supper of roasted corn and flesh of turkey.\* And the babies, like eaglets in their eyries! Imagine mothers descending those steepes with their infants on their backs and returning with vessels of water or bundles of fire-fuel on their heads! No wonder that the children learned to gaze unawed into fearsome depths, and, where facilities offered, played hide-and-seek and tag-last among the rocks, as soon as they had discarded their child-rattles and other playthings. They were safer and more free from danger of accident than are the school-children of San Francisco and Oakland, where the trolley and the cable-car, the railway and the furiously driven delivery-wagon maim and kill.

\*There is every reason to suppose that the turkey was domesticated by the cliff-dwellers, and in some localities the meat of that bird seems to have been the only flesh food; in others the goat, sheep, and probably deer furnished food.



blithely as the mocking-bird in the tree above him and rhythmically swinging a large wooden bucket as he walked, started toward a portion of the brook over which hung two graceful weeping-willows. A close look at him would reveal what was originally a "tow" head gradually merging, under the influence of sixteen summers, into a handsome shock of brown sadly in need of comb and brush; a pleasing, freckled face, such as is the rightful property of most out-of-door boys; a nose that would have been pug but for an audacious turn-up at the end; large hands and clumsy feet; but withal a native (though hardly hereditary) honesty written in the generous lines of his big mouth, a genuineness in his broad smile or hearty laugh, and a depth of true blue in his great eyes that made one pause and wonder if here were not a soul misplaced.

"Jem! you Jem! Whur be you-un er goin' ter?"

She was one of the typical, broken-down-looking mountain women who

"poked" her head out of the hole known as a "dore" and called after Jem's retreating figure.

"Jes' down ter the spring, mam, ter git you-un er bucket uv water."

Poor "mam!" It was such an unheard-of thing, until Jem unaccountably developed the startling habit, for anybody to voluntarily do anything for her that she could never get used to it. Even now tears rose to her eyes—real tears: these untutored people know no other kind, and so seldom any that these shamed her, and she forced them back. Then, as if to atone for her momentary weakness, she turned to the rude shake-down in the corner, on which a rough man lay sleeping. Giving him no very gentle shove with her foot, she said:

"Git up frum thar, Bill Smith! Here be you-un er lazin' 'n' er lazin' 'roun', when me 'n' Jem's done bin up fer 'n hour."

The man opened his heavy eyes, swore a sleepy oath, turned over, and resumed his snoring.



"BUCK SUDDENLY PULLED UP AND CALLED BACK."

"Lazy lout," muttered the woman; "never wuz 'n' never will be wuth shucks, 'n' killin's too good fer him! Wonder I hedn't er hed better sense 'n' ter er married him. But he's my Jem's dad——" And the lines about her mouth grew softer as she looked upon the sleeping giant.

Meanwhile Jem lingered. He heard the rumbling of a wagon coming down the valley, and he wanted to see it pass on the "big road" that just skirted the spring. All his pleasant, sunny life he had vaguely fretted at his environment. As far back as he could remember he had watched the wagons on this same "big road" come from he knew not where and go he knew not whither. An undefined longing to solve these mysteries dwelt within him. Sometimes the wagons would stop, and the men, attracted by his bright face, would speak to him; or, before he had grown so large, the women, following a natural instinct of woman-kind and much to his wonderment, would kiss him. Occasionally they would tell him of a great world outside of and far beyond his comprehension—a world of many people grouped together in great cities upon the banks of a mighty river. But to Jem these things were names only; for how could he conceive that of which he knew less than nothing? Yet the longing grew within him to see these wondrous things; and but for the fact that he knew not where to look for them save by following the "big road," he would doubtless have set forth upon a tour of exploration.

The wagon, drawn by two stout mules, lumbered into sight. Jem recognized the driver as Buck Thomas, to him a most wonderful man, who had drifted into the valley two years before.

In truth, Buck Thomas was no ordinary man. Broad of shoulder, deep of chest, wide of girth, powerfully limbed and magnificently muscled—few would have cared to try

conclusions with him. suited his body—it was in its rude way and independence was a man of strong pre-judgments, fearless opinions, nor was he backward in expressing the occasion warranted. A professional grower of tobacco, he held the pet theory that the Government had no right to tax what his labor produced. This he held in the light of a personal conviction. Whatever he could, by hook or crook, keep out of the grasp of this same Government he considered as so much of money judiciously saved. The internal revenue law then stood was, therefore, the first articles of his faith. He obeyed it faithfully, with care and without fear. It was a document met with great favor among the rough men of the valley, though it was an open secret and esteem Buck held a high place.

To Jem, Buck Thomas's hearty robustness and knowledge of the marvellous world and its ways, came as a revelation—a blessing. To his soon fast friends—"fer tuck ter Jem," as his "mammy" and many a pleasant boy beguiled, walking beside him in the plough while that worthy drew from his inexhaustible store of anecdote and adventure—much to the latter's discomfort, I fear me, and somewhat to the loss of the former, having no "habitation" in Buck's fertile imagination only. Naturally a political and revenue vicar, he entered into these conversations after all, Jem was only a very ignorant boy to whom Buck thought it would be a waste of breath to try to explain the intricacies of mental injustice; for what of laws and governments, the child of the valley?

As Buck drove past the sleeping giant, he nodded a cheerful "howdy



er, who returned the greeting. The wagon continued on down the road a hundred yards or so, when Buck suddenly pulled up and called back: "Say, Jem, I want ter see yer." Jem put down the bucket which had been holding and approached the wagon. As he came up Buck continued:

"I've been thinkin'—yer know I've er lot er 'backer whut had ought be sold, 'n' I'm goin' down coun— with it nex' week—how'd yer like go 'long?"

Jem's breath came short and quick. There was the impossible about to open at last.

"Whut'll mam say?"

"Oh, thet's all right. We won't gone more'n two 'r three weeks, yer'll see er heap sight uv things." Buck evidently knew Jem's weakness.

"I'll tell mam, 'n' ef she-un'll le' I'll sho' go."

"In cose she-un'll let yer. I'll go by this ev'nin' 'n' speak er good word fer yer."

With this Buck drove on. Jem watched him until the "big road" was swallowed up in a grove of cottonwoods. He then turned slowly away, walked to where he had left the bucket, and carried it, full of fresh spring water, to "mam," who had begun to wonder what had become of him.

The poor woman's consternation hardly be imagined when, picked up by Buck, for whom he wisely waited, Jem spoke to her of his proposed trip. There was much coaxing on his part, many good words and assurances from him, and innumerable protestations on the part of "mam." She "didn't know, whut the boy wanted ter er trapesin' erbout fer. He mus' crazyer 'n er betsey bug. Hedn't lived right here in the cove all borned days?—in cose she hed—whut wuz good 'nuff fer her hedter be good 'nuff fer Jem." All she urged eloquently, and much

more to the same effect. But Bill, the giant, came to the rescue, and "lowed ez how it wuzn't er goin' ter hurt the boy none; he wuzn't er doin' no good roun' home; 'n' Buck Thomas cud take keer uv him, he reckoned." So "mam," seeing that all were arrayed against her and that Jem's heart was set on going, with many forebodings of evil from this reckless venturing into the great unknown, gave a reluctant consent.

Thus it came about that Jem was at last to find out where the "big road" went. He mentally resolved to eventually discover whence it came.

## II.

At a corner where two busy streets meet, in the heart of a great Southern city, stood a country boy dressed in plain cotton homespun, hands in pockets, and eyes and mouth wide open with acquired and acquiring knowledge. It was Jem. This was where the "big road," after many days of excitement and pleasure untold, had brought him. Hour after hour he would wander about, studying with eager curiosity the show-windows, or standing, as now, on the corners, watch the surging, hurrying crowd of restless humanity rush by in ceaseless streams. What a marvellous experience, this ushering into modern fairyland, for a boy who had been brought up within the confines of a narrow valley, and to whose wildest dreams a hundred people would have seemed a multitude!

Buck had taught him enough about the streets to prevent his losing himself, and his natural quickness kept him out of harm's way.

As the shadows began to lengthen Jem ceased to be a looker-on; and becoming one of the units in the great human conglomerate, himself moved toward a less busy portion of the city. He came presently to a wagon-yard on one of the side streets where Buck had "put up." Here he

proceeded to feed and care for the mules; then he examined the curtain-covered wagon to see if everything was all right. A small portion of the tobacco was still unsold.

While thus occupied, he was spoken to by a pleasant-looking gentleman, who asked if he owned the tobacco. Jem explained that it was Buck's.

"Very well," said the stranger. "I am sorry that Mr. Thomas is not here. I have a small order for some leaf tobacco. You have just about enough left to fill the order; and as what you have seems to be particularly well cured, I thought I would buy it. I am willing to give a good price for it, say—" and the gentleman named a price which Jem knew to be considerably more a pound than Buck had been asking for it.

"If you are willing to sell it I will take it at that price. I am afraid I won't be able to see Mr. Thomas; so unless we can trade I will have to go elsewhere."

Jem hesitated; the man was moving away with an air of indifference; Jem decided:

"You-un kin take it."

"Ah! thanks."

The tobacco was quickly weighed on the wagon-yard scales—a scant hundred pounds—and paid for. Then the man left, saying that he would send around for it the next morning.

Jem was jubilant. He felt that he had done Buck a good turn; and that they could now go home to "mam," for whom, amid all the delights of travel, he found time to get not a little homesick. The trip had already lasted much longer than they had anticipated, for they had come even unto the city in search of a good market, and (though of this Jem was profoundly ignorant) to get as far away as possible from where Buck was personally known, in order that no suspicion of unpaid revenue might attach.

When that individual came to "turn in" for the night (they slept in

the wagon-yard), Jem took his money and told him to go. Much to the boy's surprise, Buck's face became questioning. Jem close upon the appearance of the buyer, lied with the boy's attention, and went to sleep.

Toward midnight Jem was awakened by the voices of a hand was laid on his shoulder as he half-raised to see what the matter was. The owner of the hand gruffed him to "get up" and "stand self under arrest—thorrest" might mean he was more than would the wild creature at mountain home. He stared about in bewilderment, and saw several men with lanterns. Buck was standing on one side, for Buck had resisted these officers, the embodiment of his people's Government.

One of the men had taken his lantern's light, some papers, which were taken from Jem. Then, before they could collect his scattered souls, taken out, thrust into a cage with one of the officers, and into the darkness of the city—away from Buck's friend in all this vast world—away, he knew not where.

The end of the journey was last. The carriage drew up to a gloomy-looking stone building in which the gas-light glowed and which upreared a wall of impenetrable granite, black and deep-set, iron-grated windows to these things Jem was oblivious.

Dazed and stupefied, Jem was taken into a spacious office, and in a moment's parley with an individual and an entry clerk, leather-bound book, the man had him in charge turned to the tender mercies of a sour-looking man. The





"IT'S ALL RIGHT—I AIN'T AFERD NOW, BUCK. TELL MAM."

ing a bunch of great keys from his belt, roughly commanded Jem to "come on." Through heavy, clanging doors and along narrow passages, noisome and fetid, filled with a bedlamite pandemonium of shrieks, curses, and drunken ravings from wretched creatures of both sexes, whom misfortune, misery, and sin had brought into prison cells, our thoroughly frightened Jem was half-led, half-dragged, until a door opened upon a rock-and-steel-lined room filled with a mass of the fallen creatures of earth.

Here Jem was left, more dead than alive, wholly ignorant of why he was so treated; and here, as he was unknown and could give no bail, he remained for many weary months, in wondering ignorance and great wretchedness. He was "awaiting trial;" and, unconscious of any crime, understanding nothing and instinctively holding himself aloof from the miserable creatures who shared his confinement, this creature of green fields and open air was left to beat out his life behind prison bars until the slow-revolving wheels of "justice" should come around to him and—crush him!

### III.

The sky was sullen and hazy. The city lay sweltering under an iron band of oppressive heat. A grim silence as of impending doom hung over everything. Each out-bound train was crowded with people escaping from the stifling heat and the dread of what was to come; for Rumor busied herself with awe-struck, whispered reports of a threatened epidemic.

His honor Judge Blank, of the United States District Court, had for days been hurrying through his criminal calendar, impatient to clear the docket and get away from the dangerous city to his wife and child in the mountains. There were but

one or two cases left for prospective vacation work.

"Call the next case."

"The United States vs. Thomas."

Buck was brought haggard from long sternly resolute in the face of self-justification. A possible collusion, he separately confined to know what had been. He had vainly endeavored, and supposed the nature of Jem's connection with the tobacco had been released.

It never occurred to him that he had also spent the last months in jail, "awaiting trial."

"Mr. Thomas, you were charged with selling tobacco without revenue tax had no knowledge therefore of violating revenue laws. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

A moment's doggedness lowered his head as he raised it and looked defiantly in the face, he said:

"Ef yer mean, did I do withouten payin' the tax yer mean, did I do no! The Gover'ment has no right ter tax my stuff."

"We haven't the right to tax the place, Mr. Thomas. The right or wrong of the law. The only question for consideration is, did you violate the law as it stands?"

"I sold the 'back of the law' Jem sold it fer me. I pay no tax on it no more."

"Then you plead guilty?"

"I reckon."

"Are you ready for judgment?"

"I reckon."

"Stand up."

"Mr. Thomas, you have defied the Government to a direct and intentional violation of the law. I feel that



tain views like yours are dangerous to the community and a menace to the commonwealth. I consider it my duty, therefore, to punish you as severely as the law applicable to offences of this character will permit; both for the purpose of administering a wholesome corrective to yourself and of removing, for a time at least, a dangerous element from society. You are sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

"Mr. Marshal, take charge of the prisoner.

"Call the next case, Mr. Clerk."

"The United States vs. Jem Smith."

Buck was leaving the court-room with the officer; but when he heard Jem's name called he sprang back and cried:

"No—no! Fer God's sake, jedge, don't try the poor boy! It warn't none uv his doin's. It wur all mine—ever' las' bit. He didn't know nothin' 'bout no laws nur nothin'—'n' the 'backer didn't b'long ter him!"

"Officer, remove the prisoner."

Buck was forcibly carried out, struggling and protesting Jem's innocence.

Poor Jem! pale, thin, and terror-stricken—the merest shadow of his former self—even "mam" would scarcely have known him. He had to be half-carried to a seat, and when the charge was read to him and he was called upon to plead, could answer nothing. A young attorney, appointed by the court, entered a plea of "not guilty" for him, and the trial proceeded.

The pleasant-looking gentleman—a government detective—to whom Jem had sold the tobacco testified fully as to the facts of that transaction, and also to the fact that the revenue tax had not been paid on the tobacco so sold. The prisoner himself failed to throw any light on the subject, his testimony being limited, through ignorance and fright, to:

"I dunno—I dunno nothin' 'bout

it. I wants ter go back home—I wants ter go back home ter mam!"

The judge—a good man on the whole—was touched by this heart-cry for "home" and "mam," but sternly considered the prisoner's refusal to testify as due to obstinacy.

The district attorney, in his opening address to the jury, expressed his regret that one so young should have been led into such flagrant criminality, for that the boy was led into it he doubted not; but he still more regretted that he should imitate the worst features of the man who thus basely influenced him by preserving a dogged, defiant, and obstinate silence.

Continuing, he said:

"Silence, gentlemen of the jury, is never reconcilable with innocence. Only the guilty are afraid to speak out—only the guilty shun the truth. That the prisoner is guilty there can be no doubt. The testimony is clear and incontrovertible. It shows a deliberate violation of the law. There is no defence attempted except ignorance, which is no defence; and which in this instance is, I doubt not, most cleverly feigned.

"The revenue laws are being constantly violated. This must be stopped. To do so effectively, exemplary punishment is necessary. This boy's accomplice and instigator entered a plea of guilty and has received his sentence—much too light a one, I regret to say, for the law in these cases is very lenient. I must now ask you, gentlemen, to add another salutary example, by bringing in a verdict against the prisoner at the bar. Of his guilt, I repeat, there can be no doubt; and I sincerely hope that men of your intelligence are above being imposed upon by the threadbare excuse of ignorance, which, however his honor will charge you, cannot be considered in weighing the evidence."

The defence, a young fledgling just admitted to practice, made a rambling, disconnected talk to little

or no purpose, except to ask the jury's consideration of the prisoner's youth and evident ignorance.

The prosecution closed with a terse, recapitulatory speech. The judge's charge was short and to the point—merely stating the law in the fewest possible words. Without leaving their seats the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

Guilty! Little did Jem know the fearful import of those two syllables, voiced by the spokesman of twelve good men and true. Guilty!—it is the brand of the pariah—the social outcast. Once let it be burned into the character by the properly appointed authorities, and though you are as innocent as purity itself, you will be forever shunned as one touched by the plague.

What a travesty on justice! An

honorable judge, a dozen twelve jurymen, a high the ponderous legal mighty government, upon—what? a poor trembling boy, ignorant thing save utter loneliness helplessness; vague a farcical tragedy, somewhat interested, enmely enacted—that tasmagoria is passing terrible dream of what stands nothing. But It has been violated maybe; but what of the law is no excuse the honorable judge by Dame Rumor, and hurry through with district attorney care except the glory of

why should he be a miserable little jury are listless, cry—it is almost they think with the district attorney witness is merely paid him by the C his shrewdness in these troublesome Little chance here defended innocence.

This was the docket. The judge dismissed the jury prisoner's attorney to appeal; was to not; asked the prisoner ready for sentence hoarse "I dunno uttered a few words about youth, criticized the boy to imprisonment, and charge of the man.

His honor the court, brushed the business from his dinner, and went home to his wife and child he think, as he smoked and took



"THAR, SHO 'NUFF, WUR PORE OLE MAN."



asure at the cozy mountain re-  
 , that in the valley which added  
 much to the beauty of the view  
 a poor, heart-broken woman, pat-  
 tly yearning, waiting and watch-  
 day after day, month after month,  
 her boy's home-coming. Bless  
 , no!—the trial of the boy was  
 a very ordinary item in the  
 alar course of his judicial trans-  
 ons; besides, what did his com-  
 able honor, the judge, know of  
 possible misery—far-reaching  
 ery—that the letter of the law  
 ht cause?  
 hat night yellow fever broke out,  
 the retreat from the doomed city  
 ame a panic.

## IV.

Buck! air' yer thar, Buck?  
 he closter ter me—I'm afeard. I  
 eve I'm er goin' ter die, Buck.  
 on't hurt nowhurs now, but I'm  
 weak like—so weak. Whut d'yer  
 ion becomes uv er feller like me  
 n he dies, Buck? Oh! I'm afeard  
 m afeard!"  
 Hush, Jem, honey—hush. Yer  
 t goin' ter die. Yer goin' ter git  
 l, 'n' le' me take yer back ter yer  
 n——"

ut the man had to turn away to  
 h a groan of agony, for all too  
 nly he saw the boy's death-war-  
 written on his face.

hey had been sent back to the  
 e jail—Jem and Buck; and while  
 fever raged they were all but  
 erted and nearly starved. At last  
 fever reached the jail itself and  
 ked its victims by the score.  
 n and women died around them  
 y—so fast that their neglected  
 ies would putrefy before they  
 d be hauled away and dumped  
 the trenches. Finally it fastened  
 n Jem, and found, in his famined  
 ted body, an easy prey.

uck, the mighty of brawn, hov-  
 l over and nursed him with a  
 an's tenderness, but all to no

purpose. In a few days the death-  
 film was in his eyes and the death-  
 damp on his brow.

He had suffered terribly and raved  
 in the delirium of fever. He had  
 cried out in his agony for his "mam;"  
 and in his calmer moments seemed  
 wandering through his beautiful  
 home-valley, re-living the happy life  
 so rudely interrupted. Once Buck  
 drew back from him and shuddered.  
 The poor, tired brain and ceaseless  
 tongue were going over the details  
 of the arrest, imprisonment, and trial.  
 Not a minutia was wanting; and he  
 ended with:

"But it wur Buck's—it wur sholy  
 Buck's. I dunno—I dunno—I dunno.  
 It wur Buck's—it wur Buck's."

Now the end was near. The boy  
 dropped into a peaceful slumber.  
 After sleeping for an hour or more  
 he suddenly awakened, turned to  
 Buck, smiled faintly, and said:

"It's all right—I ain't afeard now,  
 Buck. Tell mam."

That was all.

As Buck stooped over him he saw  
 that there was nothing but the poor,  
 diseased body left; and then, per-  
 haps for the first time since his child-  
 hood, the strong man wept.

## V.

I KNEW Buck Thomas for many  
 years. One morning there came into  
 my office a man from whom I re-  
 coiled in horror. Never have I seen  
 such a mighty wreck—hollow-eyed,  
 sunken-cheeked, a forehead seamed  
 with agony of soul, and a massive  
 framework of bones over which the  
 skin hung loosely.

"Don' yer know me, Mr. Henry?"

The voice was subdued and broken.  
 Like the man, it seemed a remem-  
 brance of the past—a ghost of other  
 days.

"Don't yer recerlec' Buck  
 Thomas?"

Buck Thomas! Could this wretch-  
 ed, wasted creature be Buck Thomas,

he whom I remembered as a brawny giant of iron will and flawless constitution? But Buck it was; and, oh, so changed!

He told me Jem's story in broken fragments, and then he added:

"But thet wurn't the wust—thet wurn't the wust. Yer see, I served out my time after he died; 'n' ever' day, sittin' thar in the jail, with nothin' ter do but ter think, 'n' think, 'n' think, I cud hear thet boy's voice sayin', 'Tell mam—tell mam.'

"I didn't mind the jailin' fer myself, Mr. Henry. I cud er stood it easy, fer I wuz right, 'n' er year in jail wudn't er hurt me none; but ter er bin the death er thet boy—seeh er likely boy, Mr. Henry: 'n' ter hev ter sit thar by myself, in my cell, 'n' think uv it; 'n' ter hev ter think 'bout hevin' ter go back 'thout him 'n' tell mam—I tell yer, it nigh onter et my heart outen me.

"Ez soon ez I wur discharged, I went right straight back ter the Cove. Oh, Mr. Henry! I never'll fergi thet day—I'm dyin' uv it.

"I asked the fust man I met in the neighborhood of Bill Smith's wife wur livin' yet. 'Yes,' he sez, 'livin', but--' 'n' he teched his hed.

"Yer see," sez he, 'her boy, Jem, went off with er feller named Thomas two year ergo, 'n' ain't never been hearn tell uv sence. He wur er likely boy, 'n' it purty nigh onter killed she. Her looks fer him 'n'

waits fer him ever' da front uv her cabin, 'n' little sickly rose-bush planted afore he lef' punied erlong tell n cusses 'roun' 'n' lazes time; but he's good ter ain't drunk, which ain dom. Who might yot how, stranger?"

"I tole him, 'n' he like I wur er hant. M like one.

"I went on ter the ca sho 'nuff, wur pore old out in front. Well, sin me the minit she sot h --which air more'n me 'n' she cum at me lik screamin'.

"Whur's Jem? whur

"I helt her off 'n quieted down. Then her senses hed cum t 'n' I wur sorry, fer hopin' she wudn't be 'erstan'.

"I tole her all erb frum beginnin' ter end sot still 'n' never sa When I finished she turn at me—thet wur all; bu she'd er stabbed me w Thet look hants me—hants me; 'n' it's killin

"Mebby I'd better di onliest one uv us whu died thet night."

## COMPENSATION.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

For every joy that goes new joys are given,  
As when the golden sun dies down to death,  
The fair round moon, uprising, wandereth  
Across the happy star-sown fields of heaven.





## AMERICAN FOOTBALL IN THE WEST.

BY C. L. CLEMANS.

**I**N the field of American college sport football is supreme. Boating, baseball, and the track have their admirers and devotees, but nothing excites such general interest or creates such intense excitement as football—American college football. Ask a Harvard man what is the greatest ambition in the athletic world, he will answer, "To do what Princeton did." A Tiger victory at Thanksgiving is the object dearest to the heart of the Princetonian, while the Haven men will tell you that the chief glory of good old Yale is sixteen years of football with but one game lost in that time to Harvard and next to nothing to Princeton.

Farther West it is the same. Michigan may defeat all comers at football, but her cup of joy will never be full until the rough and fast work of the Cornell men has been met and ended on the gridironed field. And this is with the men of Berkeley, whose one hope is to retrieve their

laurels of years lost to the boys in red of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. The lesser lights of the coast are just as eager in their love for the sport, and the Hopkins Academy, Cogswell Polytechnic, Oakland and San Francisco high schools and the Berkeley Gymnasium look upon the football pennant as the chief trophy of the athletic field. There are, besides these, many other football teams in California. Those of Los Angeles, San José, Pasadena, Stockton, and the Napa College have shown great interest, but perhaps the best outside of the two universities, and the equal of either in the material it is composed of, is that of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco. The universities at Berkeley and Palo Alto have, however, the great advantage of constant practice, which cannot fail to tell in the team work, and this always wins the day.

The increasing interest in the game in the far West was attested by the gathering of fully 15,000 people at



THE "LELAND" FLYING WEDGE.

the Haight Street grounds in San Francisco to witness the recent game between the teams from these rival colleges.

Why is it that the game has assumed such a place in the popular affection and practically usurped the place of the national game in the hearts of the collegians and sport-loving people generally? Perhaps it is, as has been said, that it most nearly approximates a battle or the old-time tournament—only that the armor is softer and weapons are barred. Football is a contest for every man in the "line" or behind it; and one, moreover, in which skill, endurance, and presence of mind are as necessary as in contests with the gloves or with arms. Besides, it has a dash, a spirit, and a system of tactics impossible to the dual conflicts of the ring, and in a way resembles the tourney ring

contests of Ivanhoe and Richard of the Lion Heart. This is why it is so exciting and attracts the vast crowds, always on hand in rain or sunshine to see a game between two great universities. But there is another feature which attracts the sport-loving public, and that is the absolutely amateur nature of the game. Nearly all other sports have, in some measure, fallen into the hands of professionals, and have, therefore, lost much of their hold on the popular mind. I doubt whether there is, or ever has been, a professional football team in the United States. The men play for the

glory of their clubs or for victory—as dear to the true football man as to the Old Guard. Therefore, cause for the popularity. Thus far its management allowed it to be overdone in the western football season. During that time no thought of in athletics it is over until the next is taken up with renewed. What kind of a man



too, should have weight ability peculiar to a ball man to anchor him where he stands when charge his position; on occasion demands, must be able to dash against and break it. The "be a whirlwind in who vancing "half-back" is or "tackled," and always ward. Taken together must form a wall, but "quarter-back" is so other "backs" confider "backs," the "quarter



small man, but he must be the quickest man on the team, cool of head, steady of arm, and be ready to fasten himself to the turf as firmly as the "centre" if the line needs his aid. The two "half-backs" and the "full-back" may be of very different weight and character. The man who can run forward or sidewise, whirl, dodge, and "brush off" all tacklers, at the same time firmly keeping on his feet, does not require much weight, for he can play an "end" game (running around the rush-line), and such tactics gain the most ground when successful. But if a "line-bucking" game is desired (breaking through the "rush"), then the more weight he can strike the line with the better.

tempt to kick or push the ball toward their opponents' goal. In this game a majority of goals or touch-downs wins, while in the American game a majority of points gains. In the old game there are eight "forwards," two "quarter-backs," two "half-backs," two "three-quarter backs," and a "full-back" or goal-keeper. The quarter-backs stand behind the line ready to pick up the ball when it comes through. They then throw or pass it to the backs behind them, who may run forward with it. The American players kicked each other's shins for a season, and then discovered that it was a clever play to leave an opening in the line through which the half-backs might expect the ball



THE WEDGE IN ACTION.

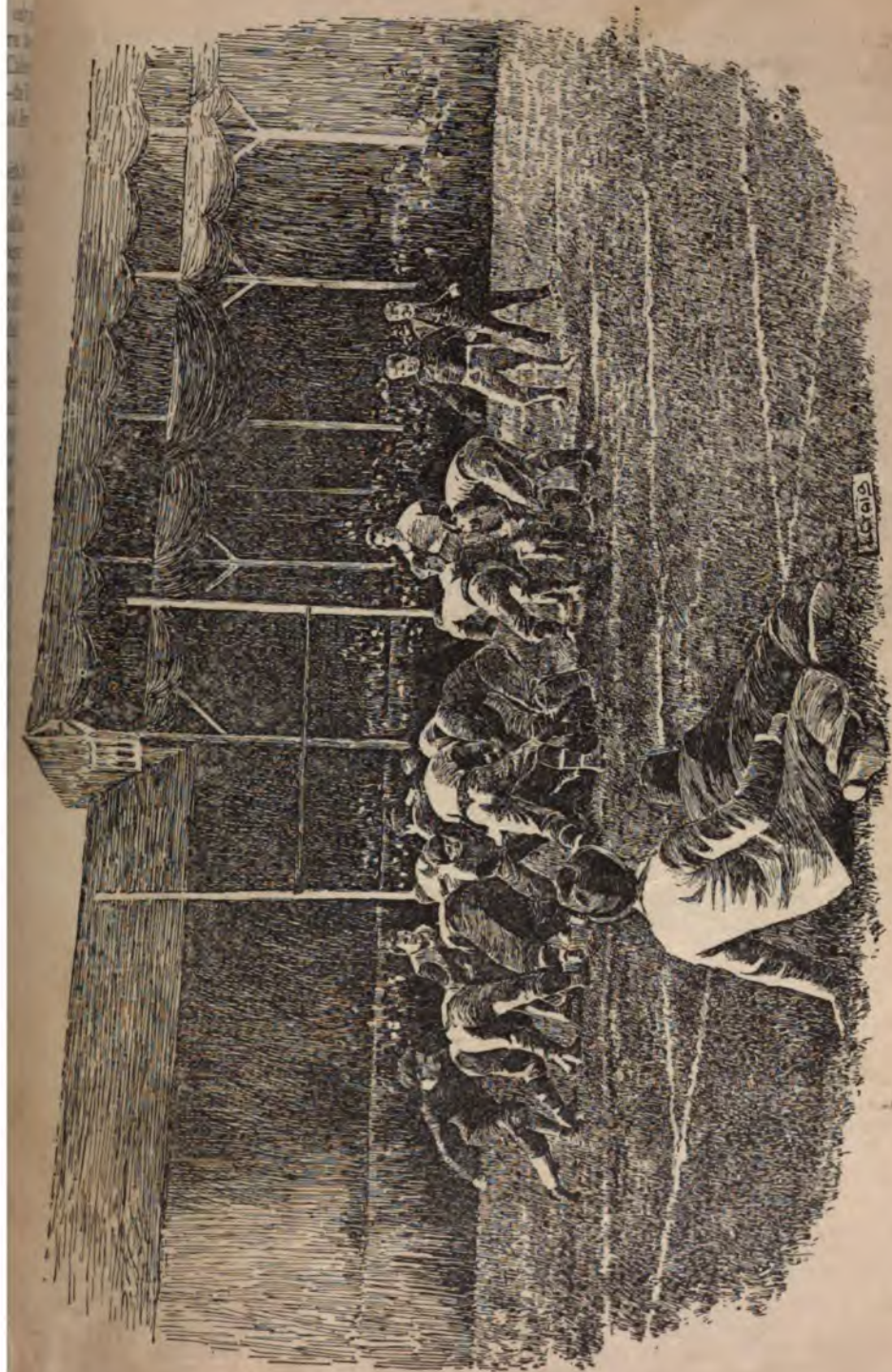
After the collision the more push and dogged perseverance, backed by the persistent pushing of those who form his own rush-line, the more ground will be gained. In addition to physical qualities the men must have courage, decision, nerve, and quickness of vision. The linemen must be obstinate as well and ready for that hardest of battles, a fight against hope; for in an even game, during two-thirds of the time they cannot hope to stop the advance of their opponents.

Rugby football was brought over from England in 1875. American ingenuity, however, soon developed a game very different from the one in which it took its rise. In the Rugby game the ball is placed between the opposing teams, which number fifteen men each, who at-

tempt to come, and then by quick passing give the three-quarter backs an opportunity to make runs while their opponents were still entangled in the "scrimmage." They then got to rolling the ball between the lines, each side pushing and waiting for the other to pick the ball out of the "scrimmage." Finally it was discovered that it could be kicked backward as well as forward; "back-heeling," this was called. At first every man in the line might do this, but soon the "snap-back" (the "centre-rush" of to-day) was evolved, and the game became very much what it now is. American players claim that the present American game is more scientific and permits of more generalship. This is true, for the American football captain knows just when and where to







PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY AFTER A "DOWN."

long and well-placed "punts" was due, in a great measure, the victory of his team in the Californian Football League series. His later work with the San Franciscos and Olympics has been far below his old-time form.

In the matches with the Posen team, Charles Wesley Reed, the captain of the University team, and Fred McNear, its half-back, did some phenomenal work. The playing of the latter has been characterized by competent critics as equal to that of any Eastern man playing that year. George Wellington, Frank Pugh, and J. Hunter Harrison were star men on the Posen team then, and Pugh still shows his form in his quarter-back play with the Olympic Athletic Club's eleven. John B. Sherrard, the present captain and "end-rush" of the same team, first learned to tackle as he does under the tuition of Nourse. It would not be just, in writing of football in the West, to omit the name of Felton Taylor, who has in years past done clever half-back work for the Union, Wasp, Reliance, San Francisco and Olympic teams. Oscar Taylor, the present "full-back" of the Berkeley team, first showed his ability on the football field when his long "drop kicks," when a member of the Alerts, won his team fame in the "Little League" series of 1877.

The Academic Amateur Athletic Association, consisting of the San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley High Schools, the Hopkins Academy and the Cogswell Polytechnic School, maintains a football league, of which the Hopkins Academy won the pennant in '01 and the Oakland High School in '02.

When Joseph Tobin came home from Georgetown College in 1893 he organized the San Francisco Football Club, the forerunners of the Olympics, and introduced into their games the close play everywhere in vogue in the East. Hitherto the coast teams had played almost entirely the

"long-pass" game, instead of close up to the rush-line as a rule. This was the game which the University of California depended on in its first games with Tobin. The contest of that year proved conclusively that the close block rushing play was superior in style, and the game with the boys resulted in a score of 14-0 in favor of the San Francisco team. That time the "long-pass" game had never been seen on the coast. The season the San Franciscos, the Olympics, won against the Berkeley team by a score of 6-0, but this blue and gold has triumphed in two games out of the three played with the Olympic team.

The great game and the most exciting of the season was that between the University of California and the Leland Stanford Junior University. This was the first intercollegiate game played on the Pacific slope, and the Leland team carried away a handsome victory by a score of 14-0. The Berkeley team had been playing for several years and consequently outweighed their opponent. It was soon seen that they were not a match for the boys in red, who played a more modern game. The work of the latter was better besides, they played what is known as an "end" game, and a one; while the Berkeley team depended on their heavy backs, depending on centre rushing almost entirely.

During the past few months football on the Pacific slope has taken an impetus that it has never before, and never has it held so prominent a place in the public's heart at the present moment. This is entirely due to the enterprise displayed by the managers of the Berkeley and Palo Alto teams. Immediately after the Yale-Harvard Thanksgiving game in the East, Walter C. Thomas Lee McClung, representing the famous coach and the captain of Yale's team, left



coast; the first named to act as coach for the Stanford University, and McClung to act in the same capacity for the University of California. For weeks the men of both colleges were hard at work, and in several preliminary matches with the Olympic Athletic Club's eleven, the Berkeley men made slightly the better showing. The coaching of Camp and McClung soon demonstrated that both teams had much to learn, for while the individual players were not so far behind the best men of the East, both elevens were sadly deficient in team work. The great game of the year took place on December 17th last, at the baseball grounds in San Francisco, when over 15,000 people assembled to witness it. This was the largest gathering that ever assembled to witness any athletic event in the West.

In weight, the Berkeley men once more had the advantage and they put it to good use, while the Stanford men proved a speedier and quicker lot. Hunt, the Berkeley captain, is a capital "line-bucker," and time after time battered away at the opposing rush, but the boys in red contested every inch of the ground, gaining the ball repeatedly on the fourth "down."

Clemans and Walton, the Stanford

halves, did some wonderful work in going around the ends, making brilliant runs of thirty and forty yards, aided by good interference on the part of their team. Code of the same team did good quarter-back work, as did also Rich as guard. The Berkeley men resorted to the wedge almost entirely, and only once did Oscar Taylor, their full-back, essay a "punt." Then took place one of the cleverest plays of the game, for Henry, the Berkeley "end-rush," after a lightning spurt, tackled Kennedy, the Stanford full-back, as soon as the latter caught the ball from Taylor's punt. Walter Camp characterizes this as one of the best plays of the kind he has seen on any football field, and Camp also praises the "double-passing" of the Stanford men as equal to that of McClung's famous Yale team. The play throughout was snappy and quick. Both sides gained two touch-downs and both failed twice at goal, making the score a tie, 10-10. The trophy offered the contestants by the University Club of San Francisco will have to be battled for again next season.

The coming of Camp and McClung has given new life to the game in the West, and the interest displayed by the press during the recent games is a sure indication of the esteem in which it is held here now by the public.



## PARKS AND RESERVATIONS.

BY MAURICE NEUMAN.

THE Congress of the United States by its act entitled "An Act to set apart certain tracts of land in the State of California as forest reservation," approved October 1st, 1890, set apart for said reservation an area, exclusive of the original Yosemite grant, of about 40½ townships, or about 1,458 square miles, or about 932,600 acres, situated in the counties of Mariposa, Tuolumne, Mono, and Fresno—the principal part of it, over 800,000 acres, lying in the two first-named counties. This reservation is generally known as the Yosemite National Park.

Under date of December 2d, 1892, B. F. Allen, special agent of the General Land Office, gave notice in the press that he should recommend, under Section 24 of the act of Congress entitled "An Act to repeal timber culture laws and for other purposes," approved March 3d, 1891, to have set apart a tract of land irregular in shape, extending from the northwest corner of Township 5, S. R. 21, E., M. D. M., in Mariposa County, to the southeast corner of Township 28, S. R. 63, E., M. D. M., in Kern County, containing 158 townships, or about 5,688 square miles, or 3,640,000 acres of land in round numbers, which tract of land was proclaimed by President Harrison as a reservation shortly before the expiration of his term of office.

Here we have then, set aside as parks or reservations, from the counties of Tuolumne, Mono, Mariposa, Fresno, Tulare, and Kern, in California, an area of about 7,146 square miles, or 4,573,000 acres; an area equal to more than twice the area of the States of Rhode Island and Delaware, or nearly the area of the States of Connecticut, Delaware,

and Rhode Island combined only 309 square miles less State of New Jersey.

When a tract of territory is being alienated from legitimate uses and industries of the people, it is in order to consider whether the present and future benefits which are supposed to be derived from such reservation outweigh the destruction of industries and future possible development contained in such reservations.

To arrive at any just conclusion it will be proper to examine for what purposes, ostensibly, the reservations were established.

The act of Congress of October 1890, creating the National Park, provides that the land comprising it, excepting the Yosemite Valley grant and entries of land made within the reservation as provided under any laws of the United States prior to the approval of this act, "shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be . . . to make such regulations . . . providing for the preservation of the reservation from injury of all kinds, including mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders within said reservation, and their retention in their natural condition"—and Section 2 of the act of Congress approved March 1891, referred to above, provides:

"That the President of the United States may from time to time set apart and reserve, in any Territory having public lands, in any part of the lands wholly or in part covered by forests, in any part of the lands wholly or in part covered by timber or undergrowth, where in his judgment it may be for the commercial value or not, to be reserved, and the Presi-

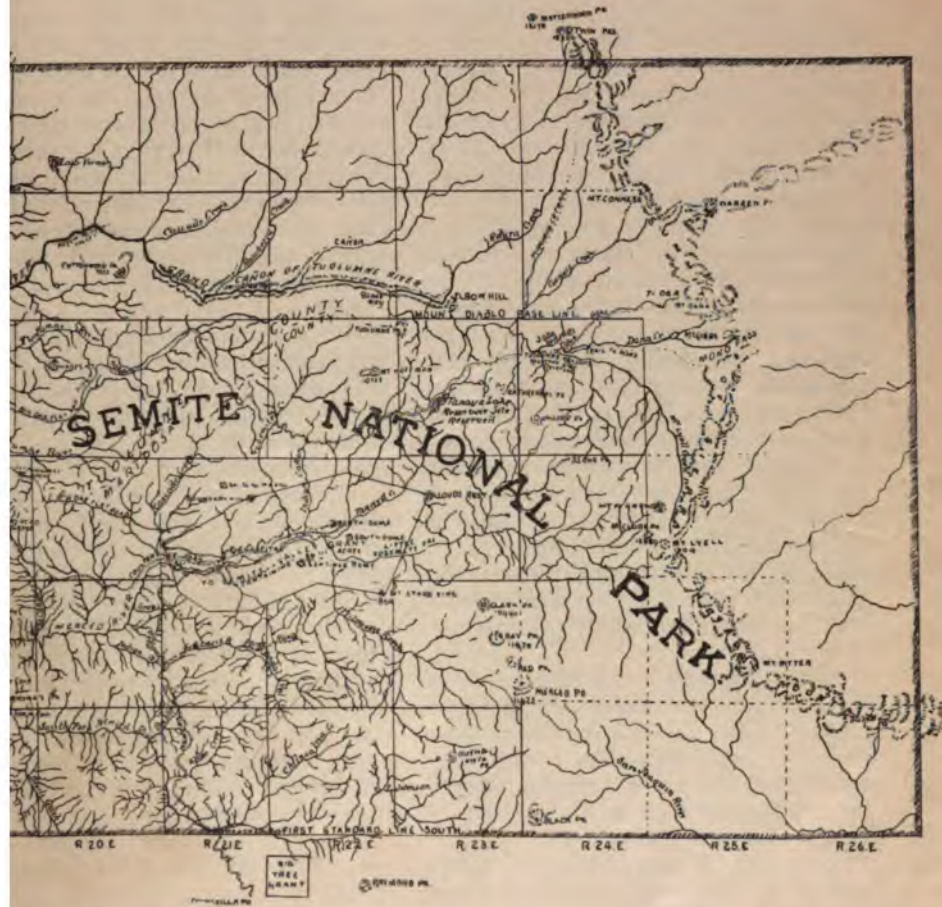


public proclamation, declare the establishment of such reservation within the limits thereof."

It would appear, then, that the preservation of timber, of mineral resources, natural curiosities or wonders within the reservation is the sole object for which the Yosemite

National Park was established, it must be necessarily because there is danger of destruction of forests if they are held under private ownership.

As to the value of the preservation of forests there can be no doubt—for economic, climatic, and æsthetic reasons—although a great deal of the



Yosemite National Park was established, there is no special purpose indicated in the law under which the reservation was proclaimed, presumably it was for the preservation of forests.

Even if the preservation of forests is considered a sufficient cause for the reservation of large tracts of land, thereby causing the destruc-

tion of other vast interests, it must be necessarily because there is danger of destruction of forests if they are held under private ownership.

Wood is a necessity of the human race for innumerable purposes; therefore a destruction of the natural supply to satisfy our immediate wants, without taking into consideration the necessities of posterity, would be not less than a crime. Then forests are a thing of beauty always, and to

some extent exercise climatic influences by moderating the temperature.

But the generally prevailing theory that forests increase the rainfall appears to be exploded; the latest conclusions arrived at by investigators seem to prove that the existence of forests neither creates nor augments rainfall. If the statements in the newspapers in regard to the rainfall in Australia that caused such extraordinary floods there last winter (winter here) are reliable, the rainfall in the not timbered districts in Queensland and New South Wales was more than twenty per cent heavier than in the wooded districts.

Another generally prevailing sentiment is that the existence of forests prevents the washing away of the soil on which they grow, and assists streams in maintaining a uniform regimen, by storing away the precipitation among the roots of the trees, and yielding these stores up gradually, thereby preventing on the one hand the immediate rushing away of the precipitation, which is causing floods, and acting on the other hand like a system of reservoirs, yielding up the stored waters only gradually. This is certainly true, but it is also effected by other forms of vegetation.

But admitting fully the value of forests and the necessity of their preservation, the question is: Does the policy of letting the people own and utilize the timber supply offered by our forests lead to their destruction?

No! will be the answer of every person who has had the experience of having lived among these very forests of the western slope of the Sierra Nevada from the days of the settlement of the State after the discovery of gold, who has seen whole hillsides deprived of the last tree by the axe of the miner during the flush times of the placer-mining period, and who sees now these same hillsides covered with a thicker growth of forest, produced spontaneously by

mother Nature, than the fore the miner ravished beauty.

Why, anybody can see in certain counties, where land has been cleared of its natural timber for agricultural or other uses, that in places where cut timber has not been kept up and new forest growth springing up as it possibly can stand; anybody wants to see a proof of young forest trees, let him go to the vicinity of the abandoned sawmill, which has continued because all the timber has been cut off; he will see how luxuriantly they spring up, after having been left to the light and air by the removal of old trees.

Our forests reproduce themselves, and such reproduction can be prevented by continuous cultivation of the ground. Is such a cultivation of these reserved lands ever likely to take place?

There are undoubtedly many meadows, and flats that could only be advantageously replanted to other vegetation; but the fact would produce certain perfect and abundantly other lands; but the fact of the 4,500,000 acres included in the reservation, five per cent of the amount of land that we brought under cultivation.

The rest of that territory remain a forest; if cut off, it would spring up a forest as luxuriantly than before.

A great deal has been said of the devastation caused to timber forests by fires, principally set by parties with live-stock in the mountains.

Why a man who owns sheep or horses and takes the mountains to let them subvert the summer on the pasture then, and only then, become



, should burn up these pastures  
are to feed his stock, is a conun-  
m that has not been explained  
, if such a state of affairs really  
s exist.

The fact about these mountain fires  
the dried herbage, when not con-  
ed by stock, the fallen leaves and  
nches of trees, and, more than all  
se, the trees that have fallen down  
n decay, form during the summer  
accumulation of highly inflamma-  
material which the least spark  
l set on fire. If this accumulation  
burnt out every year no harm  
rues to the trees, not even to the  
ng growth; but the longer the  
umulation of inflammable mate-  
goes on, the more severe will be  
fire. The Indians, the original  
upants of our mountains, acted on  
s principle before the occupation  
the country by the whites, and  
bably do so now in out-of-the-way  
ions, by burning the accumulated  
sh up every year—thus preventing  
re destructive fires.

but mark: these forest fires do not  
troy a forest; they devastate it by  
ning up large amounts of availa-  
lumber; a forest area that has  
n swept by fire produces a new  
st if left to itself.

The greatest factor in these fires is  
number of trees that have fallen  
rn. Every tree, if left to its nat-  
l course, has its life, like any other  
ng organism; it springs up, grows  
naturity, and decays. If utilized  
en at its maturity, it becomes  
ource of profit; if left to decay,  
comes only an additional dan-  
to other trees. Experience has  
wn that on an average each acre  
lumber area will produce each year  
y cubic feet of wood. Applying  
s to the reservation of 3,640,320  
es we have under discussion—as  
s reservation appears to be a forest  
position pure and simple—we have  
,612,800 cubic feet of wood as the  
rly increase. The utilization of  
h amount of wood would leave  
forest intact; if not utilized, that

amount would only be so much addi-  
tional fuel for any coming conflagra-  
tion. Now, a reservation having  
been established, what is the Gov-  
ernment going to do with these 145,-  
612,800 feet of wood becoming yearly  
available? not to mention the exist-  
ing available timber, of which 75,000  
feet per acre is said to be a conserva-  
tive estimate.

Is it going to let all the timber  
decay or burn up, or is it going into  
the business of cutting, sawing, and  
selling timber itself? or if not, is it  
going to lease the business out? if  
the latter, to whom? To a few fa-  
vored corporations, or to the people?  
If to the latter, what is the use of  
having a reservation? If the answer  
is, the better to regulate the cutting  
of timber for the purpose of prevent-  
ing the destruction of the forest, the  
reply is that the forest cannot be  
destroyed except by continuous cul-  
tivation of the ground, which is im-  
possible because impracticable, and  
that the cutting down of matured  
timber can be regulated by State  
legislation. Then why not let the  
people go on and utilize the timber  
supply as needed, by letting them ob-  
tain these lands in private ownership,  
under regulations preventing mo-  
nopolies?

Why should the citizens living in  
the vicinity of the reservation or in  
that part of the San Joaquin Valley  
adjacent to it, and whose needed  
timber supply promises to be im-  
mense in the near future, be com-  
pelled to forego the supply right at  
hand in this reservation, and be com-  
pelled to import it from Oregon or  
Washington Territory, and haul it  
long distances over the railroads  
from the ports of entry to its ultimate  
destination?

And as far as the prevention of  
fires is concerned, it seems to be evi-  
dent that private ownership of these  
forest lands, with its accompanying  
settlements of miners, agriculturists,  
lumbermen, and persons following  
other industries dependent on their





BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COUNTRY ABOUT LAKE MONO.



atural products, would be productive of a great number of people interested in the prevention of fires, which would more effectually stop them than any other means that could be provided.

The second object for which the Yosemite National Park reservation ostensibly was established is "the preservation from injury of mineral deposits . . . and their retention in their natural condition."

Now, a mineral deposit preserved and retained in its natural condition of no value whatever; it becomes of value only by being taken away from where it is retained in its natural condition, so that it can be used. What use and benefit would have in the coal, iron, and petroleum of Ohio and Pennsylvania, the silver of Nevada and Colorado, the gold of California, if these mineral deposits had been preserved and retained in their natural conditions?

And these mineral deposits must be numerous, as the greater part of the land set apart for the park is mineral land, in which not only a number of mines are being worked now, but in which indications of mineral deposits without number have been discovered, hardly any of which have entered into a state of development yet. In Mariposa County, in townships 19 and 4, south of ranges 19 and 20 E., M. D. M., are the Nite Mine, which has produced millions of dollars' worth of gold, and other mines, patented and unpatented, which have produced other millions. That portion of the park comprised in about two townships near its northern and eastern boundary line, lying within the county of Tuolumne, contains many mines of value, while the portion located in the county of Fresno includes the Minaret and North Fork of the San Joaquin mining districts, known to be rich in mines of iron, lead, copper, and silver. These, and deposits of marble, granite, asbestos, and other minerals, disposed over the park, only await favorable

transportation facilities for practicable and profitable development. The third object of the act establishing the Yosemite Park is "the preservation from injury of . . . natural curiosities or wonders within said reservation, and their retention in their natural condition." The Yosemite Valley, one of the greatest natural wonders in the world, has been set apart as a reservation years ago. Four sections of land have also heretofore been set apart for the Mariposa Big Tree Grove of sequoias; for any scattered groups of sequoias growing in the park let there be ample territory reserved. Outside of these, this Yosemite Park does not contain any other natural wonders or curiosities than what are contained in any other mountain forest region.

A public park, the larger the better, near a large city, is a public benefit, and ought to be maintained at or near each centre of population.

These parks, being within their immediate vicinity, give the crowded people of the cities a chance to obtain fresh air, and to the poor an opportunity to enjoy a great many refinements of civilized life which they would be unable to procure otherwise. Public parks are therefore a benefit, physically, morally, and intellectually, to all those near enough to enjoy them.

But a park, or a system of parks, comprising territory embracing millions of acres, situated far away from any centre of population, and therefore inaccessible to the great majority of the people on account of the expense attached to get there, would in fact be only a park for the benefit of the rich and well-to-do, who could afford the travelling expenses.

Would such parks be within the scope and spirit of our institutions?

Having examined the three objects for which ostensibly these reservations were established, there remains another feature to be considered, namely, the status of the actual settlers on these reservations in their

rightful possessions acquired by homestead, pre-emption, or purchase under the laws of the United States.

A portion of township 4, south range 19 east, M. D. M., is one of the most fertile and has been one of the longest-settled districts of Mariposa County, simply because the first settlers naturally picked out the best places to settle on. On the Merced River are choice spots, which by reason of the mildness of their climatic conditions and the facilities for irrigation are unsurpassed for fruit-raising. The little valleys higher up, in the timber belt, have been proven to be equal to, if they do not surpass, any other lands in this great fruit-raising State of California for the raising of certain fruits and vegetables, such as apples, berries, potatoes, etc. The same conditions prevail in the reservation extending from Mariposa to Kern County. What is to become of these settlements? The act of October 1st, 1890, says: "That nothing in this act shall be construed as in anywise affecting . . . any *bona fide* entry of land made within the limits above described under any law of the United States prior to the approval of this act."

This was evidently inserted in order to kill off any intended job of unloading undesirable property on the Government.

But the first thing that the then Secretary of the Interior—Secretary Noble—does after having been intrusted with the management of the park is to report to Congress that it would be impracticable to maintain the Yosemite Park under government control with a multitude of private claims within its boundaries, and to recommend to Congress to take the necessary steps to extinguish these claims.

This may be a correct position, but it throws the door wide open for

the accomplishment of what it was intended to do. But in either case the settler, the pioneer, who came there to carve a home and family, under the laws of the country, a home from the wilderness, is the one who is in private claim is to be ruined; he is doomed to poverty that is condemned instead of to use, its fruits, to retain them in their fullness is in a state of stagnation, of living death.

If, on the other hand, the Government compels him to sell his land, he hardly expects to receive anything like what his place has been worth in course of time. The country is left to the neglect of its resources, the land is sold and leaves his place to go to wreck and ruin, if not, by whom is it to be sold by tenants whose land is in the United States? Is it to be a landlordism to be maintained by the Government?


And the hundreds of families that are situated within the reservations, and are susceptible of becoming well-to-do families, are kept in a state of wretchedness, the pall of a government. From their very nature they cannot furnish large holdings, would become the homes of the settlers, whose families, in the healthy climate of the mountains, would in the cities and hot valleys.

If these premises are correct, to maintain these mountain forests as public reservations, and to withdraw the resources from the life of the people?



## AMONG THE BRAHMINS.

BY JOHN HAMILTON GILMOUR.

HE race characteristics of the Brahmins are distinctive and original and cannot fail to elicit the interest and admiration of the student of human nature. The writer has been afforded an excellent opportunity to observe and study them under normal and also extraordinary circumstances, having been among them for some length of time, and in the south during the famine of 1877-78, which passed in horror all that had preceded it during British occupancy. It was the policy of the British government not to make public the fearful nature of the distress, but in all like districts were annihilated. In the province of Massur lost over a million persons, it was decided to institute measures of relief. The district of Tinnevely is accounted one of the richest in India. When Europeans were struggling for the supremacy in Hindostan, it was repeatedly captured and recaptured. At a time the Dutch were in possession of the province, but eventually were ignominiously driven out by the British. It is a prize worth dying for. In the hills to the northeast every known spice grows luxuriance. Pineapples with their many spikes fret the face of the country. The heavily wooded mountains have been cleared for the coffee and spices, and Englishmen have rapidly acquired huge fortunes through enterprise. The sea is even more gracious. The great pearl fishery beds lie between Tuticorin and the island of Ceylon, and finds of wonderful gems are frequently made. Between Tinnevely and the sea the country is flat and uninteresting, and there is no natural irrigation. This

part is, however, the granary of the district. It was here that no rain had fallen for three years, and the suffering people having eaten up their reserve supplies, found no alternative but to calmly await death. The local government was powerless. Mr. Pennington, the collector, poured into the distressed taluks all the grain he could conveniently lay hands on, but it was a mere drop in the ocean. These taluks were most densely populated—often five hundred to the square mile. Then the famishing wretches began to leave their villages and invaded Tinnevely itself. Horror succeeded horror. European women fainted at the sight of their wretchedness. The starvelings followed the horses of the white men and picked from the manure the undigested grain. Mothers showed their babies hanging to milkless breasts, and forever went up that cry "Swami, swami." It was not an appeal to God. It was to the white men they cried for help.

Active and resourceful, Mr. Pennington, with but slender means at his command, commenced a series of relief works, feeling confident that the supreme government would come to the people's rescue. After several thousand lives were lost the supreme government did offer relief in the wickedest and most wasteful manner possible. In the centre of the chief taluk a relief camp was formed, and into this camp the people were driven. Money was given those villages in which there was left some grain. At Ootipadaram, the chief village of the taluk of that name, a relief camp was formed, and at one time no less than 10,000 persons were daily being fed at the public expense. Besides this camp there were smaller ones at

Sattur and Virudupetti which probably sheltered 15,000 between them. The road to the camp from the railway station at Maniachi was literally festooned with corpses in all stages of decomposition. The air was heavy with pollution. Deadly fevers raged and cholera showed its horrible front.

The first official care was to dispose of the dead, and for that purpose long trenches were dug. Sometimes the deaths amounted to a thousand a day, and despite this awful mortality there seemed no diminution in the camp number.

This panic was felt equally by rich and poor. But so full of pride was the Brahmin that he preferred to die with his family, shut up in his house, rather than mingle with a horde of pariahs in the common camp. They were even too proud to ask for monetary assistance, but a procession of Brahmin women, tottering with weakness, would often go to the temple and, flinging themselves on the ground, pray for rain. Whenever the white man did anything for them his liberality was praised, and in proof of the esteem in which his gifts were held one-half was often given as an offering to the God.

The name Brahmin is synonymous with cleanliness. Not only are the Brahmins scrupulous in the attention they pay their bodies, but are equally careful with their belongings. It would be an impossibility to find a dirty Brahmin or a dirty Brahminical quarter.

Cleanliness is not a matter of choice; it is a religion which must be rigidly observed. Some of the ideas of cleanliness are very particular. For instance, no Brahmin woman permits hair upon her body. Each single hair must be plucked out, and the parts rubbed with saffron. After she touches anything she must bathe, and she refuses her husband entrance to her house if he does not completely wash and thoroughly purify himself after contact with Europeans. She

is equally strict with who attend the public; harassed by the fear that inadvertently touch a will allow no dogs near nor fowls, for they are untable is of the simple that grows under the ground. Brahmin eat, only that gathered from above. unclean; so are beets. But corn, which has not the soil, can be used. never touches with his lips. When he drinks he pours the liquid into without letting the vessel his lips, and after use thoroughly cleaned.

The Brahmin is extreme that nothing shall come person. When he buys pariah, the unfortunate have to lay the bundle of the road and retreat rods, keeping his hand mouth so as to prevent of his breath reaching the sacred person.

The Brahmins are different friendly to Englishmen, tradition current among certain sages visit E create white men, calling danas, or God-fearing English soon outlived the respect by employing pariahs. Though we diligently who made the pariahs we learn. While talking to son they have a habit of holy thread (a string we mins around the body from the right shoulder) the back of the hand. elusion of the conversation is shown. This is as a of the white person's meat elivities.

Brahmins rich and poor particular. To be a Brahmin a god. There are two Brahmins Vishnu and Shiva, the Preserver and Destroyer. All Brahmins



ma, the Creator, and believe they descend from his face. The descendants of Vishnu, who preserved the world from the attacks of Shiva and his latter's descendants, though equal to him in the other's sight as God-created, have nothing in common. They cannot intermarry nor eat together, and their quarters are widely separate. Their dresses are totally different, and they each wear caste marks. The Vishnu men have red radiating streaks upon their heads of brown and yellow, the Shiva meeting between the eyebrows. The two outer lines are brown, the middle yellow. The Shivaite adorns the centre of his forehead with a dot of sandalwood grease. The women are differently costumed. The dress of a woman is the prettier the more, for the garb of the Vishnu woman is almost too scant for grace, being worn tight across her knees, while a Shiva woman has a loose fold hanging down the side of her right leg below the knee. A Telugu woman, a Brahmin woman of Madras, has a loose fold of cloth hanging in front of her. Girls who have not attained the age of puberty wear a simple petticoat, while a married woman wears an undergarment. It appears that the dhoti form of dress covers another dress. Only Brahmin women are allowed to wear the dhoti or man-like costume, all other women and others of low caste being obliged to wear the petticoat.

The Brahmin woman is also restricted as to color. There is only one kind of dress she can buy. It must be light brown with a gold thread running through it. It is white, rich and silky, and consists of a single sheet. She takes this and wraps it about her body, and then divides it between her legs. As I have said, the Vishnu woman draws the cloth across her knees, showing the limb from the knee down, while the Shiva woman's dress is graceful, becoming, and coquettish. The Brahmin women are often very beau-

tiful. Their complexions are pale brown, their hair black, and their eyes large and ravishingly tender in expression; they are fond of jewelry and some of them have gems which queens would be glad to possess. They often wear a thin gold plate in their breast, and those who are sufficiently opulent display magnificent head-pieces.

The widow's lot among Brahmins is not cheerful. The Brahminical law has ordained that widows must wear white and keep their head shaved, and they must wear a cloth over the head, as it must always be covered. The object of keeping the widow's head shaved is to detract from her personal appearance, for the Brahmins have no intention of having attractive widows in their midst. It is the custom among rich Brahmins to employ widows and the relatives of poor Brahmins as their domestics, but, to their honor be it said, their caste is most rigidly maintained.

Polygamy is prevented, but only in those cases when a woman is barren for the space of ten years, or if she only has female children, and in some cases when it is impossible for her to agree with her husband.

The Brahmin is an autocrat in his household, and some of his regulations are praiseworthy. Widows and boys who are bachelors are not permitted the use of snuff; there is no definite age given when the latter can take it, but they must be of mature years. Snuff supplies the want of hubble-bubble, the few who do smoke being Mohammedans.

Despite their strangely superstitious character and their tenacity in clinging to past traditions, the Brahmins are of the world worldly. Generations of intelligent ancestors have produced marvellously clever men, their physical appearance showing them to be men of birth and culture; they are above the middle height and are slenderly proportioned; their faces are oval and extremely hand-



of about fifty, where there was an equal proportion of both sects, there was but one passably good-looking Vishnuite, while all the Shivaïtes were fine-looking. Another superiority of the pure Brahmin is, he has better capacities for learning than the Sudra or the lower castes.

The Brahmins, especially the Shivaïtes, are extremely sociable. They meet before each other's homes at night and hold quaint concerts. Few lands know such lovely evenings. The air is perfectly still and the incense of wetted earth fills the atmosphere. The dark copses are ablaze with tiny glittering lights which never seem to rest. No sounds disturb the pleasant cool; it is restful, soul-satisfying. Suddenly the quiet is broken by the clear tenor voice of a young Hindoo, and the refrain is caught up by other voices, fresh and pure, till the very woods and water breathe music and are stirred to poetic emotions.

Their life is purely pastoral, and the Brahmins, before the lust of governmental power seizes them, are the best fellows in the world. They have a peculiar vocabulary, as the following will show. They call the wasp, *videgar*, or priest; the grasshopper, a soldier; a large worm, a species of glow-worm, a cowherd or milkman; mosquitoes and fleas, servants; bug, a doctor; butterfly, a Brahmin woman; the horsefly, a dog; and the bee, a Brahmin.

It was explained to me that the bee was called a Brahmin for its

habits of exclusiveness, the wasp a priest because of its love for getting others into trouble. The rest may be easily understood in their application.

Tinnevely is the home of the coconut palm. This palm is the Madrassi's all in all. He eats the fruit and drinks the milk, from its trunk he makes a strong cordage, and when old he saws it down and its wood is valuable to the carpenter. For the leaves he has a multiplicity of uses. They can be employed for roofs and also for school-books. They are split at the crease, and two holes are bored in each end, through which is passed a string and a school-book is fashioned. These quaint leaves are also used as writing tablets, a sharp steel stylus being used to write upon them. The Brahmins are very fond of this tree, and no house seems to be complete unless one or two face its front. The verandas of these domiciles are built up from one to four feet from the ground and are painted red and white. These artistic buildings and the avenues of palm-trees render a Brahmin village eminently picturesque, and the exquisite cleanliness makes a visit to them very pleasurable.

An atmosphere of romanticism seems to hover about this stately people and their homes, and the world can produce few races braver or more stoical under misfortune and in whom exists a pride of caste so strong that it enables them to face calamity with the equanimity of a philosopher.





## THE SOURCE OF REFORM.

BY R. H. McDONALD, JR.

"NO great political improvement, no great reform, legislative or administrative," says Buckle, "was ever originated in any country by its rulers." This statement is very broad and hardly consistent with the exact truth. We are unable to determine what the author regarded as great improvements or reforms, but that rulers have originated that which is of value cannot be doubted. Solon and Lycurgus were rulers, and they gave improved laws and institutions to their respective countries, or framed advanced systems and procured for them popular assent. Marcus Aurelius is credited with the origination and enforcement of reforms in the darkest period of the Roman Empire. Justinian caused the Roman laws to be revised and codified, and his Code, Pandects, and Institutes were decided improvements in Roman jurisprudence, so much so that they constitute the basis of the civil-law system which prevails in some of the most civilized nations of the present time. Bonaparte caused the laws of France to be codified and improved, and the Code Napoleon with no very great modification is the basis of French jurisprudence to this day. Since Buckle died the Czar of Russia has abolished serfdom, and so far as we know this measure of reform and humanity originated with him. Many instances may be cited where improvements or reforms of greater or less importance proceeded from the brains of rulers whose powers were even absolute.

The author quoted in tracing the progress of civilization necessarily began with the earliest ages of which we have historical information. His route was through the night of the darkest period of the world. He

had to deal with ignorance and superstitious rulers who were temporal despots. His researches in the records of absolute monarchies and the archives of an intemperate people. When he little republicanisms when France was experiencing under monarchies and aristarchies than in popular history of the United States. He was little acquainted with the history of the United States. He placed France second, Germany first, and the United States last. Rulers are not forms that improve opportunities of the state, which is feeling that pervades all monarchies to a great extent. While the state is not strictly accurate in its reflections touching the press and the duties of a free people.

It is true that in reforms usually private stations, and have been wrested from the hands of the ruling classes by the labors of Sir Robert Peel, prison reform from Howard. Slavery and the slave trade were abolished by the influence of a public sentiment.

quence of Wilberforce, and the American mind was aroused to opposition to our own slavery by the abnegating efforts of Garrison, Phillips, Thoreau, Parker, and a few other philanthropic men. Magna Carta was wrested from King John by the sturdy barons of England, and John Buckle wrote the emperors of Austria and Germany have conceded liberal constitutions, which ensure the rights of the people as to representation in the parliaments of these countries. These concessions were not voluntary, but in a measure forced by popular sentiment. It may be said that public opinion has become the most potential influence among men. It is an incident in the growth of civilization. Before civilization became a recognized fact there was no such thing as public opinion, for it can have no existence where there is the absence of intelligence and of independent thought. Though the progress of civilization in governments and social institutions has been revolutionized either radically or partially. We have seen advancement in nearly all the countries of Europe, and that advance has been in proportion to the intelligence and character of the people. That there are few learned and advanced thinkers in a nation does not make it civilized; the broadest and highest sense, knowledge of physical and mental and moral integrity must be possessed by the masses, and while a few men of observation and thought may have great knowledge, their movements are comparatively ineffectual so far as the public mind is concerned unless the masses are corresponding progress. Improvements and reforms—and it is to be lamented—are slower in governments than in almost any department of human affairs. Absolutists do not like to introduce reforms because they are hostile to their interests, and popular governments rulers will proceed faster than the people require of them. They may originate

improvements in ordinary legislation, in methods and details of administration, and for the preservation of peace and order, but there need be no expectation that they will introduce material innovations until they are sure of popular approval. Those who rule by the right of heredity do not think of the public welfare, and rulers in republics do not ordinarily act in advance of public sentiment.

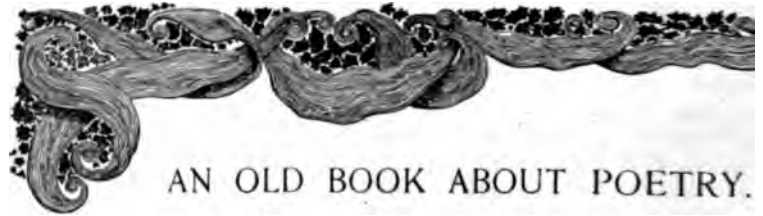
Buckle is one of those authors who is of opinion that governments and ecclesiasticism have not only retarded progress, but have been the causes of innumerable and grievous woes, and but for the independent thinkers, litterateurs, publicists, economists, and scientists the world would still be in the maelstrom of ignorance and vice. His investigations were such as to lead to extreme conclusions and cause him to draw pictures extravagantly dark. We who live in this enlightened and progressive country are naturally less pessimistic in our views than those who have existed in and have studied less favorable conditions, but by study of our own history we clearly perceive that rapid and substantial progress in government and institutions has not taken place except at the behest of the people. There is a percentage of delinquency and dishonesty among officials corresponding to the percentage of the same qualities among the masses. The bulk of officials are at least passably faithful and honest, but the progressives are few as compared with the whole, and those who have the courage to advance independently are fewer still. Our presidents and governors frequently recommend changes more or less radical, but not until they have sounded public sentiment. The same is true of legislators and others who conduct administrative branches of the government. Political leaders frame platforms with a view of impressing the popular mind, but never of such character as to antagonize what they suppose to be the popular feeling.



Public opinion is the chronometer with which politicians set their clocks, and hence in this country it is the regulator of official conduct and the chief source of improvement and reform in our civil and political institutions. Those who want change may petition the law-making and administrative powers, not so much in the expectation of gaining favorable action as in arousing the public mind to the subject. Reformers first address the people with a view to securing their indorsement, for they know that when that is accomplished all is done.

If what has been said be true, then a tremendous responsibility rests upon

the masses. The government and institutions they make it, for in they may have absolute control. The people make mistakes in capacity as individuals, but not to be repeated. rulers will be as they have it, if they will wishes known. The to control where they abridged, as in emergencies; but in republics; but in republics, especially in this, their progress in whatever main proceed from an



BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

# I.

SOME twelve months after the preparation of the papers, "The Old Notion of Poetry" and "Who are the Great Poets"—the opening papers of the first series of these essays—I became the happy possessor of a volume to which I would call general attention. The title of the volume is, "Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. Translated from the Latin of the late Right Rev. Robert Lowth, D.D., F.R.S., Prælector of poetry in the Univ. of Oxford, and Lord Bishop of London: by G. Gregory, F.A.S." An American edition was brought out by Calvin E. Stowe, Andover, 1829. A writer in the *North American Review* (v. 31, 1830), commenting on

the fact that this edition was presented with an apologetic words:

"It will hereafter, perhaps, be regarded as an anomaly in the history of intellect, that the poems for ages have attracted the profoundest minds, and time almost the exclusive in all its forms, and of in all its ten thousand variations, that the Hebrew writings, come, though equally before the memory of men, should have passed by with such total indifference like an attentive critic, completely ignorant of the Hebrew language, and gravely mistaken in his judgment for prose."

This state of things was regarded by the writer since the days of when he is able to account





Let it not be thought, because this author was lord bishop, that the Hebrew poetry is all in all to him. The whole gamut of antiquity has been played in his ears—the classic learning, eloquence, and song. A few lines farther on—I take the points in the order that I find them—is asked a question that should be no more readily put than answered; and yet there is no end of hesitation and stammering when it comes, for example, to certain lines of Browning's:

"For what is a poet, destitute of harmony, of grace, and of all that conduces to allurements and delight? or how shall we derive advantage or improvement from an author whom no man of taste can endure to read? The reason, therefore, why Poetry is so studious to embellish her precepts with a certain inviting sweetness, and, as it were,

'tincture them with the honey of the Muses,'

is plainly by such seasoning to conciliate favor to her doctrine, as is the practice of even physicians, who temper with pleasant flavors their least agreeable medicines:

"Thus, the sick infant's taste disguis'd to meet,  
They tinge the vessel's brim with juices sweet:  
The bitter draught his willing lip receives;  
He drinks deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd he lives;

as Lucretius expresses himself in illustration of his own design, as well as that of poetry in general" (pp. 5, 6).

And now, for a moment, think of the multitudinous definitions and decipherings, divisions and subdivisions—all the painful processes of inquiry, saddled on some one kind or style of poetry, we will say the heroic; what is the whole of it worth if this much be not settled first?

"But if it be manifest, even in authors who directly profess improvement and advantage, that those will most efficaciously instruct who afford most entertainment, the same will be still more apparent in those who, dissimulating the intention of instruction, exhibit only the blandishments of pleasure, and while they treat one of the most important things, of all the principles of moral action, all the offices of life, yet laying aside the severity of the preceptor, adduce at once all the decorations of elegance and all the attractions of amusement, who display, as in a picture, the actions, the manners, the pursuits and passions of men; and by the force of im-

itation and fancy, by the bers, by the taste and va captivate the affections imperceptibly, or perhaps lead him to the pursuit of the real purpose of heroic the noble effect produced Homer. And who so callous, as not to feel in that most agreeable occupied, astonished, enraptured of that most so inanimate as not to be described, or as it were in heart, his most excellent ing human life and manne ophy a few cold precepts in history, some dull examples of manners may have the energetic voice here we behold her animal addresses her precepts alone; she calls the passion not only exhibits examples them in the mind. She with her peculiar ardor, as plastic to the artist's hand Horace most truly and in this commendation to the

"What's fair, and false, and describe,

Better and plainer than the

Plainer or more complete do not perplex their disciples details of parts and definitely and so accurately examples of every kind, the man passions and habits, social and civilized life, the schools of philosophy's representations of Homer self transported from a remote path to an extensive field:—better because they by maxims and precepts, sententious form; but by verse, by the beauty of imagery of the fable, by imitation, he allures and in of the reader, he fashions virtue, and in a manner in spirit of integrity itself" (q

If we are to form a what poetry is through mentality of critics, then of them to which our i be addressed.

I hold Keats' position the supreme of power pregnable. The words enough amid the tinkler dignified with the cism; but in the preser

bishop and the good old minds behind him, it is the inevitable conclusion. It stares one in the face. There is not a single "if" to trip us, not so much as a "but" to stumble over. There is no trouble, provided we turn to solid counsellors. Like the solicitous bishop of days by-gone, we must be content only with the best intelligence.

"Since the sensible world," says Bacon, "is in dignity inferior to the rational soul, poetry seems to endow human nature with that which lies beyond the power of history, and to gratify the mind with at least the shadow of things where the substance cannot be had. For, if the matter be properly considered, an argument may be drawn from poetry, and that a superior dignity in things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety delights the soul of man, than is found in nature since the fall. As, therefore, the actions and events which are the subject of true history are not of sufficient amplitude to content the mind of man; poetry is at hand, and invents actions of a more heroic nature. Because true history reports the success of events not proportionable to desert, or according to the virtue or vice that has been displayed in them; poetry corrects this, and represents events and fortunes according to justice and merit. Because true history, from the obvious similarity of actions, and the satiety which this circumstance must occasion, frequently creates a distaste in the mind; poetry cheers and refreshes it, exhibiting things uncommon, varied, and full of vicissitude. As poetry, therefore, contributes not only to pleasure, but to magnanimity and good morals, it is deservedly supposed to participate in some measure of Divine inspiration; since it raises the mind, and fills it with sublime ideas, by proportioning the appearances of things to the desires of the mind, and not submitting the mind to things, like reason and history" (p. 9).

Had Donnelly, instead of playing the zany over Shakespeare and Bacon, striving to put one man where God put another, spent his time crying this passage up and down the streets, he would have displayed originality meriting something better than bread and water and shackles. The most of us have read this passage at one time or another, but we have not taken it and other great sayings that belong with it to our business and bosoms.

As in heroic poetry, so in tragedy, there is no escaping the conclusion that poetry is superior to philosophy as well as to history.

"But if from the Heroic we turn to the Tragic Muse, to which Aristotle indeed assigns the preference, because of the true and perfect imitation, we shall yet more clearly evince the superiority of poetry over philosophy, on the principle of its being more agreeable. Tragedy is, in truth, no other than philosophy introduced upon the stage, retaining all its natural properties, remitting nothing of its native gravity, but assisted and embellished by other favoring circumstances. What point, for instance, of moral discipline have the tragic writers of Greece left untouched or unadorned? What duty of life, what principle of political economy, what motive or precept for the government of the passions, what commendation of virtue is there which they have not treated of with fulness, variety, and learning? The morals of Æschylus (not only a poet, but a Pythagorean) will ever be admired. Nor were Sophocles or Euripides less illustrious for the reputation of wisdom; the latter of whom was the disciple of Socrates and Anaxagoras, and was known among his friends by the title of the dramatic philosopher. In these authors, surely, the allurements of poetry afforded some accession to the empire of philosophy; nor indeed has any man arrived at the summit of poetic fame who did not previously lay the foundation of his art in true philosophy.

"Should it be objected that some have been eminent in this walk of poetry who never studied in the schools of the philosophers nor enjoyed the advantages of an education above the common herd of mankind, I answer that I am not contending about the vulgar opinion, or concerning the meaning of a word. The man who, by the force of genius and observation, has arrived at a perfect knowledge of mankind; who has acquainted himself with the natural powers of the human mind and the causes by which the passions are excited and repressed; who not only in words can explain, but can delineate to the senses, every emotion of the soul; who can excite, can temper and regulate the passions—such a man, though he may not have acquired erudition by the common methods, I esteem a true philosopher. The passion of jealousy, its causes, circumstances, its progress and effects, I hold to be more accurately, more copiously, more satisfactorily described in one of the dramas of Shakespeare than in all the disputations of the schools of philosophy.

"Now, if tragedy be of so truly a philosophical nature; and if, to all the force and



gravity of wisdom, it add graces and allurements peculiarly its own—the harmony of verse, the contrivance of the fable, the excellence of imitation, the truth of action; shall we not say that philosophy must yield to poetry in point of utility? or shall we not rather say that the former is greatly indebted to the latter, of whose assistance and recommendation it makes so advantageous a use, in order to attain its particular purpose, utility or improvement?" (pp. 7, 8).

Though I have gone over this ground before in my inquiry into the character and office of poetry, it is quite to the purpose to tread it once more; and it is fortifying to find the wise old bishop at my side every inch of the way. Of course, he will press on beyond most travellers of to-day when it comes to distinguishing between the inspiration of Shakespeare and that of the author of "Job," but so far as we can accompany him his words are certainly worth whole shelves of modern books on the subject of poetry.

"But, after all, we shall think more humbly of poetry than it deserves, unless we direct our attention to that quarter where its importance is most eminently conspicuous; unless we contemplate it as employed on sacred subjects and in subservience to religion. This indeed appears to have been the original office and destination of poetry; and this it still so happily performs that in all other cases it seems out of character, as if intended for this purpose alone. In other instances poetry appears to want the assistance of art, but in this to shine forth with all its natural splendor, or rather to be animated by that inspiration which, on other occasions, is spoken of without being felt. These observations are remarkably exemplified in the Hebrew poetry, than which the human mind can conceive nothing more elevated, more beautiful, or more elegant; in which the almost ineffable sublimity of the subject is fully equalled by the energy of the language and the dignity of the style. And it is worthy observation that as some of these writings exceeded in antiquity the fabulous ages of Greece, in sublimity they are superior to the most finished productions of that polished people. Thus, if the actual origin of poetry be inquired after, it must of necessity be referred to religion; and since it appears to be an art derived from nature alone, peculiar to no age or nation, and only at an advanced period of society con-

formed to rule and met wholly attributed to the fections of the heart, the n to express themselves in lofty tone, with a vehem far remote from vulgar use

Whatever our special relief, we can agree with the agreement we show way toward settling confusion, toward pre of time over comment rious as ingenious, a voluminous.

Nor shall we find great poetry scorning try. So thoroughly is the art that he can un the grace and fervor of dwell fondly on the p of slender theme, the l of fancy, the fitful bre like melody, that chari of mirth or idleness.

"Not entirely to omit the poetry, many will think the full enough when we suppose to consist in the entertainn afford. Nor is this altogether spiced if it be considered tainment, this levity itself, a to the mind when wearied investigation of truth; the understanding after intense stores it when debilitated; even by an interchange study. In this we are coun example and authority of t of Greece, by that of So Aristotle; among the Rom Scipio and Lælius, Julius Cesar, Varro and Brutus, v intervals of their more im ments, their severer studies ableness and hilarity of this Nature indeed seems in this have consulted for us, who pels us to the knowledge of frequently remote, and on cuted with indefatigable provided also these pleasing a refuge to the mind, in wh casionally shelter itself, an able relief from languor a 15).

And the critic that so farther; can find that th well as the reading of p tial as a means of cultu

"But there is yet a further advantage to be derived from these studies, which ought not to be neglected; for, besides possessing in reserve a certain solace of your labors, from the same repository you will also be supplied with many of the brightest ornaments of literature. The first object is, indeed, to perceive and comprehend clearly the reasons, principles and relations of things; the next is, to be able to explain your conceptions, not only with perspicuity, but with a degree of elegance. For in this respect we are all of us in some measure fastidious. We are seldom contented with a jejune and naked exposition even of the most serious subjects; some of the seasonings of art, some ornaments of style, some splendor of diction, are of necessity to be adopted; even some regard is due to the harmony of numbers and to the gratification of the ear. In all these respects, though I grant that the language of poetry differs very widely from that of all other kinds of composition, yet he who has bestowed some time and attention on the perusal and imitation of the poets will, I am persuaded, find his understanding exercised and improved as it were in this Palæstra, the vigor and activity of his imagination increased, and even his manner of expression to have insensibly acquired a tinge from this elegant intercourse. Thus we observe in persons who have been taught to dance a certain indescribable grace and manner; though they do not form their common gesture and gait by any certain rules, yet there results from that exercise a degree of elegance which accompanies those who have been proficient in it even when they have relinquished the practice. Nor is it the least improbable that both Cesar and Tully (the one the most elegant, the other the most eloquent of the Romans) might have derived considerable assistance from the cultivation of this branch of polite literature, since it is well known that both of them were addicted to the reading of poetry, and even exercised in the composition of it. This too is so apparent in the writings of Plato that he is thought not only to have erred in his judgment, but to have acted an ungrateful part, when he excluded from his imaginary commonwealth that art to which he was so much indebted for the splendor and elegance of his genius, from whose fountains he had derived that soft, copious, and harmonious style for which he is so justly admired" (pp. 15-17).

Blessed old bishop! There you have it, poetry serviceable even as a sort of Delsarte practice for the mind and heart.

Verily the Oxford boys one hundred and fifty years ago had a de-

cided advantage over their successors of to-day. Were the present time as favorable to poetry as theirs we should hear not a word, for instance, of the warfare between poetry and science (which, by the bye, the enlightened Tyndall terms her "younger sister"); not a syllable would be lisped on such a topic as "Is Verse in Danger?" The good bishop would as soon have thought of doubting the existence of his soul and the High Power on which it leaned as of questioning the imperishability of song; song, which has taught us the most we know of these.

With this peep at a forgotten volume I commend it most heartily to young and old, to all ranks and classes from shoeblack to scholar; this for a better understanding of the Scriptures and for advancement in knowledge concerning the ruling power, the one force always first, in matters great and small, sacred and profane.

## II.

### POSTSCRIPT.

Bishop Lowth began lecturing in 1741, one hundred and fifty-eight years after Sidney wrote his "Defence of Poesy." A few quotations from Sidney will show, without argument, that the old notion was transmitted intact, and so held till the middle of the eighteenth century. "This heart-ravishing knowledge" is one of his expressions; another is, "That unspeakable and everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind." The purpose of poetry is "to teach and delight;" poetry is the "sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge." The poet "doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it." And so we might go on plucking flowers throughout this immortal essay, flowers every color and breath of which are instinct with the traditions for the authority of which I contend.





seven. This is not the notion that the great poets have of their art, whether in youth or in age. With all his brilliance, the figure of this beautiful poet stands somewhat dim and shadowy; with the light and outline of the angel, there is yet something wanting: Shelley is not quite whole, not an "unspotted soul." Read between the lines, Arnold's stern conclusion is nearer just than it strikes one at first:

"The man Shelley, in very truth, is not entirely sane, and Shelley's poetry is not entirely sane either. The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance, indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing. And in poetry, no less than in life, he is a beautiful and *ineffectual* angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

For a last word, coming down seventy years, from 1821 to 1891, it may be profitable to inquire briefly into the success of Mr. Theodore Watts' attack on the old notion of poetry as formulated by Arnold. In his article on Lowell (*The Athenæum*, August 22d, 1891) Mr. Watts says:

"It is always difficult to know when Matthew Arnold is in earnest and when he is playing with his readers; but if he was in earnest when he defined poetry to be a 'criticism of life,' he certainly achieved in one famous phrase a definition of poetry which for whimsical perversity can never be surpassed. Had he said the opposite of this—had he said that all pure literature except poetry may be a criticism of life, but that poetry must be a simple projection of life in order for it to be separated from prose—he might perhaps have got nearer to the truth."

If Mr. Watts, with all his acuteness, is not keen enough to know when Arnold is in dead earnest and when he is at play, we must not blame him for being blind to very plain things; among them the flippancy and padding, the newspaper recklessness sometimes displayed in the staid columns of *The Athenæum*.

In this article we are informed at the first dash that most Americans lack "moral, high-bred courage." This may be, but some of us have enough patience and courtesy to hear a speaker through before beginning to dispute him. Arnold did not define poetry as a "criticism of life," but as a "criticism of life under the dictates of poetic beauty and poetic truth," as a "powerful *poetic* application of ideas to life." In exemplifying this poetic application, he said that it has the accent of such a line as

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,"

an injunction to which Mr. Watts seems to have yielded temporary obedience. He goes on to say:

"If there is in any literary work a true projection of life, it must sometimes be classed as poetry, even though the writer shows but an imperfect conception of poetic art. Although much of Browning's noble and brilliant writing is a 'criticism of life,' and is, therefore, as I think, not poetry, a very considerable portion of his work is poetry, because it is a true projection, and not a criticism, of life. But Lowell's verse is all 'criticism of life.' Of poetic projection there is almost nothing at all."

While Mr. Watts is right in saying that much of Browning's writing is not poetry—he goes too far in finding "almost nothing" of poetry in Lowell—how is it that, with his mind and experience, and Anglo-moral courage to top it all, he does not know that, instead of combating Arnold's idea, he is reproducing it in less happy words of his own? In saying that, because much of Browning's work is rather a criticism than a "projection" of life, it is something different from poetry, he is simply saying what Arnold says better, viz., that it is something different from poetry because it has not the "matter and the inseparable manner" of "adequate poetic criticism."





FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA.

BY FRANK J. POLLEY.



HUNDRED years have passed since the death of Father Junipero Serra. For a man who stood first and foremost among that band of missionaries, military authorities, and civilians to whom Spain had confided her interests in colonizing Upper California, he has received but little attention proportionate to his merits from the world at large.

Prior to the researches of Bancroft and Hittell, no historian of California discussed the life and labors of this zealous, faithful, and untiring priest with the fulness that the subject

would have justified as often appeared in of this State were e from poor or insuffi of Father Palon's Even so able and historian as Royce, of California, cann treat in detail of S while passing the the early missions briefest mention, h following tribute: high worth as a ma tian there is, indee among those who kr

Fortunately, howe is no longer to be the last few years F labors have met with



his character as an able, conscientious, pure-minded, and selfless worker in his chosen field. His brighter as the critical attention of the public is directed to it. More than any one else of the eighteenth century, he stamped his impress upon the record of Californian history, and fully deserves an honorable place among the illustrious names of the makers of America. He was as sincere a man and as will- ing and able to perform the work to which he was called as any who have ever lived. He had no high and holy an object in life. He strove only for the reward that comes in the life beyond, and with this goal ever in sight labored for the good of men on earth whom his belief taught were in peril of not sharing in the joys of the future life. The life of St. Francis of Assisi was a stim- ulus to Father Junipero, and the words of the saint's work, his faith, courage, hope, and cheerfulness under difficulties were as personal calls to him. Father Junipero during the many years he lived was a devoted and loyal follower of the Order of Franciscans.

Born of humble parents, November 1, 1713, at the island of Majorca, he early chose the life of the Church, and during his boyhood and youth prepared himself for the office he aspired to. Once admitted to the Church, his learning, and eloquence soon com- manded attention. He formed friendships with his brother priests who were destined to be tried in after years by hardship and peril of all kinds, and yet which were broken only by death, so loyal were these friends to each other and the cause they fought for.

He was on August 28th, 1749, before he was able to set foot on the shores of America, after years of hoping and patient waiting. He was then a young man of years, past the inexperience of youth, yet his zeal could not allow him to wait for the regular transpor- tation, and starting from Vera Cruz, he made the journey to Mexico on foot.

He had only one companion,

but the perils of the way were as nothing to the unrest in his soul at being kept from the scene of his future labors. He was at once assigned active labors in the surrounding country, and for nineteen years labored hard and earnestly; teaching the Indians, improving the missions and church property, preaching, travelling, and seeing as well to the temporal welfare of his charges as to their spiritual salvation. His abilities were pre-eminent, and when upon the dissolution of the Order of Jesuits it fell to the lot of the Franciscans to succeed to the field of labors so long and faithfully worked by those brave men, the authorities at once, and without solicitation from Father Junipero, selected him as their leader to extend the work of the Church among the Indians of Upper California.

His executive ability was of high order, and with the assistance of Jose de Galvez, the visitador-general, ex- peditions by sea and land were soon under way to San Diego. The start was made on January 7th, 1769, and after disheartening sorrows and suffering a reunion was effected in San Diego, and on the 16th day of July, 1769, the first mission in California was founded there. The condition of affairs was discour- aging; the voyage by sea had been fateful, one vessel was lost, the scurvy had broken out, Father Junipero was very sick, provisions were low, and the overland party in but little better condition after their months of wan- dering in search of roads through the valleys, mountains, and desert wastes. The Indians proved thievish and treacherous; they stole from the scanty supplies of clothing and even attempted to cut the sails from the ships, so that while sick and needing rest in body and mind all were called upon for ceaseless vigilance.

An expedition had been dispatched overland to search for Monterey, but passed beyond, reached San Francisco Bay, and returned in a starving and



destitute condition to their waiting friends. A vessel had been sent to Mexico for help, and before its return the Indians made an attack upon the little settlement. Six able-bodied men were all that were left to defend the lives and property of their companions; but the Indians, unaccustomed to fire-arms, were repulsed by these few.

Relief at last came from Mexico and hope once more arose. Energetic measures were instituted and maintained by Father Junipero until an expedition was under way for Monterey. This time the bay was seen and, with a heart filled with gratitude, a landing was made and Father Junipero raised the cross and preached a sermon to the company under Viscaino's oak. The primary objects of the first expedition were accomplished. San Diego and Monterey were settled, and a messenger was dispatched with the information to Mexico, where bells were rung, proclamations printed, and the news at once sent to Spain.

No day or hour was lost to Father Junipero. He labored with the laborers, taught with the priests, advised with the military commander, organized expeditions in search of fertile valleys, and rested only to conduct the services of the Church. He was unceasing in his efforts to obtain new missionaries, and as fast as help was received missions were founded and the work of converting the Indians commenced. He made his journeys on foot in all kinds of weather and with insufficient guards. No danger could make him turn from the path of duty while a soul remained unsaved.

He was happy in his chosen work; the soul was dominant and the ills of the flesh were disregarded. In the midst of his labors came news of distress at San Diego, and hunger was even then causing much suffering at Monterey. The Indians had helped the colonists with seeds and nuts, but the supply was insufficient. Junipero

was in bodily ailment, an ulcerated limb, and in great pain. In the face of all this, however, he made the long journey to San Diego, and, after many delays, founding the mission of San Luis Obispo and making the Indians as he journeyed.

At San Diego the ship *San Antonio* was expected, but refused to put on shore on account of the season and the dangerous winds. But no difficulty was superable to Father Junipero, not until he saw the harbor and a pack-trail overland journey for Mexico. He felt that the destruction of the ship was averted and his companions relieved from their peril.

Hardly was one than a more serious difficulty presented itself in the fact of a ministerial in Mexico of the Dominicans to share in the territorial conquests of the Franciscans.

To negotiate or propose the cause of the mission agent in Mexico was not possible. No one save the king was deemed equal to the task. Consultation with his majesty and a decision made, Father Junipero, with usual energy and promptness, set upon the long trip to Mexico. An Indian boy accompanied him on this tedious, dangerous journey, which they were both to suffer from fever, and once given up. They met with friends who argued his case, and so important with his honesty, simplicity, and so able that he proved himself that he was beyond his hopes. The mission was received as their known as Lower California. Blas was saved as a share in the finances of the mission in better order, and planned, equipped, and further surveys and

ty of the priests extended  
 of preserving discipline  
 in the settlements, a bet-  
 of supplies arranged, dis-  
 nents among the military,  
 Fedro Fages, the com-  
 removed, and, most im-  
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 of Bucareli, the viceroy  
 and so skilfully did Juni-  
 at the best human fore-  
 the means at hand could  
 re accomplished more.  
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 he end of two long, busy,  
 and eventful years, he said  
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s had passed since his de-  
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 s, he left the vessel, and  
 of pack-mules laden with  
 ent to all the missions  
 iego to Monterey, a ver-  
 shepherd who carefully  
 tended his flock.

idst of his unremitting  
 ourneyings came the news  
 a outbreak at San Diego  
 veral of his friends were  
 ounded; also that a most  
 quarrel had arisen be-  
 mandante Rivera y Mon-  
 ie missionaries as to the  
 of some neophytes whom  
 ed had been concerned in  
 k and jointly responsible  
 rders. The missionaries  
 ardoning them, but the  
 te, in defiance of the  
 ers, broke open the ware-  
 ie beach, where the neo-  
 taken refuge and claimed  
 e of the sanctuary. The  
 ured grave aspects, for  
 ndante dragged forth his  
 nd was excommunicated  
 Father Fustu, who was  
 ess of what was to him a  
 and sacrilegious act. In

those times and under the circum-  
 stances such an anathema was a seri-  
 ous matter, and Moncada in order to  
 obtain absolution went to Junipero,  
 then at Monterey. Not obtaining it,  
 he appealed to the authorities in  
 Mexico, and was soon afterward  
 transferred to Loretto, in Lower Cal-  
 ifornia. Nothing could have struck  
 deeper into Junipero's heart than to  
 lose a mission or see the work into  
 which he was throwing his whole  
 soul retarded for a moment, and as  
 soon as possible he started for San  
 Diego. Arriving there, sailors, neo-  
 phytes, soldiers, and people of all  
 classes were soon engaged in the  
 rebuilding of the mission.

Junipero labored with the rest,  
 quarrying stone, making adobes, and  
 pushing the work forward with fever-  
 ish haste. A short time would have  
 sufficed to have completed it, but  
 again Moncada hindered him by  
 issuing orders calling off the soldiers,  
 pretending to believe another attack  
 was planned by the Indians.

Father Junipero was firm, but  
 pending the time before orders could  
 be received from Bucareli he suffered  
 martyrdom in spirit. When the de-  
 cision was rendered that the Indians  
 be pardoned, that twenty-five addi-  
 tional soldiers had been ordered, and  
 that the building be not further de-  
 layed, Junipero's joy was so great that  
 the bells were rung and a thanksgiv-  
 ing mass said. Moncada submitted,  
 soldiers were appointed as guards for  
 the different missions, and the build-  
 ing at San Diego was finished as  
 planned.

Zealous as ever, Junipero pushed  
 on to the site of the intended mission  
 at San Juan Capistrano and dug up the  
 bells that had been previously buried  
 there when tidings of the trouble at  
 San Diego had caused a cessation  
 from work.

To further secure the peace and  
 prosperity of the new missions, with-  
 out intrusting the task to others, aged  
 in years as he was and stricken with  
 a painful disease, he undertook a



journey to San Gabriel in search of food. Though the Indians were hostile and the way laborious, yet rather than take one man from the work on the buildings, he chose as only companions one soldier and an Indian boy.

They were stopped by a band of painted Indians and would undoubtedly have been murdered had not his Indian boy cried out that a large body of soldiers were following them. The ruse was successful, and Junipero made his journey in safety, driving the cattle before him that he had obtained for the new mission. Meantime his work in the north had been neglected. Missions at San Francisco and Santa Clara had been planned before his departure, settlers were expected, explorations and surveys intended, and yet no news had reached him of any description for months. Once more the weary but unconquered man set his face toward Monterey, and reached there in January, 1777. He had blessed an expedition destined for San Francisco before called to quell the troubles at San Diego, and returned to find that the flag was flying at the Golden Gate. He had labored with all his soul since he assumed command in 1769, and for the few years yet remaining to him he found no rest. What he had accomplished, his many journeys, and his watchful care, all seemed as nothing to his ambitious mind. He was ceaseless in his efforts to obtain more missionaries, that he might realize the noble plans he had formed for further spiritual conquests. His watchful eye was ever on the alert for advantageous sites for missions, and the judgment that he and his followers exercised upon these occasions has never been questioned, and to-day still challenges the admiration of men who from long acquaintanceship with the entire country are familiar with all its favored sites for wealth and beauty.

He had met with great success in making converts. In all his plans

the ultimate end sought was the conversion the salvation of the people by fitting them to the of the Spanish crown to accomplish this end he labored with an unflagging patience truly saint-like had long mourned to confirm. As a priest only to baptize; he refrained from all effort to the dignity of would have carried it; but a bull was Pope on July 16th, 1776, giving him authority to carry out his mission in a period of ten years. His delays retarded its progress, the patent founded under which Junipero reached him in California 1778.

In 1779 he received a political change. California, among other things, had ordered withdrawn the royalty and erected jurisdiction under the command of a comandante-general, which gave him serious alarm. He was an old man by this time, seventy years of age, afflicted in body by hardships and perils gone. His friend Ballesteros, in charge, the impossible journey to Mexico where he had a new governor, which might give the death-blow. Upon receiving permission, he had undertaken the arduous task of the rite of confirmation in the State, and had come back. Carlos. After finishing, he proceeded to San Diego northward from mission until he reached Monterey, exhausted by the journey, spiritual excitement and labored while administering. His recent efforts,

trouble from the ulcerated limb rendered him very feeble, but in short time he was on his way to San Francisco. At Santa Clara he met by the officers of the government exploring expedition and was barely able to stand. With staggering enthusiasm he pursued his work even here, and from thence returned to San Francisco, remaining there several weeks at labor; then hastened on to San Carlos, arriving November 17th, 1779. He had confirmed all the ready to receive the ceremony, the consciousness of having performed his whole duty gave him strength to meet the troubles now approaching.

Upon Bucareli's death he had suggested the new governor, Felipe De Neve, to cherish the missions. De Neve's first act, almost, was to confirm Junipero's power to confirm the account of the change of governors.

The question raised was largely political and was referred to the colonial council at San Fernando. Decision was given in Junipero's favor, with orders that he was not to be interfered with, when going from mission to mission an escort of soldiers should be furnished him. In 1781 he was to renew his duties, and at once began another journey to the northern missions, administering the rites as before.

A new source of trouble soon arose in the shape of a conflict with the Colorado Indians. Under the new policy a mission had been founded on a new principle; *i.e.*, the missionaries were now simply religious workers; no government was placed over the Indians; no food distributed to them brought in that close relationship with the Church that Junipero had so striven for, believing that the temporal and spiritual go together, and both to be important factors for each other.

Provisions ran short, the supplies obtained were inadequate, the settlement encroached upon the good lands of the Indians; a train of soldiers

with their animals in an exhausted condition arrived; the stock injured the Indians' fields and a massacre took place; the buildings were burned and the settlers, priests, and soldiers killed after a brave resistance.

De Neve was called south to assist in the pursuit and punishment of the Indians, but was far from successful. This unfortunate trouble retarded further progress of the proposed three new missions on the Santa Barbara Channel. It was necessary to have a colony near San Gabriel in case of further trouble in the south, and Governor De Neve, taking recruits that had been sent from Lower California for that express purpose, founded the city of Los Angeles. He wrote Junipero, as soon as the danger at San Gabriel from the Colorado Indians had passed, to come with missionaries, and the long-delayed settlements on the Santa Barbara Channel could then be made. Junipero arrived in San Gabriel in March, 1782. Not being able to supply the needed missionaries, Junipero felt called upon to serve as one himself, rather than lose a moment, and so a mission at San Buenaventura was founded. Later, on April 12th, 1782, Junipero had the joy of blessing an altar and performing the usual ceremonies of consecration at Santa Barbara; but notwithstanding all his efforts and urgent appeals, Junipero could not procure the six new missionaries for these two new missions and a third one he had also projected. The governor refused to proceed without them, and Junipero, almost in despair, hurried on to Monterey in search of help and of his expected supply-ship. A courier met him on the road with dispatches that proved to be a death-blow to Junipero. The ship had arrived, but no missionaries. Affairs were badly mixed in Mexico. The government refused to grant any of the usual governmental supplies for the missions, as the new viceroy said the governor of California had informed him they were unnecessary.



The college at San Fernando, therefore, refused to send the missionaries, and wrote Junipero to suspend the foundation of new missions until the government took a more liberal view and allowed them their supplies, as in the former times, until they could be made self-sustaining. Had his worst enemy planned the blow, it could not have afflicted Junipero more. However, he retained the mission at San Buenaventura, though being short of missionaries, and two being necessary to each mission, he was obliged to devote his time and energies to his church at San Carlos, and forego his essential visitations to the other missions.

The good night was almost ended. While able to proceed with his work, no floods or storms of nature nor bodily ills of the flesh were ever able to check his career or his usefulness. That his life had been prolonged to his present age was a wonder to all. His limb was ulcerated and his chest much weakened, and caused him great suffering, for in his later years, as he saw the end approaching, so intensely did he feel the need of improving the hour and so enthusiastic was he that when preaching of purgatory he would tear aside his gown and hold a lighted four-wicked taper to his breast until the sight was almost sickening. He would lift a huge stone and strike himself so hard when excited by his over-fervid oratory that his friends often looked for his death. He wore the coarsest clothing and scourged himself with an iron chain. Few people were so dull as not to understand these tortures, and Junipero would endure anything to save the soul of the lowest Indian in his congregation.

Such things could not always be. The shattering of his hopes and bodily ills brought on a serious sickness. He rallied from this, and two new missionaries having arrived, he felt he could now leave San Carlos for a final visitation to his loved missions. He was seventy-one years

old. Yet he proceeded to San Diego, and there spent every moment to his advantage, fully examining the mission and confirming the Indians for the ceremony.

At San Gabriel he recovered when he resumed his progress made at San Diego. In five months he had constantly employed and seventy leagues and safely reached San Carlos. His power would expire in a short time, as soon as the delay, as soon as the delay was fordable, he returned to San Francisco. No rest. His old friend, Father, died; so as soon as he resumed his labors at the Mission, he once proceeded to San Diego in the dead priest's mass for his soul, then eloquently, and after his people. This blow to the now suffering before parting from made final arranger death and then brave travels and his work.

On July 16th, 1791, his power to confirm confirmed five thousand and seven persons believed that each saved from a burn far as he knew, he faithful to his trust single soul in all that he ruled over as California Missions.

The same day a messenger he learned that the Santa Barbara Church abandoned. It was abandoned. It was and with a broken he couriers to his friends and say the eternal Father alone reached weak and suffering. A surgeon newly arrived suggested the ap

ery and Junipero submitted to excruciating torment without a murmur. He passed a bad night, and during the day, and upon her day he was assisted to the church, where he knelt at the altar during the ceremony, while sobs resounded through the edifice from the corners who had already assembled to say farewell. He could not sleep that night from pain, so he spent it in the arms of his neophytes. In the morning he received the captain of the vessel then in port. He made it as a request of a dying man that in the morning he be laid by his old friend and co-worker, Father Crispi. He died to be allowed to rest, and when Father Palon returned after a short absence he found him exactly as he left him; the body was motionless, but the suffering was over, and Father Junipero Serra, the greatest of them all, was gone.

He was seventy-one years of age at his death, and for nineteen years in Mexico and thirteen long, weary years in California he had labored as a man before him or since has labored in the line of his work. The mortal was solemn and imposing. He left absolutely no earthly possessions; his robe and sandals were laid among the sorrowing survivors.

The tapers were lighted round the simple coffin; Indians adorned the bier with flowers, and long processions of Spaniards and natives recently passed beside the wasted body, touching it with rosaries and candles, that they might be blessed where contact with one now regarded as a saint. At the burial the soldiers, sailors, and civilians united in the solemn ceremonies, and as the dead man was laid to rest beside his friend, the tolling bells were answered by the cannon from the ships. Each, in brief, is a bare outline of this Franciscan priest. The amount of work performed and the tasks accomplished still challenge admiration of the world, though a tangible part, owing to the ra-

pidity of the Mexican and Spanish officials and the spoliation of the American settlers, aided by vexatious lawsuits, have reduced the once powerful and flourishing missions to the condition of ruin in which the tourist now sees them. During Junipero's life he held the missions together with great executive ability, and so wise were his acts and so far-seeing his plans that it excited the avarice and cupidity of the government officials. As soon as the wise care and reverent feelings toward the priests and the missions vanished and greed took its place, their doom was sealed. If Junipero did wrong, it was in planning so well that he placed his missions upon the high road to prosperity and so invited the world to a rich treasure-house where there was no power to repel the invader.

Junipero was loved by his subordinates and obeyed generally with that disinterested devotion to the great cause that so marked the early missionaries in those new fields of work, though the same zeal that made his friends love him often sorely tried the patience of the military authorities when a question of priority of authority arose between them. He was a formidable adversary when the rights of the Church were intrusted to him, absolutely fearless so far as physical danger was concerned, and unflinching and untiring in his efforts when moral suasion was necessary.

His character was a strange compound of courage, enthusiasm, patience, zeal, love, and superstition. He was thoroughly educated in the doctrines of the Church and the rules of his order. His zeal allowed him no rest in his journeys, and his diplomacy in Mexico and in dealing with the military and sailors, when he chose to exercise it, was far superior to the best among them. No man could induce a refractory captain to put to sea in winter weather or a sulking soldier to labor as he could. All love and gentleness with his







BY

ROBERT F. WALSH.

IN a bulletin of the United States Fish and Fisheries Commission there occurs a paragraph which, though it particularly concerns the fish food supply of the Pacific coast, is of national importance. This paragraph refers to the methods of fishing employed by the Chinese in Californian waters. It appears that these Mongolians are peculiarly fond of shrimps and young fish—much too young and small to be considered available as a food product by Americans or Europeans—and for the capture of such immature fishes, shrimps, and prawns they use fyke and bag nets, the meshes of which are so small that “prodigious quantities of small crustacea and other small fry such as large fish of commercial importance subsist upon” are daily taken from the waters around the Californian coast.

Commenting upon this condition of affairs, Mr. Richard Rathbun, in the paragraph to which I have referred, says that the fishing methods of the Chinese “for shrimp and small fish” should be restricted “not only because of their great value as articles of food and profit to mankind directly, but also for the reason that they form a very important part of the food of fishes—the supply of

which has become very nearly exhausted in San Francisco Bay.”

Surely no subject should demand more attention from the legislature of the State of California than this. It affects not alone the food supply of the State, but importantly concerns the prosperity of one of California's greatest export industries. State legislation, stringently enforced, can alone put a stop to this wholesale capture of immature fishes and fish food; and in order that the seriousness of the position may be better understood, I shall briefly explain the extent of the Chinese fisheries on the Pacific coast, the kinds



ONE OF THEM—A TYPE.





ANOTHER OF THEM.

of fishes sought for, the methods employed for their capture, and the uses to which they are put.

The entire number of fishermen employed in the fishing industry of San Francisco and the adjacent regions embraced in this section is 2,512, of which 807 are Chinese. Only 620 are American-born, and the remainder is comprised of natives of British Provinces, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Italy, and of almost every nation of Europe. It will, therefore, be seen that the Chinese fishermen form nearly one-third of the entire number engaged in the fisheries, and as we proceed it will be evident to the most obtuse reader that the energies of this one-third are chiefly directed toward capturing those small fishes which in time supply the waters with fishes of commercial importance, and which form the chief part in the food supply of these fishes. In this connection Captain J. W. Collins says: "It is generally agreed that the Chinese fishermen have little regard for the law (if they can evade it) and absolutely no consideration for the preservation of young fish from destruction. 'All is fish that comes to their net,' in the strictest sense of the term, and the apparatus

they use is specially designed for the smallest forms of fish. They capture a good many cods and flounders, in fact; but that frequent the California coast are taken by them; but the principal catch consists of small fishes, and prawns—very much to season, size, or quality.

Describing their apparatus, the report of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Game states that "it varies in character, but is exceedingly destructive of marine life, particularly of small fish, and is generally Oriental." The bag-net is extensively used; but the use of fykes, sturgeon traps, and trawls (destructive as well as in advance), and many other methods of fishing, "either to obtain results or to secure so-called Chinese commonly use in their apparatus." The bag-net is allowed by the executive to be the most formidable as well as the most destructive fishing appliance, usually about forty-two feet long, and is formed like a great



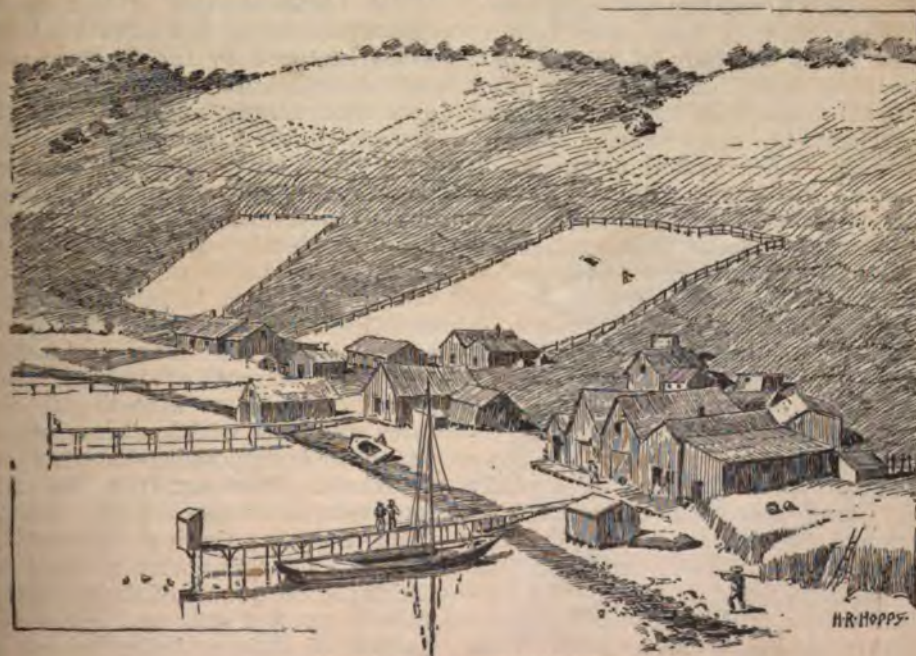
STAMPING SHRIMP.

sack or bag. It is twenty-four feet wide at the mouth and tapers toward the end or apex, where it is from three to four feet wide. The end is open when not in use, and is tied up with a "puckering string" when set. Half of the net, next the mouth, has a two-inch mesh; the middle section (about twelve feet) has a one-inch mesh, and the remainder, forming the lower end, has a mesh measuring only one-fourth to one-half inch. "Considering the contraction caused by tying up the smaller end of the bag, it will readily be seen that scarcely any marine life is minute enough to pass through the meshes."

The Chinese do not affiliate with the other fishermen, but form colonies of their own race close to the fishing-grounds. These settlements are called "camps;" they are devoid of all suggestion of comfort or cleanliness and afford the most meagre shelter for the Mongolian fishermen, who, as a rule, remain but a few seasons, and then return to China with the proceeds of their illegal and

destructive fishing. Mr. W. A. Wilcox estimates that the number of bag-nets in use averages "five or six to a man;" so that there are employed in the fishing industry of San Francisco and the adjacent regions at least four thousand of these most destructive fishing appliances. The favorite method of setting these nets is to set them in rows, the mouth of each fastened between two poles driven into the bottom. By this means the mouth of the net is fully distended, while the body of it swings away with the tide. In some localities these bag-nets completely cover the bottom "across a wide area," so that no kind of marine life that comes in or goes out with the tide can escape.

When the Chinese use gill-nets their mode of fishing is very peculiar and amusing. Having set the nets they remain close by in their boats to watch the approaching schools of fish; if they see the fish close to the net but not disposed to enter, they set up a terrific babel of shouting, pounding the sides of the boat with



FISHING VILLAGE, POINT SAN PEDRO.



clubs and splashing oars in the water "to frighten the fish, so that they will, in their wild rush to escape, plunge into the meshes of the nets." This custom is decidedly Oriental; for in a report of the Inspector-General of Maritime Customs of China I find mention made of many devices used for this purpose in China—notably trained otters, who drive the fish into the nets with the same skill and patience that a collie dog drives sheep into a fold.

Having briefly explained the numbers and conditions of the Chinese fishermen, the kinds of fishes they capture, and the methods they employ, I shall now describe their peculiar and interesting method of curing their captures for export to China. And I shall explain, as well as I have been able to estimate it—from an examination of the reports of the San Francisco customs and of the Inspector-General of Maritime Customs of Shanghai, China—the extent of the exports of shrimp and small fish by Chinamen from San Francisco to the Flowery Kingdom.

As shrimp is their chief capture and forms the bulk of their export business with China, and other fishes are cured and dried by them in almost precisely the same way, a description of their method of preparing shrimp for export will here suffice. Mr. Alexander says, however, that the curing of the immense quantities of small fish from one to two inches in length "is performed in a very disreect manner, especially when an unusual amount of illicit fishing has been going on."

The shrimp are first placed in a vat of boiling water, where they remain for about ten minutes. They are then spread "to dry, upon gently declining or level stretches of hard ground which has been previously stripped of grass and rendered quite smooth." For this purpose a hoe-like broom is used in order that the layers of shrimp can be properly adjusted without bruising or mutilation.

When they have been sun for four or five days, they are considered to be ready for use, and they are then packed in large wooden pestles. The Chinese, who were specially made for the crushing process is loosening the meat from the chitinous covering. The shells are then taken up and the meat which are violently removed from the shells but the most approved method is to remove the shells from the dried shrimp in a Chinese Mr. Rathbone's fanning mill, which is an affair, is constructed of Chinese on precise principle as the one used for grain." The meat is then packed for export in a small quantity. The Chinese of San Francisco shrimp shells are used as a fertilizer for tea etc.

The determination of the amount of shrimp and fishes captured by only be approximate give true returns, and exports to the customs. They know that it is illegal, and are inclined to discuss it done," evidently "determined at the hands of the authorities or others." The Chinese fishermen seem to rival "Ah Seng" they are accomplished seem to be able to use traps and nets with ease as he is suppose to use the cards. However, from the returns we can see upon Captain Collier's report that in 1888 there were 769,660 pounds valued at \$76,966 and 338,422. Besides this



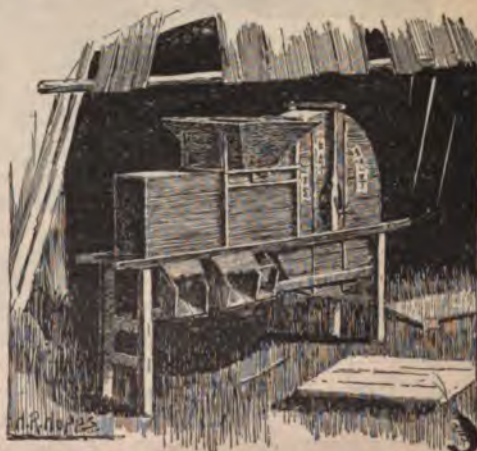
BEATING SHRIMPS.

in and around San Francisco 290,000 pounds, valued at \$23,200; so that the estimated shrimp catch of the Chinese in that one year amounted to over 1,000,000 pounds of shrimps, worth \$138,588. The quantity of small fish captured by them is unascertainable; and I am forced to believe that even the figures given by Captain Collins are far behind the true quantities shipped to China.

All of the shrimp imported into China "from foreign ports" comes from San Francisco, and here is a summary of the amounts which I have culled from the voluminous reports of the Inspector-General of Imperial Maritime Customs at Shanghai. I was forced to select the reports for the first two quarters of 1892, as no details of individual imports were previously given; but from my examination of those of 1885, '86, '87, and '88, I feel convinced that these figures will very nearly average the imports of 1888. The returns include reports from the twenty treaty ports and ports of entry; but only eight of these seem to have received shrimps, viz., Ichang, Kinkiang, Ningpo, Foochow, Tamsui,

Tainan, Swatow, and Chunking. For the six months ending June 30th, 1892, there were received into these eight ports, from San Francisco, 9,974 *piculs* of dried shrimp and prawns, or about 1,239,864 pounds; and estimating that the imports for the other half of the year would be twenty-five per cent less (although in the third quarter the imports of Tamsui and Foochow were more than double the previous two), we have an importation into China of about 2,000,000 pounds as against the San Francisco customs estimate of 769,660 pounds.

There is a grave error somewhere unless the returns of the Shanghai inspector-general included the shells with the meats; but this would not balance the account, for the average amount of shells annually exported from San Francisco exceeds 2,000,000 pounds, and this would make the quantity received in China nearly a million pounds less than the amount exported from California. But it would be impossible to discover the exact amount of either shrimp or any other fish captured by the Chinese, and we may safely lay our forced ignorance of the matter at the doors of those cunning Mongolian fishermen who "for ways that are dark" certainly excel their compatriot,

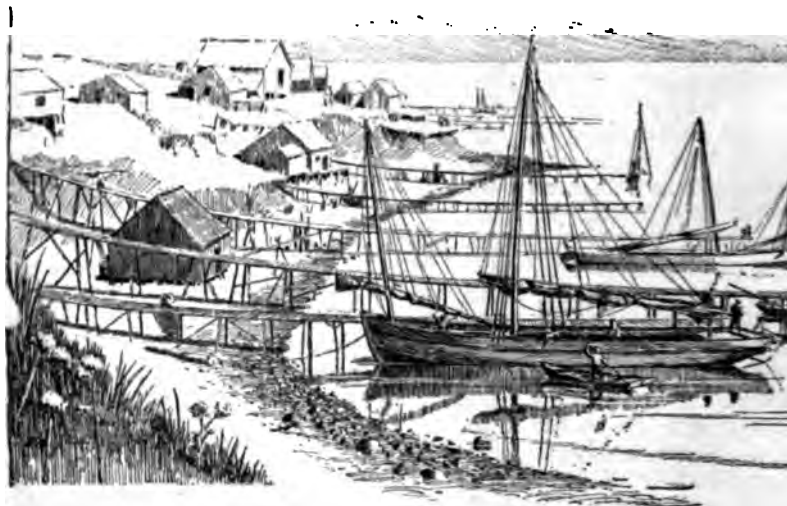


SHRIMP MILL.



"Ah Sin." In 1891 there were 284,676 *piculs* and 35 *catties* of "fish and fishery products" imported into China from "foreign countries," or in other words 12,316,007 pounds, valued at 2,640,444 *haikwan taels*, or \$3,168,520. This did not include *bêche de mer*, isinglass, or seaweed, which come chiefly from Japan; and I think it can be safely assumed that many thousands of pounds of immature Californian fish

tchatka. The Chinese the meats and send th where they are much p chief value of this fish shells, which are used and even jewelry—a ished *haliotis* shell beir where from \$1 to \$25. were 2,600,000 pounds meats, valued at \$55. on the Californian coa



SHRIMP-CATCHERS' VILLAGE, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

were included in that immense importation of fish and fishery products.

There is still another fishing industry of the Pacific coast which is almost wholly confined to the Chinese, and in this they pursue the same ruthless capture that I have shown marks their bag-net fisheries. This is the collection of *haliotis*, or abalone shells. These shells are not found on the Atlantic coast nor anywhere in South America, but they are very abundant on the Pacific from Cape Saint Lucas to Kam-

of which went to China—shells being purchased San Francisco. This mother-of-pearl or "No of old English writers, in abundance in the Ch The Indians of the Pac *haliotis* shells as orname were formerly used by tribes, cut into different. The present market va ton for the shells and \$. the meats. But, as wit on our coast which are

the Chinese, the *haliotis* or abalone fishery is so depleted by their indefatigable exertions that "fears are felt for its future, and these mollusks are being rapidly exterminated along the whole coast."

The question, therefore, arises: What could or should be done to preserve the Pacific fisheries from the ravages of the Chinese? But before suggesting a remedy, I shall recapitulate what I have written and add new evidence of the enormous damage done to the prosperity of the Californian fisheries by the unrestricted extermination of food-fish and fishes' food in these waters.

The total value of the fisheries of San Francisco in 1888 was \$4,463,369, of which \$2,490,373 was for whalebone, whale oil, and furs; leaving \$1,972,996 as the value of the Californian coast fisheries. Of this \$509,175 was for oysters and \$372,423 for crustaceans and mollusks—chiefly shrimp, prawn, *haliotis*, and clams; so that there remains \$1,091,398 worth of fishes of different kinds—salmon, shad, etc., etc. It is this last class that forms the chief fish food supply of the Western States; the quantities obtainable were far greater ten years ago than they are to-day, and one and all of the representatives of the United States Fish and Fisheries Commission lay this depletion and

deterioration of the fisheries at the door of the destructive and illegal fishing of the Chinese. As Mr. Rathbun says, "The supply [of food-fishes] has become very nearly exhausted in San Francisco Bay," and he adds that this is caused by the Chinese methods of fishing—capturing, as they do, not alone edible shrimp and other fishes, irrespective of their condition and size, but also all minute marine life which forms the most important and practically the sole food of salmon, shad, and other commercially valuable fishes.

Commenting upon the growing scarcity of fish in Californian waters, a writer in the San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "Another explanation which

is now given is the ravages which the Chinese are making upon the young fish. Hundreds . . . are employed constantly in catching the young fish, including every species in the bay, just developed from the ova, in which work they employ fine nets, scoops, and other effective methods. This material is esteemed a prime delicacy among the heathen, large quantities being consumed in the city, and the business of preserving the young fish and shipping them to China has become an important industry. Thousands of young salmon, from two to four inches in length, may be found among the large supplies brought



ALTAR IN A FISHING VILLAGE.



in daily to the fish shops in the Chinese quarters, and this is undoubtedly the true explanation of the alarming decline in the quantities of the best fish. The process continued for a few years will render salmon and other favorite species a rarity in these waters." Mr. Alexander says that the Chinese "seem to take pride in transgressing all laws established by the State." The question naturally arises: Why are these laws not strictly enforced? Or, if they are inadequate to cope with the "scourge," why does not the California State Legislature enact some measure to afford the food-fishes protection from those Chinese depredators?

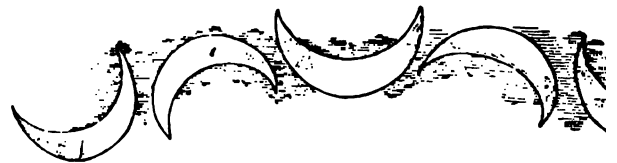
It has been estimated that if the fisheries of California were properly conserved by judicious State legislation (*which should be strictly enforced*),

the quantity of obtainable in the more than treble believe that there about this, *i.e.*, prevented from meshed nets and capture of immature and fry is made pines and imprisonment to me to be the consist upon the p law. This fisher of a very large te fornia; but it cl people of this Sta why the legislatu not take prompt to protect an inc yield to its citize production of fro lion dollars annu

## TO THE QUEEN OF NIGHT

BY F. V. McDONALD.

Thou silent watcher o'er a sleep-bound  
Thou fount of mystic faith and hope and  
Beneath thy silvery mellowing rays unfu  
Life's rugged outlines molded soft appea  
I love to watch thy restful, changeless w  
Across the ever-changing, restless sky,  
And after each uncertain, troublous day,  
To feel thy love beam softly from on hi  
While God, in his all-wondrous majesty,  
His symbol in the Orb of Day doth place  
The tender love that lights his heart and  
He leaves for gentle Night to show in th  
As on thou sailest in thy starlit grace,  
Thou radiant Queen of Night and Destin



## IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA.

BY WILLIAM A. LAWSON.



IRRIGATION has become one of the chief factors in the development of California. Much has already been accomplished through this agency, but the improvement through irrigation is small compared with what will be accomplished by the same agency during the coming century. So far the employment of irrigation in this State has been rather local than general. Its use has been confined chiefly to districts in which the rainfall is too scanty or uncertain for safe and profitable farming or fruit-growing. But gradually knowledge of the benefits of irrigation is extending, and the use of water for increasing the productiveness of the soil is spreading to districts in which irrigation is regarded as not necessary to successful agriculture. It is perceived that irrigation may be a valuable aid, even where the natural precipitation suffices for the production of good crops of the cereals. Such use of water enables the farmer or the fruit-grower to diversify his crops, or to successfully till lands that in their natural condition are inferior or even worthless for agricultural purposes.

While the climate of California varies greatly with latitude, altitude, and distance from the sea, it has certain characteristics common to all parts of the State. Everywhere the summer is dry and warm. With but slight exception, the summer months are rainless. For this reason irrigation may be practised with benefit in all counties of the State, on all upland soils receiving no moisture by infiltration from rivers, lakes, or other bodies of water. Striking examples

of the value of irrigation may be seen in the counties of Shasta and Siskiyou, where the annual rainfall exceeds thirty or forty inches, as well as in portions of San Diego and San Bernardino, at the opposite end of the State, in which localities the rainfall may be in some years as slight as five or ten inches.

The question as to the value of irrigation in any region is not to be determined by the amount of its annual rainfall. It is the seasonal distribution as much as the quantity of rain that makes agriculture secure and enables the cultivator to dispense with irrigation. In many localities in California the idea has prevailed that because crops of winter wheat and barley can be grown successfully without irrigation, such use of water is not desirable for general rural development. But it is to be noted that in those districts of the State in which no irrigation is practised, and where the lands are devoted to wheat and barley almost exclusively, little or no progress has been made in the past ten or twelve years. Dry farming has tended to decrease the number of farmers and to enlarge the area of farms through the absorption of small farms by the larger ones. The substitution of machinery for hand labor has helped to bring about this unfortunate condition of things. Small farming for wheat has become unprofitable, and the tendency of wheat-growing is still to enlarge rather than to decrease the area of ranch properties. On the other hand, where irrigation has been introduced upon plains formerly devoted exclusively to the production of grain, a remarkable improvement has been brought about, as in the southern part of the San Joaquin



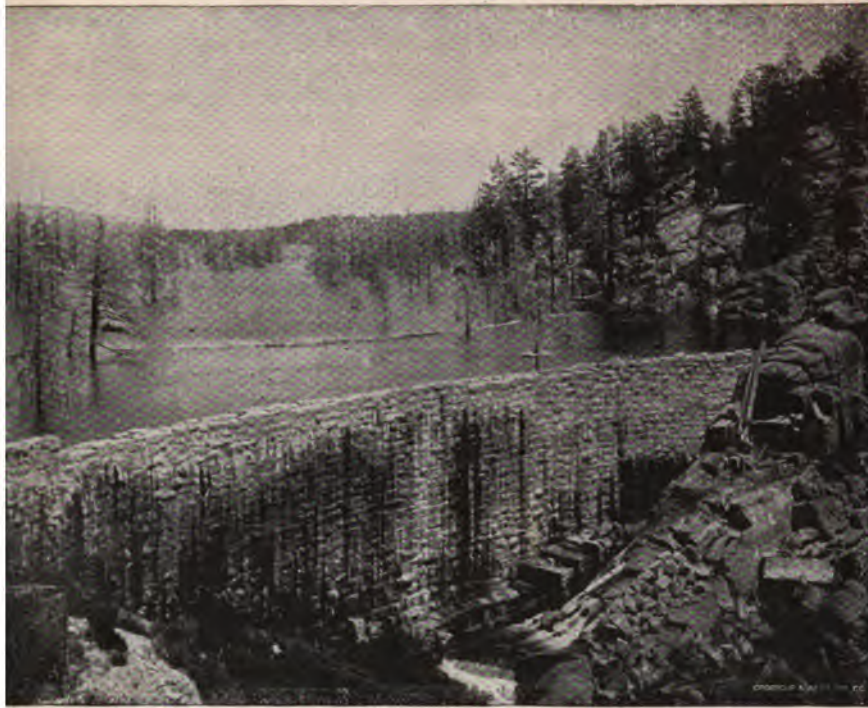
Valley. There the construction of irrigation canals and the boring of artesian wells has made wonderful changes for the better in population and wealth. The irrigated districts are peopled by small farmers and fruit-growers, whose prosperity has built up large towns and given vastly increased traffic to railroads. Southern California, likewise, presents marvellous proofs of the great advantages of irrigation over dependence upon rainfall. Similar examples of prosperity and progress through irrigation are to be found in scattered localities of Northern California, as at Florin, Brighton, Woodland, Vina, Oroville, Newcastle, the Santa Clara Valley, and numerous other localities, particularly in the foot-hills on the eastern border of the Sacramento Valley.

In the course of time irrigation will accomplish as much for the Sacramento Valley as it has for the plains of Lombardy, whose far-famed fertility and productiveness are chiefly due to the intelligent use of water for irrigation purposes. The natural conditions in this noted Italian region make irrigation less necessary than in the valley of the Sacramento. On the Lombardy plains the temperature rarely rises as high as ninety degrees (Fahr.), and the average annual rainfall is greater than at Sacramento. Yet half the flow of the rivers of Lombardy is used for irrigation, being distributed, through more than 4,500 miles of canals, over 1,400,000 acres. The canals of Lombardy represent an investment of \$30,000,000, and have increased the annual rental value of the lands watered by \$4,500,000. Irrigation has added enormously to the productiveness of the country and made a varied agriculture practicable, such as promotes the multiplication of rural homes and gives large employment to labor. The great dairy interests of Lombardy are supported mainly through irrigation. In further illustration of

the fact that the amount of rainfall does not determine as to the utility of irrigation may be remarked that in India, where upward of 100 acres of land are under the average annual rainfall of thirty-five inches, or about one-third of the Sacramento Valley.

It is not, however, enough to look abroad to find advantages of the immense value in promoting subdivision and giving rise to various industries, such as stock raising, upon a relatively small population. In the irrigated colony of the upper San Joaquin Valley, Southern California, twenty and forty acres give a better support than it is commonly obtained anywhere from one and sixty acres of old land not irrigated. The system permits of a successful crop throughout the year, the system of summer fallow generally practised in wheat-growing, the production of but one crop in two years. With aid of irrigation, alfalfa, a valuable of hay or forage, can be successfully grown on dry soils, and particularly on those that in a state of nature require the moisture necessary for the crop. In Kern and other counties of the San Joaquin region lands better than desert are made fertile by irrigation, producing ten tons of alfalfa to the acre a year, obtained in few other ways, sometimes also used for stock for a long time.

The present method of wheat-farming in California, by exhaustively fertilizing the soil, ultimately compels the farmer to irrigate. Wheat farming without any sort of fertilization takes away from the soil the elements of fertility, and each successive crop there is followed by no s



THE BEAR VALLEY DAM.

to lessen the steady drain upon fertility. The expedient of allowing the exhausted land to lie idle each alternate year, called summer fallowing, actually restores no fertility to the soil, merely rendering more available to the needs of plants a portion of the native store of the mineral elements necessary to production. If farmers were obliged to replace, in the form of commercial or other fertilizers, the potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen shipped away with each crop of wheat, the present margin of profit in wheat-farming would be completely wiped out or converted into a net cash loss. And these elements must ultimately be restored, or the land will become barren. Already some of the poorer valley lands are practically exhausted for wheat-raising.

Fortunately in irrigation there is a ready means of averting exhaustion of soil. By the use of water on the

lands now exclusively devoted to wheat it will be practicable to grow alfalfa, root, and other crops, so as to provide rotation. With the use of water, the wasteful and antiquated practice of summer fallowing will no longer seem necessary, and the farmers will be enabled to gather two or more crops in one year where they are now obtaining but one crop of wheat in two years. Alfalfa may be used to restore fertility, for, in common with red clover, the plant possesses this property. Its roots penetrate to great depths, bringing up stores of plant food, while its leaves absorb nitrogen from the air. By ploughing under a growth of alfalfa, a "green manuring" is obtained which quickly restores productiveness to soils worn out by incessant cropping with wheat. This art of fertilizing, as yet almost unknown in California, has been practised in the Atlantic States and in Europe for centuries, and with marked success.



Were the greater portion of the wheat area of the State converted through irrigation into small farms producing a variety of crops, vast aid of irrigation, and a tant source of agricultural wealth is unfolded to California. In all parts of the



A BIG WATER-PIPE.

benefits would result. Irrigation would enable the production of grass crops to be indefinitely expanded along with their attendant industries. It may not be generally known that the grass crops of the United States, with their products such as butter, cheese, and live-stock, equal the combined value of all other crops in the country; yet such is the fact. The establishment of a large meat-packing house in Los Angeles has enabled the farmers of Southern California to learn that there is far more profit in raising hogs and cattle on irrigated lands or lands naturally moist than in growing grain even under the most favorable conditions and in the best seasons. In the production of sugar-beets, likewise, through the

or hills, irrigation makes possible the production of crops naturally too dry for the establishment of orchards or vineyards. While thousands of choice deciduous trees grow on unwatered lands, the percentage of the tillable land in the State is suitable for fruit without irrigation. It has prevailed that fruit orchards or vineyards are inferior in quality, by the opinion of the most expert shippers, and packers to the contrary. There are many deciduous fruits that grow from the irrigated fields of Placer County; and the quality is far better than those grown



vineyards of Sacramento or Fresno. The production of some 2,000 carloads of superior raisins in the Fresno district in a year, all as the result of irrigation, is unanswerable evidence that the judicious use of water involves no impairment of the quality of fruit. As to the 6,000 carloads of oranges produced in Southern California in the season of 1892-93, it is scarcely necessary to say that all were from irrigated orchards. Without irrigation the immensely valuable citrus industry of this section of the State would have no existence. Through this one channel millions of dollars flow into Southern California from the East, as the result of the intelligent application of water to lands once regarded as worthless for agricultural or horticultural purposes. The very finest of this fruit is grown on high and dry soils that

were in connection with the missions about 700 miles of canals or ditches for purposes of irrigation or general water-supply. Most of these old ditches have disappeared, but some still remain, examples of superior workmanship in primitive masonry. Following the mission era and during the early years of the American occupation, little attention was paid to irrigation. Nearly all of the great irrigation development in California has been accomplished in the twenty years since 1873, and most of it within a decade. Less than twenty years ago the upper San Joaquin Valley, inclusive of Kern, Tulare, Fresno, and Merced, was thought to be unfit for any better purpose than range for cattle and sheep during a part of the year. The township in which the city of Fresno stands was valued seventeen



AN OPEN RUNWAY.

without irrigation would be practically worthless for horticulture.

Irrigation in California had its first beginning in the establishment of missions by Spanish priests, from 1770 to 1783. Sixty years ago there

years ago at only \$23,000, while now, because of irrigation, its value is more than \$10,000,000. Irrigation in Fresno County has created not less than \$20,000,000 of substantial values.



Little over a score of years ago the Riverside tract in San Bernardino County was assessed at about seventy-five cents an acre, and complaint was made of this by the owner as an over-valuation. Now the realty embraced in the same tract is worth upward of \$5,000,000, including a thriving town of about 6,000 inhabitants—all the direct result of irrigation. Four thousand acres of irrigated Riverside lands have produced in one year 1,000 carloads of oranges and 225,000 boxes of raisins, worth, collectively, upward of \$1,000,000. The orange shipments from Riverside in 1893 have amounted to 2,300 carloads. More than 7,000 persons are living on the irrigated Riverside tract, which in 1870 was a treeless, barren, uninhabited plain. Now the San Bernardino Valley is dotted with prosperous and beautiful horticultural settlements or colonies, created through irrigation. Some of these vie in loveliness with Riverside, whose miles of shady avenues and orange groves have made it famous as one of the most charming places in the world. Ontario, Redlands, Pomona, Pasadena, and many other noted centres of horticultural beauty in Southern California owe their prosperity and fame to water. But for irrigation in Southern California Los Angeles would to-day be little more than a sleepy Mexican town, instead of a bustling, ambitious city of 70,000 inhabitants, of world-renown for her attractions. It was the unexampled prosperity resulting from irrigation that gave rise to the great Southern California boom, which collapsed about five years ago, and it was irrigation that enabled this division of the State to pass safely through the ordeal of readjustment. Values had been largely inflated, but there was no mistake regarding the certainty of continued growth and development through irrigation. Many of the best and most costly improvements in Los Angeles and in other parts of Southern California

have been created and capital continues to demonstrate its faith in the chief city and territory.

It would be a mistake to say that Southern California is unproductive without irrigation. The county of Los Angeles produces each year to the value of more than \$10,000,000 without irrigation; a large quantity of corn, deciduous and root crops on some of the irrigated lands. In fact, the soils of Los Angeles and other southern counties are in general open or friable character, like those of the Sacramento Valley, and no more need of irrigation than the southern counties that produce the same crops of Sacramento, there is no difference in the average yield. In the two districts compared, Los Angeles having the advantage of proximity to the sea, it is not necessary to irrigate, and the farmers are able to raise a large number of crops, and the farmers of the coast have learned to use water to the best advantage, increasing productivity and for the growth of profitable crops and more crops could be had without irrigation. Some localities irrigate farmers to get in two crops in a single year a crop of wheat and another of potatoes, corn, while six cuttings of alfalfa during twelve months means uncommon abundance of early potatoes and corn on irrigated lands fill the cars each year for shipment to Eastern markets. With the facilities of transportation, this early vegetables for export promises to become a large source of income to this part of the State, the citrus fruits now raised. Irrigation works in the form of storage reservoirs, artesian wells, submerg-

is, tunnels, and pumping systems. storage-reservoir system is employed in Southern California to a much greater extent than in other parts of the State, while the greatest development of the canal system, bringing water directly from river channels, is seen in the southern part

mountains. They are fed by streams and the storms of winter, and in summer receive large volumes of water from the melting of snow on the peaks and ridges above them. The Arrowhead system, in course of construction, will consist of three reservoirs, to contain sufficient water



AN ARTIFICIAL BROOK.

the San Joaquin Valley, in the counties of Fresno, Kern, Tulare, and Madera. Among the chief storage works are those of the Bear Valley, Sweetwater Lake, Arrowhead, Sweetwater, and Cuyamaca systems, in San Bernardino and San Diego counties. These reservoirs are all of large capacity and are situated in the high

for the irrigation of 80,000 or 90,000 acres, and will cost \$1,000,000. The Bear Valley works constitute the largest storage system of irrigation in the United States. Its distributing system is regarded as the best and most economical in use, consisting of pipe lines. This system supplies water to the town and colony of





BEAR VALLEY LAKE.

Redlands, where upward of 4,000 people are occupying a tract of land that had but one house nine years ago. In this locality unimproved land commands, through irrigation, from \$300 to \$500 an acre, while bearing citrus orchards at this place and Riverside bring upward of \$1,000 an acre. Some orange orchards at Riverside have brought as much as \$2,000 an acre.

The water used for irrigation at Riverside is derived partly from canals heading in the Santa Ana River and partly from artesian wells whose flow is conducted to the colony tract. In the neighborhood water is likewise developed by means of tunnels or "horizontal wells" bored into the hills or mountains to tap hidden sources of supply. A number of such tunnels have been successfully driven in other localities of Southern California. In a region where the right to a constant flow of water is valued at \$1,000 a miner's inch, such costly work is well rewarded when a good flow is obtained. When economically used, from cement pipes and ditches, an inch of

water may be made Ontario, in San Bern for the irrigation of orange orchard. This is equal to about 1, twenty-four hours, e one acre half an it cover ten acres eight in one year. And it that the control of w abling the cultivato water only when nee cially such quantity sired, makes this or fully equivalent to of annual rainfall tributed from the hea

The irrigation wor geles and Orange c numerous, are not se magnitude. In se water is developed dams constructed on streams, so as to inter ble flow through the co and so divert it to dit have also been success the beds of streams object.

About all the visi



water in Southern California has been appropriated for irrigation, but much more may be developed by means of storage systems or the other works mentioned. Water rights are commonly sold with the land that is or is to be irrigated, so that the buyer is in no danger of being deprived of the use of water. The same plan is followed in most other parts of the State in which irrigation is used. Riparian rights still exist, but the law recognizes the right of appropriation, and most of the difficulties formerly existing between riparian proprietors and appropriators have been adjusted by litigation or otherwise.

The principal development of artesian wells in California is in Kern County, though other counties also have many such wells. In Kern there are many wells which have a daily flow of from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 gallons. Their average depth is over 500 feet. Thousands of acres in Kern Valley are irrigated by this means. In the Sacramento Valley borings have been made to as great a depth as 2,000 feet for artesian water, but no flowing wells have been developed, though an abundant supply of water is obtained in many localities by pumping from wells sunk from 15 to 150 feet, the water in some places rising nearly to the surface.

In Kern County there are 35 large canals, capable of supplying water to half a million acres. Of these the most important is the Calloway, which is 120 feet wide and from 6 to 10 feet deep. The magnitude of this canal may be better appreciated by comparing it with the Erie Canal, in the State of New York, which is 70 feet wide and 7 feet deep.

Fresno has 16 or more irrigation companies, taking water from the Fresno, Kings, and San Joaquin rivers. These companies have upward of 750 miles of main canals, constructed at a cost of \$2,000,000 and "covering" 350,000 acres. Of the irrigated area in Fresno more than

75,000 acres are in vineyard, yielding raisins to the value of \$100 or more to the acre annually. Under the Fresno canals there are upward of 20,000 acres in alfalfa, credited with the production of hay to the extent of \$40 an acre each year.

One of the most interesting and important irrigation works in the San Joaquin Valley is the Crocker & Huffman canal and reservoir. Water from the Merced River is conveyed twenty-seven miles through a canal 100 feet wide and 10 feet deep to a reservoir constructed five miles from the town of Merced. This reservoir lies in a basin between hills, the natural outlet being closed by an embankment of earth and gravel 4,000 feet long, 275 feet thick at the base, and with a maximum height of 54 feet. This reservoir covers several hundred acres and holds 5,500,000,000 gallons, sufficient to irrigate 30,000 acres. The canal and reservoir cost \$1,000,000. Water rights under this system have been sold at the rate of \$10 an acre.

In Tulare County is an extensive system of canals supplying about 100,000 acres. In the new counties of Kings and Madera irrigation is making rapid progress, as in other localities of the State mentioned in this article.

One of the great helps to irrigation development in California is an act of the legislature known as the Wright law. This act provides for the organization of irrigation systems by the owners of lands susceptible of irrigation from a common source. It authorizes the issue of bonds, constituting a lien on such lands, to provide for the construction of water-works or the purchase of water rights; also provides for a system of district taxation to redeem the bonds and for the payment of interest thereon. Under this law land-owners are enabled to obtain irrigation at its actual cost. Thirty districts organized under this act embrace more than 2,000,000 acres, valued at \$45,000,-



ooo. Bonds have been voted in these districts to the extent of about \$13,000,000, of which about \$5,000,000 have been sold. The cost of developing water under the district plan varies greatly, according to the situation of the lands to be irrigated. The average has been estimated at about \$6 an acre. A very slight annual tax usually suffices to maintain the works in proper condition and to pay the cost of distributing the water.

It has not been practicable within the limits of this article to more than touch the outlines of this great subject of irrigation in California. Though much has been done, it is safe to say that irrigation is still in its infancy in the State. Rivers of water in Central and Northern Cali-

fornia are suffered to run to sea. These waters are partly for irrigation many times the price of the soil, permit great crops to be raised, and compel subdivision of large tracts now owned by a few owners, prevent the growth of villages. The chief obstacles to irrigation are ignorance and inertia. People are not farming without thinking there is no other way. The man who has the land knows there is no other way. He prefers control of the water to the reliance upon rainfall and the attendant risks and



BEAR VALLEY IRRIGATION COMPANY.



MOTHER OF J. J. GLOVER.\*



FATHER OF DR. DEAN  
CLARKE.\*

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY DEAN CLARKE, M.D.



MOTHER OF DR. DEAN  
CLARKE.\*

IN the September, 1892, issue of the CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE, Dr. Elliot Coues presents an interesting essay under the caption "Can Ghosts be Photographed?" After considerable circumlocution about the nature of ghosts, the various ideas entertained regarding them, and the several means that have been devised to evoke and hold intercourse with them, he says: "Among the means used to take ghosts in the very act of their ghostlings is photography." He affirms that he has examined hundreds of alleged spirit photographs, but is not yet committed to the theory that they are real pictures of decarnated spirits. "If I do not believe it," says Dr. Coues, "neither do I disbelieve it; I neither affirm nor deny it. I am simply agnostic; I do not know. I do not deny the possibility of spirit photography. Direct and demonstrable evidence in my own person I lack. I have been shown many ghost pictures which were said, and fully believed by the

sayer, to be genuine. But I have yet to see one which, when I had ascertained all the facts in the case, did not prove to be bogus—a mere sham; a trick of the operator—in a word, a fraud." After making this forcible declaration, the doctor mitigates it somewhat by saying: "Yet the reader must not be misled into hastily assuming on the strength of this that spirit photography is all a delusion and spirit photographs all fraudulent." A fair and candid concession surely, but as the writer devotes the greater part of his article to exposing the "shams" he has seen, his witness seems to the average reader to be substantially on the negative side of this question.

Although the evidence presented in this case is all second-hand, and therefore would be ruled out of a court of justice, yet "the fraud" is apparent *on the face* of much of it, and the honest truth-seeker should thank him for this showing-up of those shameless impostors who have counterfeited what hundreds of intelligent investigators know to be a reality, by rigid personal experiment.

\* The portraits above are taken from life. The subsequent "spirit photographs" bear a striking resemblance to them.



The question: "Can ghosts be photographed?" is not an idle one; it has a profound significance. Its affirmative demonstration scientifically settles another, the most momentous ever asked, viz., "If a man die shall he live again?" "To be, or not to be," is no longer a question with those who are sure they have obtained genuine spirit photographs. But as there are comparatively so few people who have been thus blessed, and as there is so much of bogus material extant, it becomes necessary to present very positive proof to reasonable doubters that all are not such as Dr. Coues has so amply illustrated.

Fortunately, among many others whose testimony he has personally received, the writer of this article has had opportunities to test this matter by careful experiments, which will be detailed after adducing other important testimony.

Dr. Coues cited what he admitted to be strong testimony in support of the reality of spirit photography from the distinguished naturalist, A. R. Wallace, F.R.S., but he gently hints that Professor Wallace's test evidences of genuineness are not invulnerable. In fact, he questions the validity of all by saying: "I am convinced that every so-called 'test' of genuineness can be fraudulently imitated to perfection." After making this sweeping declaration he quotes Professor Wallace from the *Arena* as saying: "At all events, it will be admitted that an experienced photographer who supplies the plates and sees the whole of the operations performed, or even performs them himself, cannot be so deceived. This test has been applied over and over again!"

In his able "Defence of Modern Spiritualism," page 41, Professor Wallace further says: "The test of clearly recognizable likenesses of deceased friends has often been obtained. Mr. Wm. Howitt, who went without previous notice, obtained

likenesses of two so dead, and of the very one of which even accompanied Mr. Howitt. The likenesses recognized by Mrs. Howitt. H. declared them to be unmistakable." Dr. Clifton, England, obtained a photograph of himself, and that of a lady he did not send it to his uncle simply asking if he resembled to any of his deceased. The reply was the likeness of Dr. Clifton's mother, who died at there being no picture of her existence, he had no idea what was like. Many other recognitions have been only add my personal few weeks back I met a photographer and of an unmistakable likeness relative." What is the "test" could Professor Dr. Coues ask than Dr. Coues had real proof of genuineness Wallace, no wonder sense of the amenity a twinge to say "it is lately imitated to perfection."

In his extensive tour through the United States, the writer has seen many cases of spirit photography, sporadically as negatives or plates, knew nothing of and I am in spirit photography unaccountably appeared cases of this sort, who persisted in appearing effort to prevent, they were educated in supposed their business "the devil was in it" Prof. W. D. Gunn, a distinguished lecturer on an instance coming into vation in 1867, when appeared on the ph



EXPERIMENTS OF A SCOTCH SCIENTIST IN PHOTOGRAPHING GHOSTS.



young girl. He says: "While sitting before the camera she was smitten with partial blindness. She spoke of it to the artist, who told her to 'wink and sit still.' In developing the plate he noticed an imperfection, but did not observe it closely. He posed the girl again and took a sheet of eight tintypes. She felt no blur over her eyes and there was none on the pictures.

"The artist now examined the first sheet, and found hands on the face and neck of every tintype, eight in all! I have examined four of these, and find the hands in precisely the same position on each picture. Now the artist affirms that no human being but himself and the girl was in the room. He has no theory. What, then, shall we say? The theory that the plate was an old one and the hand had been photographed there before is absurd. As well talk of making an Iliad by throwing down a ton of type at random!" Other explanations he rejects as equally unsatisfactory, and says: "The best part of my life has been spent in the study and interpretation of science; and, in all humility, I should be able to weigh and interpret facts so simple as these. . . . Our loved ones now and then lift the veil and reach forth a hand from out that world of light and beauty—from that world a hand clothed with the elements of this; and art, in her new era, ministers again to our hope of immortality."

Thus positive was Professor Gunning of the reality of spirit photography.

Among the frauds in spirit photography, Dr. Coues classes W. H. Mumler, of Boston (now in spirit life), saying: "Mumler seems to have been the pioneer in this kind of fraud," etc., and characterizes his work as "very stupid impostures which should deceive no one." He further states that in 1869 he was arrested in New York and tried for swindling "on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences, but

got off by some means. Dr. Coues has "counted up a mass of evidence to convict" charges we shall now see. Mr. Epes Sargent, a literary man of Boston, similar "snap" judgment. Mumler and his work. He quotes what he says in *Palpable*, page 221: "The third edition of 'Planchet' contains some doubt of the genuineness of the spirit photographs of Mr. Mumler. . . . I have examined myself by abundant evidence. Mr. Mumler has been in producing genuine spirit photographs, I stated the charge of fraud. Investigation has satisfied me that genuine spirit photographs produced through him and I am happy to have the opinion confirmed by Mr. Gurney, an experienced photographer of New York." He cites a letter from Mr. Gurney with Dr. Coues of Brooklyn, N. Y., who examined them with close preparation. When he placed the camera itself he took the interior, the object and when all was prepared the picture—a friend being in the chair placed his hand upon the lens was uncovered, and or two the photographs. Upon proving the new form was visible besides of the sitter. The repeated with like result managing everything to end, Mr. M. not to be able, excepting when hand upon the camera of taking the picture.

"Mr. Gurney, some providing himself with chemicals of his own, again, went through using his own material

ults. He spent some hours in scrutinizing everything about the man and everything pertaining to the process, and he was perfectly satisfied there was no deception."

It would seem that such testimony from the oldest photographer in this country ought to give Dr. Gurney another "twinge" for his hasty judgment of Mr. Mumler! In addition to this, the writer had the personal testimony of Mr. Gurney, whom he met at his gallery on Fifth Avenue, New York, in 1873. During a two-hours' conversation regarding this subject, Mr. Gurney told him that at the time of Mr. Mumler's trial he, together with five other experts in photography, prepared everything in readiness for taking a picture in Mr. Mumler's own gallery. Then they led Mr. Mumler into it with his arms folded, while he stood thus beside the camera, touching nothing, they obtained spirit photographs of persons who were unmistakably recognized; it was these photographs, presented to the judge, which caused him to dismiss the case from the court. Right here it may be well to introduce Mr. Mumler's sworn statement made in court.

It is as follows: "In 1861, in the city of Boston, while engaged in business as an engraver, I was in the habit of visiting a young man who was employed in a photographic gallery kept by a Mrs. Stewart in Washington Street. Occasionally I would experiment with the instrument and chemicals. One Sunday, when entirely alone in the gallery, I attempted to get a picture of myself, when it was that I first discovered, while developing it, that a second image appeared on the plate. At this time I had never heard of spirit pictures, although I had been somewhat interested in the doctrine of spiritism. At first I labored under what may be called the general impression, that the plate upon which the picture was taken could not have been clean, and that the form which showed itself

beside my own must have been left on the glass, and so I stated to my employers and others. Subsequent attempts, however, made under circumstances which preclude such a possibility, have confirmed me in the belief that the power by which these forms are produced is beyond human control, and the experts that have been called by the people have failed to produce a picture made in that manner. I wish to state that at the time I developed the shadow or form above alluded to, I was a complete novice in the art of photography and had no experience whatever in the composition of chemicals used in the business, and that my use of them in my experiments at that time was simply in conformity to what I had seen my friend do while himself engaged in the business. After getting the form on the plate, at the suggestion of several friends to whom I showed it I made other attempts, and generally with most remarkable results. I then determined to leave my business and devote myself to photography. Before long the subject of spirit photography, and particularly of my success, became the theme of every tongue, and I was overrun with people of inquiring minds, and obliged to go through, over and over again, for their pleasure, the routine of taking and developing the pictures. For a long time I never refused any one who came to investigate; it soon became apparent, however, that I must either stop it or cease to support myself, for, as a general thing, these savants, while greedy themselves for intellectual food, seemed entirely oblivious of the fact that I myself was a material body. However, I can truly say that I have never refused intentionally any person who desired to have a picture taken from making every examination or inquiry they chose to make, and had I been in this examination allowed to have produced evidence from abroad, I could have shown by scientific men whose names



would have satisfied every one that the most careful and minute examinations have been made in all the details of my business while I have been engaged in taking pictures. I solemnly assert here that I have now but comparatively little knowledge of photography, or chemicals, or sci-

could be added by want of space forbi state his own exper

In the autumn of 1870 West Springfield where I found M asked the privilege to produce a spirit me. He readily saying he could He had no gallery, lor. I requested examination of his to be permitted to s ess. He consented a new sheet of glass



DR. CLARKE AND INDIAN CONTROL.

ence of any kind, further than is needed to take ordinary photographic pictures. I positively assert that in taking the pictures on which these forms appear I have never used any trick or device, or availed myself of any deception or fraud in producing them; that these forms have appeared in each and every instance when they have been presented, without any effort, except my will power to produce them."

Many more testimonials from photographers and other scientific people who experimented with Mumler



J. J. GLOVER AND

and I watched with motion from begt Hoping to get a pict er, if any, I fixed n her as I took my se Mumler uncapped the name Angeline impressed upon my



spoken audibly, three successive times. I followed Mumler into his closet and saw him develop the negative, and as soon as washed he held it up to the light and I recognized at first sight my cousin Angeline's likeness, as shown in plate.

She never had a picture of any kind taken of herself, but her family and all acquaintances have recognized it as correct.

On the following week, accompanied by Mr. John J. Glover, of Quincy, Mass., with whom I was stopping for a rest from public labor, I again visited Mr. Mumler, and he cheerfully allowed us to make a crucial examination of the room, apparatus, and all appurtenances. We then had him cut a new sheet of glass for the negatives, and, as I had done before, we both watched critically the entire process. I sat for my picture first,



DR. CLARKE AND SPIRIT MOTHER.



DR. CLARKE AND "ANGELINE."

and while the negative was dripping with water Mumler showed it to us, and I was overjoyed to see on it a clear likeness of my mother, who had been in spirit life about nine years. The only picture of her at that time was a daguerreotype in the possession of my father, in Vermont, one hundred and fifty miles away. That has since been photographed, and the reader can here see a copy of it by the side of the spirit photograph.

The artist then prepared another negative under our inspection, and Mr. Glover sat for his picture. Following him at every step, we saw the negative developed, and Mr. G. at first view recognized on it a perfect likeness of his mother as she appeared just before her demise, at over eighty years of age. On arrival at his home he gave me a photograph of his mother, taken just be-



fore her death, and I saw it was a *fac-simile* of the spirit photograph Mumler had just taken. A reproduction of this will be found on page 856.

After Mr. Glover had had his sitting I requested Mumler to let me sit again, to see if he could not get a more distinct picture of my mother. He assented. When the negative was developed, much to the surprise and chagrin of the artist, but greatly to my surprise and pleasure, a picture of an Indian instead of my mother was found on it. This was as great a test to me as though my mother had appeared again; for more than a score of clairvoyants in various parts of the country had described such a spirit as one of my guardians, and for seventeen years I had felt his healing magnetism, and often had been psychologically controlled by him to speak his language. One year afterward, in New York City, I met an educated Indian woman and was controlled by him to talk with her, before about fifty people, for over an hour. She interpreted what both had spoken, and informed me that it was the dialect of "the Delaware Indians." The reader can see this likeness on page 856. It is needless to say that when not under this spirit's control I know nothing of the language. The only verification I have of its correctness is the recognition of many clairvoyants who have seen both the spirit and the photograph, and also my own strong impressions from the spirit himself, which, of course, are not *proof* to others.

After getting the negative of the Indian, Mr. Mumler, who had been so frustrated and disgusted at his appearance, proposed that I should sit again, to see if my mother would not appear, as he was desirous that I should have complete satisfaction. Another negative was prepared, and when developed, instead of another picture of my mother, a beautiful hand was seen above my head, hold-

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*Herald of Progress*,  
Wm. Guay, a practic  
to test Mr. Mumler,

result as given in Mr. Guay's words:

Having been permitted by Mr. Mumler's facility, I went through the whole process of selecting, preparing, coating, silvering and putting into the shield the glass which Mr. M. proposed that a spirit should be imparted, never taking off my hand and not allowing Mr. M. to touch the glass until it had gone through the whole operation. The result was that there appeared upon the glass a picture of myself, to my utter astonishment, having previously examined and scrutinized every part and corner, plate-holder, camera, tube, and inside the bath, etc., another trait. Having since continued, on several occasions, my investigations as detailed above, and received even more perfect results than on the first trial, I have been obliged to indorse its legitimacy.

"WM. GUAY."

Another photographer, Mr. H. Boston, 31 Providence Street, Boston, gives similar testimony. In fact, the evidence is cumulative *ad libitum*. While in Boston, after obtaining my spirit photographs, I called on Mr. Moses A. Dow, editor of the *Waverley Magazine*, and he showed me a spirit picture he had obtained of an adopted daughter by the name of Mabel Warren. She communicated to him through a medium requesting him to go to Mr. Mumler and she would endeavor to give him her picture. He did as directed, giving his name to Mr. M. as Mr. Johnson. The result will give by copying a letter he sent to Mr. Mumler:

"BOSTON, Jan. 20th, 1871.

MR. MUMLER:—On Saturday last I found a packet from you in the post-office in which was inclosed the proof of my negative. It is perfectly satisfactory as regards a likeness of my friend. She told me at 12 o'clock Thursday, through a medium, that she would stand by my side, with her arm on my shoulder and a flower in her hand. If I will look over my left shoulder you will see faintly the impress of her hand with her finger.

"I will drop the name of Johnson and give you my true name. With much esteem,  
"MOSES A. DOW."

Mr. Dow informed me that he obtained the spirit photograph in half an hour after he got the message. The writer has been informed that unmistakable spirit photographs have been taken by one of the leading photographers in San José but a few months since. The photographer first tried to conceal the fact. Similar reports are made of a photographer in San Diego, and very recently the *Spiritual Press* is giving reports of this wonderful phenomenon taking place with a Miss Della Admen, of Helena, Montana, who, it is said, gets accurate spirit likenesses of the friends of whoever will send her a lock of their hair. A Mrs. Carter, of San Francisco, advertises to take these photographs, but as the writer has never investigated her work, he is not prepared to express an opinion concerning it, other than that some specimens he has seen look quite similar to Keeler's work which Dr. Coues has exhibited. If the reader will thoroughly scan and weigh the facts and testimony already given, a further presentation will be superfluous. One such photograph as that of the writer's mother ought to "settle the question" beyond doubt in every reasoning mind, and cumulative facts by the thousand which can be added are useless to convince those who "having eyes see not," because they will not. Every true scientist and philosopher and every Christian ought to rejoice that science and art have now so wonderfully combined to demonstrate objectively the fundamental claim of all religions, that man has a substantial existence after so-called death.



## "TAM."

BY LILLIAN E. PURDY.

"Would that a man would arise in me,  
That the 'woman' I am might cease to

SEATED around a rough table in a small log cabin were the forms of four persons whose attention seemed riveted upon a few cards that lay before them. The flame from a single candle furnished the only means of light in the room, and but for an occasional exclamation or chink of money one would have thought the apartment unoccupied.

My brother and I had been belated in the forest while on one of our long journeys in the Sierras, and were now enjoying the kind hospitality of an old miner and his son, whose cabin we had discerned through the thick timber when at a considerable distance away. They gave us a hearty welcome, provided a supper for us, and then invited us to join in a game of cards.

Our host was a genial fellow, full of life and cheerfulness. His long white beard and silver hair harmonized well with the soft brown eyes and even contour of his features. His generous spirit prompted him to offer us unhesitatingly the best his board could supply, the most comfortable seat his cabin could afford.

The younger man was presumably of a different character. He was tall, lean, and lank, and his ungainly, crab-like hands clutched avariciously at the coins whenever he held the winning cards. His keen, searching eyes, which I felt fastened upon me, aroused my suspicion at once, and I thought almost the instant I met his inquisitive gaze, "What if he should find me out?" But fear is not a part of my nature, so I soon succeeded in banishing the suspicion from my mind, and continued to win the little

pile of coins the rude table.

It is surprising I play cards. I play cards.

winning hand.

all, the stakes al

Whenever I s  
seldom to do, I  
eyes flash, a sh  
dark, malicious  
surely am detec  
trays me, altho  
rather large fea  
manners are a go  
is not one in a  
know that I am

The male attir  
for the past y  
much a part of  
Vance, is often  
you fill your cl  
However well I  
make them app  
by the mountain

A pair of darl  
supported at the  
belt, are tucke  
laced hunting-l  
I wear a light f  
crowning glory  
with a band forn  
skin, a relic of on  
I have killed.

A Colt revolve  
panion, and is  
pocket. More th  
me from the att  
who have always  
for my aim neve  
wonderfully stea  
ment of distance  
mountaineers ha  
my shooting, an  
to speak a word c

I remember that one time, during a tramp, we chanced into a town in which a shooting-gallery seemed to be the chief attraction. Several groups of idlers loitered about, observing the game that ensued between two or three blundering marksmen, when Vance, proud of my unnatural superiority in the masculine sports and pastimes, proposed that I should have a hand in the game. I shot, and lo! could ever marksman have made a more clever hit!

"Hurrah for you, Tam!" shouted Vance enthusiastically, and in an instant the voices of the men rang out in a mighty chorus of cheers for "Tam."

My brother Vance is a good-natured fellow, strong, hearty, not particularly intelligent, and, like the family into which I was born, quite ordinary. I shall not bore you with a description of him, for he is only a fair sample of the majority of his sex.

But to return to the cabin in which you first found me: after several games of cards, in which I won all the stakes, Vance and I spread our blankets in separate corners of the cabin allotted to us by our host. At daylight we rose, rolled our blankets and lashed them on our pack-mule, then turned our attention to the mules we rode. My sturdy little animal fairly howled under the pressure of the cinch, as I jammed my knee into him and pulled the latigo strap with all the strength I could command. After shaking hands with our host, who, with bland, smiling, sunburnt face stood without the cabin door, and after nodding to the dark-browed son, I swung into the saddle and spurred up the hill, leaving Vance to attend to the pack-animal and follow, as was the custom. Somehow, as this all happened, a vivid recollection came to me of a former experience similar in nature; yet my human memory can recall nothing coincidental.

Now, you may wonder at the roving, unwomanly life I lead. But it

is through a perfect uncongeniality with everything that pertains to woman, my sympathy only for that which is masculine—in short, my mannish nature, strong, robust physical frame, and unfeminine tastes—all these have led me to pursue the life of the forest instead of that of "the city," for which I have been trained and educated. Perhaps my natural aptitude for study and my early display of a sort of mysterious knowledge rather awed my parents into allowing me a college education. However this may be, I was well educated, while my athletic tendencies were constantly crushed until my very existence was one of unrest, dissatisfaction, torture. And so finally, like a bird freed from its cage, I flew with my brother to my element, the mountains, where, in order to escape comments and hampering from skirts, I assumed the disguise of a man, and travelled many a jolly mile through the densest forest and most deserted wilds. Yet am I remembering, remembering!

We climbed to the top of a ridge of pine-covered mountains, and had begun to descend the almost perpendicular height on the opposite side. My sure-footed Ajax slipped, the saddle-girth broke, and before I had time to collect my thoughts, I plunged forward over the animal's head and landed twenty feet beyond, rolling a few feet farther until I reached something to which I might cling.

"Tam, oh, Tamarack!" screamed my brother in a huge tone, which sent my mountain name echoing and re-echoing through the canyons.

"All right," I returned fearlessly, for I was merely surprised and not even "shaken up" by the fall.

Vance was by my side when I returned to faithful Ajax, who stood transfixed on the spot.

I raised the saddle from the ground, slung it over my shoulder, and led Ajax down the mountain to the canyon below, where repairs were soon made and our journey resumed.



That evening we camped in a small grove of maples that spread their umbrageous branches protectingly about us, intercepting the strong moonlight that fell in patches beneath. How delicious the calm, clear, moonlight night, with only the trees and the stars for a canopy, the mossy bank for a bed!

Inconsistent as it may seem (though I am inconsistency itself), I have formed the habit of carrying in my pocket a note-book and pencil, which I use in giving vent to the throng of thoughts that crowd my mental gaze, of massive stone bridges, colossal arches, and last and most prominent, spacious arenas, full of the odor of delicate perfumes, sweet strains of music floating in the air, while men clad in armor march in pairs before an excited populace. The signal is given—the gladiators begin the combat. Emperors, magistrates, and scholars are among the combatants. One stout, muscular man seems always to tower above the others in strength, for every one falls under his mighty hand. Deafening shouts from the frenzied people only encourage his bloody work. I am filled with fire—the vision is too real, I can look no longer! Then a sad, sweet voice continually whispers in my ear a song of a better life, a lesson of something true, something infinite. I think deeply and long; and the more I meditate, the more definite do my thoughts become. And what seems stranger, nothing is altogether new, for I am apparently picking up only what seems to belong to me by nature. Now I use my book for jotting down all that comes to me by vision or by what appears to be "memory" or a "recollecting." I employ only the evening for this kind of occupation—when Vance lies lazily near our roaring camp-fire thinking, or, more likely, dozing.

The moon was so strong, the air so warm, that the small fire we made for preparing our supper sufficed for the night. I gave myself up to rev-

ery until a late hour came with sleep, I

Following our day in the grove of maples just day. On and on went our patient mules, interest to mark the coming from a thicket growth, I saw a about ten yards before to spring, his eyes balls of fire. With lightning I stopped for my rifle, which swung across the anticipation of for dinner, took a One terrific cry, and dead before me. passed through the trating the head. from my mule and my victim, when V

"Hello, Tam, there?" he asked, eye that lay sprawled up

"Only a panther," would have put an if she had not taken carried her rifle."

We camped at the pared a noonday middle of the afternoon onward, never ceasing rapid pace until dark us, when, 'mid the the evening, we passed supper in a shady cheerful log fire.

The warmth and new camp soon over who fell into a doze been seated ten n writing.

A rustle of leaves me unconsciously to place my hand upon and turn my eyes in the sound.

"Vance," I whispered noise grew nearer an instant.

Accustomed to the slightest prov-

opened his eyes and was on his feet instantly.

We peered forth into the darkness, but could discern nothing.

"Excuse me," at length spoke a rather gentle voice, as a man finally appeared before us. "I have lost my way. Can you tell me what direction N—— is from here?"

"You are 'way off the track," replied Vance quickly, at the same time scanning the stranger from head to foot. "N—— is twenty miles south of here."

"Thank you," said the man, and was just about to turn away, when Vance interrupted:

"But stay with us until daylight. You are perfectly welcome to the best we can offer you."

"No," said the stranger, calmly though decidedly, casting one long, lingering look into my face. "I am due at N—— early to-morrow morning and must cover some of the ground to-night. My man has charge of my mule-train and packers about three hundred yards below. I saw the light from your fire and came to seek information. Thank you." And he vanished as quickly as he had appeared.

I had stood motionless and speechless during this brief dialogue between my brother and the stranger, and had caught his eye but once. But in that glance spoke volumes!

I cannot explain the sensation that almost overwhelmed me. I seemed to be struggling for expression, but words would not come; I seemed to be gasping for breath, but a stifling atmosphere surrounded me; I seemed to be striving to call the man's name, but nowhere in my memory could I find his proper appellation; I felt that I knew him, yet was positive that I had never before looked upon his face.

All these thoughts and feelings flew through my mind in a perfect whirlwind; and when the stranger was out of sight and hearing I still stood like a statue with the gleam

from the fire lighting up my pallid face and staring eyes.

"Tam," said Vance in alarm, "what is the matter with you?"

"I do not know," I replied, endeavoring to conceal my emotion.

"Fie, Tam," he continued, forcing a jovial tone, "you were frightened. This is the first time I have ever seen you grow pale at a strange sound or man."

"Nonsense!" I returned, and we settled again into a silence. We were undisturbed the remainder of the night.

But just as we were about to "dig out" at daylight, the same fair stranger revisited our camp, giving as an excuse for his reappearance that an accident had happened to his favorite mule.

Apparently fatigued, he threw himself upon the ground in a half-reclining position, resting his head upon his hand. The growing daylight revealed a comely form, rather delicate than sinewy, and a face that was almost effeminate, so regular were the features and softened the expression. Yet there was a strength to his face. The eyes were blue and expressive, the light hair fell in waves about his forehead, while firmness spoke in the lines of the mouth, which was partly concealed by a light mustache.

We had greeted our guest and had listened to the story of the accident. Vance, remembering some work he was doing preparatory to our departure, left me alone in the august presence of our visitor.

I had hitherto remained silent, and now shrank from speaking, as I feared my voice would hardly pass undetected by one whose scrutinizing eye had more than once been fastened upon my smooth, beardless face. There was something inspiring about this man, yet I felt a certain freedom with him, for it seemed as if we were not strangers.

After a long pause, he broke the silence by remarking: "There is



ghts and account for the name seemed accidentally to have shed his lips.

"My dear friend," said the stranger, getting and reseating himself by my side. "I thoroughly understand your actual condition, and it is only through years of patient study that I have solved the great mystery that was presenting itself gradually to you. The waking dreams *are* a part of life—they belong to you, and not only remembrances of a former

Each new incarnation produces its uses and endures its effect, and the snowball rolled upon the snow-covered ground gathers to itself its kind—constantly heaping up experience upon experience. The actual ego passes through many stages of development before it has had sufficient experience to enable it to carry from one terrestrial life to the next the impress of that life's lessons. But our environment is

such that, even though our psychic powers have been formerly activated, they seem dead until something happens to develop them, and they burst upon us in a perfect instant. In this way may be explained 'genius,' which is nothing more than the sudden exhibition of a power of displaying what is in the mind acquired by former hard and bitter experience. We are creatures of circumstance in so far as we create our own circumstances—not in one instant but in many successive reincarnations—by good and by evil doing, always paying the penalty for the seed and reaping the reward from the soil; and it is only by patience and forbearance and development of thought power that we may be led to the light, that Nature will reveal her secrets to us, that our eyes may be opened to the truth."

"I have thought on these subjects," said I, "but my thoughts were vague and indefinite. As you speak, the light dawns upon me. There seems to me, though, a strain of mysticism in what you say."

"I do not doubt it. I am more or less of an occultist. My progress in study is greatly impeded by my surroundings and circumstances. However, I try to gain all the knowledge I can. Karma has given me my environment, so I must do all in my small way to advance and pave the way for a better future."

As he finished the last sentence, he smiled and placed his hand upon my shoulder. Involuntarily I started and shrank from him.

He only leaned forward, and said, with a questioning look in his clear, blue eyes, "There is something almost womanly in your face."

The color rose to my cheeks and faded away as quickly as it had come, leaving a deathly pallor in place of my usual glow of health. I gasped for breath, my breast heaved, the trees swam before my eyes!

He grasped my hands and held them, whispering in my ear, "I believe you are a woman!"

I heard no more, for I fell prostrate upon the ground in a faint!

When my consciousness returned, the stranger was slowly retreating. My eyes followed his vanishing form; hardly knowing what I did, I stretched forth my hands as if by gesture to call him back. I would have given worlds to have seen him turn—to have heard once again his soft, musical voice.

He left me wondering, silent, saddened yet uplifted. His presence had shed its wholesome influence into my life as the sun sheds its beams upon a plant that has grown in the shade, strengthening it and giving it vitality.

The stranger had evidently acquainted Vance with his discovery, for my kind brother never alluded to the incidents of that morning.

Vance sat on a log by my side, supporting me with his arm.

"Do you feel well enough to start?" he asked, satisfied with the return of color to my face.

"Oh, yes!" I replied, springing up

and mounting my mule cheerfully. "Come along, Vance, let's out of here."

How I galloped from the spot! How poor Ajax was trotted up hill and down! How cruelly I used the spurs! I dashed over the ground like a wild animal. I turned corners and dodged between trees at a reckless speed.

My panting Ajax was almost exhausted when finally I "pulled up" upon an open stretch of country, dismounted, loosened the cinch, and sat down to await my brother's coming, for I was several miles in advance of him.

Well, five weeks of travel had passed by. We had killed several deer, considerable game, had experienced encounters with Indians, but had met few travellers.

We were now travelling a most wild and desolate region. Nothing but huge boulders and ragged cliffs loomed up around us.

In passing over mountains that were dangerous of travel, Vance always followed me closely for fear of accident. He evinced a most manly protection of me at all times, and shielded me from harm with almost motherly care.

We chanced upon a narrow pathway that led in among the rocks, with a tall bank on one side and an almost perpendicular precipice on the other. The mules' hoofs slipped and slid on the shining, broken granite, and it was with difficulty that we made any progress at all.

Suddenly a shuffling and a scream caused me to turn in my saddle. To my horror, I saw Vance dash over the precipice, thousands of feet below into the crevice of a glacier! I uttered a cry, I called his name, but the winds only took up my mournful tone and echoed it from mountain to mountain. I heard the dull sound of his body as it struck upon a rock, and my head reeled! I was dazed! I was stupefied!

The trail was so narrow that I

could neither turn nor mount. My first in low Vance, to the favored life, for I was alone, robbed of in whom I had sympathized but upon second thought first to care for my remains. I took my gun from my pocket, looking for an accurate shot (travels), and sorrowward.

For three days I taking little food might lose no time spot where Vance's

I finally arrived at precipice, where I figured body. The mutilated almost be one arm was entire the body, while the horribly crushed and

I fell upon the ground and grovelled in moaned piteously, could I find consolation

After sobbing my stupor, I rose, used my hands to dig and dragged the body had fallen to the ground. Before covering and snow, I took from the papers and money and thrust them in my own pockets. I then mound, placed stones upon the grave, and

Home! Where of for me? Without Vance home, for my heart in the family of sister father to which I belonged.

Yet is it love that display of emotion grave and the lonely experience? I think utter dependence upon port in what by the conventional woman with "wild schemes" and



conduct," left me grieving for him as I should grieve for the loss of anything that served me or was necessary to my contentment. How different my grief for the loss of the stranger! With what tenderness do I remember his every word and expression!

Three years have elapsed since the tragic death of my brother. When compelled to return to the city and adopt woman's attire, what more fitting field of work should I choose than that suggested by the stranger! I have given my undivided attention to the study of occultism in some of its various branches, with the ultimate aim of spending several years in India. I am constantly discovering "unhappy souls" like myself

*seemingly* misplaced, for, like the tree after which I was named, my very nature seems twisted and writhed from its proper symmetry—and it is my strongest hope to try to alleviate their suffering. But I have discovered that there are no mistakes; for, as the stranger in the mountains said, we reap only what we sow, we are now paying for our past misdeeds and producing new causes.

I never saw the stranger again! Among the papers Vance left I found a little slip upon which was written the stranger's name and address. I read of his death a few months ago. He left a wife to whom he had been married six years. This solves a problem!

## MUSIC ON THE MARKET.

BY J. L. STEFFENS.

THE broker had been trying to persuade the banker to make him a loan, but without success.

"I am sorry," the banker said. "I know your position and I have no doubt it would all turn out as you say. But I don't see how I can let you have even the temporary aid you need to carry you over the worst. I too think the change is coming soon, but the drag of our own customers is heavy, and it is all we can do to meet their claims upon us."

"But," urged the broker, "if I am not a regular customer, I am your friend, and what is, perhaps, of more present importance, I am a link in a chain of related interests, all of which will suffer if I don't hold out."

"True enough," came the firm reply. "In such times as these, however, we are——"

Music interrupted them. From the street below a peculiarly sweet and strange melody arose. Often organ-grinders pass through Wall Street, causing little more than a frown to business. But this was the

round, pure voice of a woman, borne upward on the sustaining voices of men, and as it echoed through the deep side street it caused vibrations in some hearts. It was a foreign laughing song, the expression of a momentary joy in a life of sadness, and the singers beneath the banker's window sang the laughter with never a smile. There was no need of seeing the upturned faces, to feel the melancholy of their hearts. And the banker felt it.

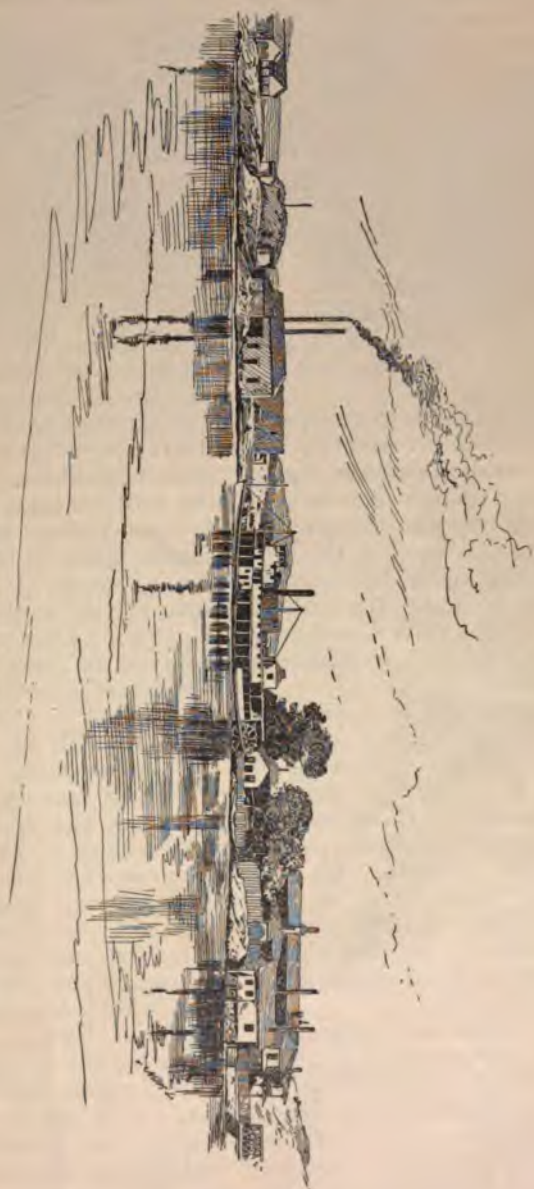
The broker walked to the window, and looking down into the street said impatiently:

"Italian song peddlers; an old hag woman and two black beggars."

"Singing Napoli, Napoli," added the banker as to himself.

It recalled to him the scenes and the feelings of Southern Italy and his family, who were there at that moment. He had heard that song there so often that he had sometimes cursed it. But now it soothed him, gave him a moment of the sweet, sad indolence which had rested him in

YUMA FROM THE RIVER.





Gulf of California about fifty miles south. These plateaus are crossed by numerous ranges of mountains, especially in the northern part, between which lie large, fertile valleys. The mountain ranges are for the most part abrupt and rugged, but highly mineralized, yielding gold, silver, lead, iron, and copper in paying quantities. The Harqua Hala Mountains in the northeastern part of Yuma County contain the "Bonanza," one of the best-paying gold mines in the United States. The ore is what miners term "free." It is milled at the mine, and during the last year the shipment of gold bullion averaged about \$50,000 per month.

These mountains are most valuable for their production of mineral. In the gulches considerable placer gold is taken out, and though such mining has been going on since the occupation by the mission fathers, the supply in the rocky, gravelly canyons does not seem to have diminished. The metal is bright yellow and very rich, bringing eighteen to nineteen dollars per ounce.

It was once thought that all that portion of the county lying north of the Gila was worthless because of the absence of perpetual streams from which to draw a water-supply, though the country consists of beautiful valleys and plateaus that are very productive when irrigated. In the last few years wonderful strides have been made by engineers and irrigationists toward the reclamation of this vast area.

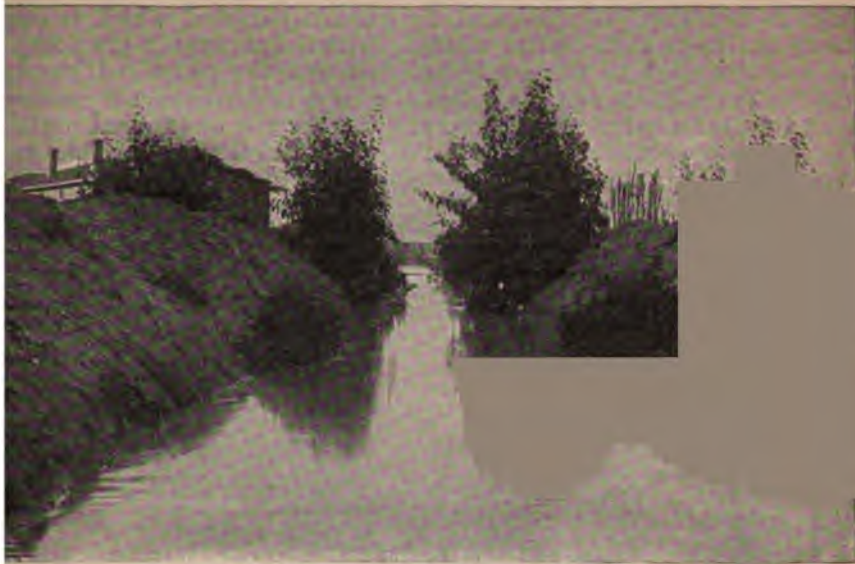
A gigantic scheme is at present on foot, by which it is proposed to bring the water through the very heart of the country, by means of a large canal, to be brought out one hundred miles above Yuma near the juncture of Bill Williams Fork with the Colorado. Many engineers of note think it feasible, and when it is done it will redeem a larger acreage of fruit and grain lands than is contained in the entire Salt River Valley of central

Arizona. The topography of Yuma County is comparatively flat, through the channels of the Colorado, report, and scarcely has been surveyed by private enterprise. The county is acquainted with its wonderful possibilities of investigation, and no one has been discerning it have been widely circulated.

A large portion of the land which was part of the great chase, lies south of the Colorado. It includes the vast valley side of the Colorado from Yuma to the distance of twenty miles, was one of the finest lands in the United States for the raising of all kinds of crops and vegetables. The vast plateaus in Yuma County the arable lands in the water famine is impossible. There is no section of the Territory supplied. Low water in the Colorado has an average depth of six hundred feet, its highest it averages with a width of one fourth of a mile.

During January an average of rainy seasons occur, period more in name than the average fall for the years has only been two inches. Everything is irrigated, and people pointed when there with three hundred cloudless days.

During the dry, hot water is most needed, that the Colorado is feeding the forests and willows along its banks, and furnishing such a canal and ditches to show how much it may be visible diminution can be seen. The great rise of the



CANAL SCENE—COLORADO RIVER IRRIGATION COMPANY.

g the months of January and  
ary. The latter stream, rising  
e mountains of New Mexico,  
es the winter rainfall, which  
reaches thirty inches, and pours  
amense amount of water into  
Colorado, after meandering for  
undred and ten miles through  
ounty of Yuma. At that time  
olorado is at its lowest.

e Colorado, however, is the Nile  
rth America, and in many ways  
yo streams resemble each other.  
g amid the snow-capped peaks,  
e in the centre of Africa and  
her in the heart of the Rockies,  
course away in the light of the  
ke molten silver fringed with  
reen of forests, until, after wind-  
round the ruins of extinct peo-  
he one by Memphis and Karnac,  
her those of the cliffs and the  
ancient ones of the valley, they  
ost in the wastes of the sea.  
is fed by the melting snows;  
rise about the same time of the  
pass through countries similar  
ographical and climatic condi-  
and deposit a silt and detritus  
government chemists pro-

nounce the same. This detritus,  
when deposited over the valley of the  
Colorado in both Arizona and Cali-  
fornia, is larger than that of the  
lower Nile through the distribution  
of water used for irrigating purposes,  
and does away forever with the  
necessity of fertilizers. Upon irri-  
gation depends the future agricul-  
tural success of Arizona. This is  
especially true of the central and  
southern portions. Several years  
ago it was found that tapping the  
Colorado with canals would entail an  
enormous expense—more than the  
people at that time were able to put  
into such enterprises, consequently  
they began to cast about for a cheaper  
method by which to get the water on  
the land.

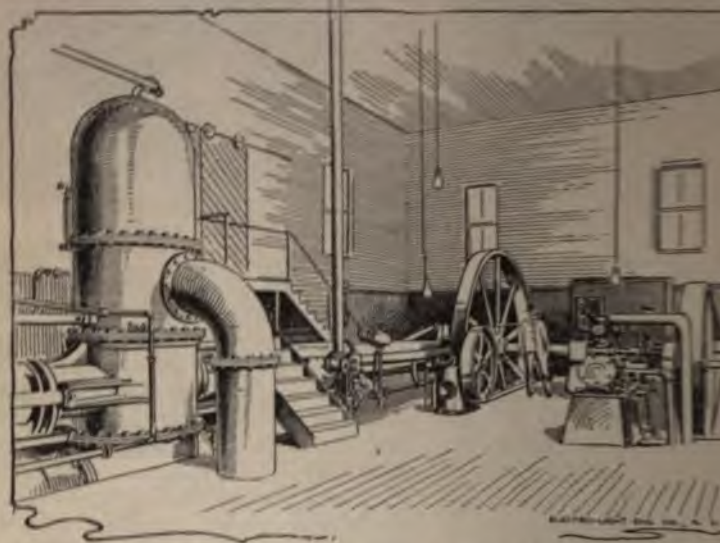
It has long been the dream of the  
residents of Yuma to see the fertile  
Colorado River water made available  
for irrigating purposes on the beauti-  
ful, level mesa land which adjoins  
the town on the south, and this dream  
has at last been realized through the  
energy of Hiram W. Blaisdell, C.E.,  
who has been identified with the de-  
velopment of Yuma County for a



number of years, ably assisted by Lewis A. Hicks, C.E. Eastern capital was interested in the enterprise, and the Yuma Water and Light Company formed to carry out the work. Construction was commenced in September last and completed in February, since which time the pumping plant has been in constant operation, sending an immense stream of fertile Colorado water to the thirsty mesa. What a surprise it must have been to

densing engine, with the plunger of tending the piston-rear cylinder-head of this method of compression generated by the admitted to the pump intervention of cranks.

Another monster of which Arizona is in particular proud, is that of the



YUMA WATER AND LIGHT COMPANY'S PUMPING PLANT.

those arid lands to be given such a bountiful supply of the life-giving fluid! The resultant growth has proven their gratitude for the gracious draught.

The pumping plant is situated immediately in the town on the bank of the Colorado River. The exceptional elevation of eighty feet to which the water had to be raised for irrigating the heights prevented the use of the ordinary centrifugal irrigating pump, and compelled the designing and construction of a special form in which durability and economy of operation must be combined. The pumping plant adopted consists of a 175 H. P. high-duty, automatic cut-off con-

Irrigation Company also situated in the runs both day and capacity of 6,000 gal while arrangements to increase it to 30 make it the largest in the world upon which the water below the town, extends from Gila to the Mexican border of about twenty-two miles, an average of six in width. It covers 60,000 acres, 40,000 of which are subject to irrigation with considerable outlay of expense.

Some time ago Coe and his associates of Denver, be-



JUDGE J. L. WANDERWERKER.

portion of the Colorado Valley, Captain Ingalls and Mr. J. H. enter formed a stock company the object of developing that immediate section. The present pump-lant was put in, water distributed over the nearer portions, and four hundred acres planted with oranges, figs, grapes, apricots, and all kinds of vegetables. Great success attended the experiment, with the increase of the pumping many thousands of acres more have been brought under cultivation. A limited amount of water is needed for irrigation, and where the ground is saturated fourteen inches to two feet will be sufficient to grow all kinds of fruits and vegetables. No land for the growing of grain, or vegetables, and all deciduous trees exists anywhere than this portion of the Colorado Valley. The soil is a rich loam, made by the sediment of the river. Immense groves of cotton-wood grow on the uncleared portions, furnishing an almost inexhaustible supply of firewood, which is only

needed, however, for cooking purposes and during the mornings and evenings of winter.

Actual trial has proven this section superior to any other in the world for raisins. Two-year-old vines yield about three tons, while those seven years old average about seven. A close estimate on the selling price is \$20 per ton, which gives an idea of the early and large return. Raisins grow as luxuriantly, ripen more quickly, and cure with less trouble than in any country in the world. The climate seems perfectly adapted to them, and all things concurring as they do, it seems that in a little while this section of Arizona will be able to produce the supply for the United States now shipped from the shores of the Mediterranean.

Unlike Southern California, there is no fog in this section. By the time the Gulf winds have passed over the desert lying south of the line they have been robbed of all the moisture they contained, and instead of causing decay they are conducive to the



preservation of all kinds of fruit, which accounts in a great degree for the fitness of the country for raisin culture.

Another fruit for which the Colorado Valley is especially fitted is the fig. The trees are of rapid growth, begin bearing in two years, and produce bountifully. Trees average a production of one hundred and fifty pounds per year, and the Colorado River Irrigation Company has been selling them from its orchard since the 10th of May, weeks ahead of any other locality. Considering the fact that three crops per year are pro-

cal nature grow and Persian date fruits early age, and there market for its produ of the Yuma Fruit natural home of t great success that h ture in California is be done with it here far distant when l and the Gulf ever valley belonging to be settled and cultiv fruits, for which t ways greater than t Another enterpris



VINEYARD—COLORADO RIVER IRRIGATION COMPANY.

duced, in time the production at Yuma of this fruit alone promises to be enormous.

Apricots, peaches, and pears are the leading deciduous fruits. They are hardy, vigorous growers, bearing at two years as much as the trees can support, and requiring attention to keep them from breaking. In sweetness, size, flavor, and color the fruit is unsurpassed, and ripening as they do weeks ahead of California fruit, they find a sure market and the highest price. All fruits of a semi-tropi-

is in California, ov Yuma, is the Col Canal, and deserves of the great underta the desert. This li surveyed during th much as \$60,000 ha that work, and the l permanently settle will be taken out a the old mission min southwest to Flowin tance of about eight ing some of the fines



California. Work has been laid out for the summer, but in October it will begin again and will be completed by the end of the season.

George E. M. Sanford, who owns the land south of Yuma on the Arizona side of the river, is president of the Yuma Fruit Company, with headquarters in the city. Five hundred acres are being planted with early fruit of all kinds, with the object of supplying the Eastern markets. The early ripening insures its success beyond doubt.

The pumping plants just described are the only ones now in active operation on the river in the interest of irrigation, though canals are being dug from both sides at points near the mouth of the Colorado, and on the Gila several reservoirs and storage systems are being constructed. When completed, they will irrigate thousands of acres of very fertile land and will open up an agricultural section of great benefit to the town of Yuma. The Mohawk, South Gila, and the Farmer's are among the prominent ones, the first of which are now furnishing water for certain purposes.

Several new propositions are being talked of, one of which is to dam the Colorado a few miles above the mouth, but it is yet in embryo and its construction is uncertain. With sufficient capital reservoirs could be built along the river so that every foot of valley area may be irrigated, and at the same time sufficient water held in reserve to work placer mines, now worked by a system of "dry washing," by which they yield considerable. As to the matter of climate, Yuma is in many respects similar to any other portion of the United States. Situated in the same latitude

as Charleston, S. C., and San Diego, Cal., any one acquainted with the climate of these localities may form some idea of the relative degrees of heat and cold. In some respects, as is proven by the United States weather statistics, there is a slight difference in favor of Yuma. The Yuma weather bureau is careful and conscientious, and observations have been made regularly for the last fourteen years. The record shows a combination of the highest barometer with the height of temperature to be found anywhere in the world. This is an invaluable attribute of climate, especially for those who are afflicted with any pulmonary trouble, as it is comparatively no exertion for the lungs to breathe the dry atmosphere. At Yuma the air has the barometric pressure of the best health resorts, without the attendant dampness found at the sea-shore. For eighteen years, in winter the average temperature has been 59 degrees, which is not excessive. The highest shade temperature ever recorded was 118.



HON. S. S. GILLESPIE.



degrees. This may appear high to one unacquainted with the climate, but it is modified by the low relative humidity, so that 118 degrees at Yuma is not so oppressive as 85 degrees in San Francisco and at the coast health resorts or the cities of the East. It is to the humidity of the atmosphere that oppressive heat is due. At San Diego the maximum humidity is about 84, and it seldom falls below it; at the resorts of southern Florida it is about the same, while at Yuma the highest maximum ever recorded was only 44, and this was during the early morning, when the thermometer registered very low. During the hot hours of the day the humidity is only about 7, which accounts for the fact that no matter how high the thermometer, even 118 degrees, the heat is not intolerable. Yuma has less rainfall than any other point on the habitable globe, the total annual fall being only one-third as great as the precipitations that have fallen in a single day at places known as health resorts. Snow is unknown, there are no foggy days, few clouds, and a totally cloudy day is a thing of rare occurrence.

In the afternoon and throughout the evenings a breeze blows constantly from the Gulf, taking away the heat, absorbed by the earth, and leaving the inhabitants to begin the new day entirely refreshed and ready for its labor. There are no extremes of heat or cold, such as are feared by invalids. The low humidity obviates the heat and the mountains to the north break off the cold, while the Gulf breeze assists in moderating, and gives Yuma the appearance of a country more than half tropical.

The local government of Yuma County is administered about the same as similar governments in the Eastern States. The county officers are the probate judge, who is *ex-officio* county school superintendent; the sheriff, tax assessor and collector, treasurer, recorder, county attorney and surveyor.

The city of Yuma is a self-governing municipality, and is conducted in a very proper manner. The mayor and board of city trustees are Hon. A. Frank Charles Baker, F. I. Gondor. The city of Yuma is in Yuma county is divided, Republicans and Democrats are members of their respective parties.

The council has a system of government for the welfare of the city, and the progress and enterprise of the land on which was granted to it by the federal government, and at the beginning of the municipal administration owned 1,100 lots have been sold and the proceeds have been used for improvements. The amount is considerable, so that in a short time it will be enough to grade the streets, placing Yuma on a par with other towns in Arizona in the matter of public improvements.

The city attorney is J. L. Vanderwerker, who has been able to assist in the measures of the city by the best citizens and throughout the 7 years of his residence in Yuma. Vanderwerker was born August 18th, 1852, and has a university education at Alameda University, degree of B. L. in law from Michigan in 1876, he has been active in the practice of his profession since that time. He was located in Yuma when he took his place in the ranks of Arizona attorneys. He was appointed city attorney in 1880, and he now holds, in addition to his position as city attorney, the position of Southern Pacific Railway company of California, a position of California Canal of Arizona, a position of corporations. In addition to his position as president of the Board of Trade Association and as

mercial Club, which in Yuma corresponds to a board of trade. The city of Yuma is the county-seat and has a population of about 10,000. It is situated south of the Colorado at its junction with the Colorado, before in the territory covered by the Gadsden purchase, and dates its origin among the early mission settlements.

In 1700 Father Kino established a mission on the California side of the Colorado, where the post of Fort Yuma stands. It was soon destroyed by the natives, but was rebuilt by Father Garces, who also founded an-

apartment stand on the Arizona side and are now unoccupied. Large, dark, and dreary, with bats at dusk whisking hither and thither in swarms, they present an appearance of loneliness that moves one to thoughts of "banquet halls deserted," and he can almost hear the tread of martial feet in the vaulted halls and corridors.

The city rudely dashes aside the visionary's dream, for it presents an entirely opposite appearance. Activity and bustle are noticeable on every hand. New and handsome stone and brick business houses are being



YUMA.

nine miles above on the same

In 1781 they were both destroyed and the Spanish settlement of people massacred. It was not until Gen. Phil Kearny passed down the Colorado with his command in 1847 that Americans began to know anything about this locality. In 1852 Yuma was occupied by Heintzelman and Stoneman with six military companies, and after the Gadsden purchase the post was maintained some time, but with the subjugation of the Indians it was abandoned and the buildings turned over to the missionaries of St. Joseph, who are now conducting a government Indian school. But the atmosphere of the past and its memories and records never cling about Yuma. The traditions of the quartermaster's de-

partment erected in place of the Mexican adobes, which are rapidly being torn down. The noise of the railroad, the activity on the street and at the river brink, the loading and sailing of steamers with cargoes of supplies for the towns and mining camps as far north as Utah, present a scene that would startle the stranger, who is most likely imbued with the one idea that Arizona is a waste of sandy desert, inhabited only by lethargic half-breed Indians and Mexicans.

At one time Yuma was the distributing-point for the army in Arizona, and in fact for everybody, the supplies being brought around Cape San Lucas and up the river by steamers. But with the completion of the Southern Pacific Railway, which passes through the city, the steamer line



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Excursions up the from Yuma are some with any of the scenery is both weird First, the forests of willow back over the valley, as an oasis, watered by a river, then rising con to Castle Dome Mountain and the Harqua Hala mountains of lava, but spewed out in ages of volcanos. Blended here antitheses of nature are mighty, and rugged and peaceful, and beautiful, alternating charms of the living over the rich landscape are succeeded by moonlight nights as in the Alhambra of Spain though all there is poetical and in the whole of Latin America hardships that were the possession of the land amply repaid by the land bathed in the day's shine, and the night's living moon that seems the old passionate Rome and Sicily, and add a charm to the old-world rose-covered porches, northwest the Purple Castle Dome range of fear in bold relief, a dear upon which numbers have seen fit to bestow

# QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THIS document is brief, clear, and apparently non-partisan. This is all that can be said in its favor. Regarding the money power and the people as arrayed against each other the message is partisan, being strongly in the interest of the former. The President seems to have discovered that there are financial distress and business depression in the country, and it is to be regretted that he does not comprehend the causes as clearly as he sees the condition. Business depression has not been caused by a restricted production of food articles or of raw materials for manufacturing, for the country has surpluses of them, nor has the condition arisen from a falling off of the number of consumers. The cause of the present uncomfortable condition is chiefly an insufficient volume of the circulating medium.

This is proved in many ways. The banks of the country have in numerous instances succumbed to the demands of depositors, because, whatever may have been their assets and securities, the currency was not to be had because it did not exist. The clearing house of New York has been driven to the issuance of certificates to the amount of many million dollars to supply circulation, a thing done to some extent in Boston. Manufacturers have had to resort to the issuance of checks to pay their laborers. Though there were millions of bushels of wheat in store in Chicago and a good export demand for it, still it could not be moved for the want of money; the banks of that great commercial metropolis could not supply it. A similar state of facts prevails all over the country.

The President ascribes the so-called Sherman law as the cause of this condition, a law which requires the purchase of 54,000,000 ounces of silver annually and the issuance thereon of certificates which shall pass as a legal tender for all public and private dues, and to that extent it did expand the circulating medium and supply the wants of business. The only evil that flowed from the Sherman law was through an erroneous interpretation under which the Secretary of the Treasury has redeemed the certificates in gold coin instead of silver coin, which had the effect to increase the gold stringency, alarm the gold-holders, and shake the confidence of the country. Added to this the administration stands pledged to a radical change of the tariff, which prevented the investment of new capital in manufacturing, caused the withdrawal of old capital, and all manufacturers to curtail production that they may not be caught with large stocks on hand when the change is made. The result has been that we have not produced sufficiently to supply home demand, and consequently have been compelled to purchase of foreign nations much that otherwise we would have produced. And this is the reason why we have in the last fiscal year imported \$194,000,000 more than ever before, and why a balance of trade in our favor of \$102,000,000 the previous year has been changed to an adverse balance of from fifty to a hundred million dollars to be paid in gold. Thus the gold stringency has been further increased and the volume of circulating medium to that extent reduced.

The President suggests no remedy for the ills from which the country is suffering ex-



A President is required to give information to Congress touching the condition of the country, and may recommend such legislation as he deems advisable. This is the extent of his constitutional power, so far as influencing the action of Congress is concerned. Until Andrew Jackson became President, no attempt had been made by any President to bully or influence Congress through the use of patronage or otherwise, except within constitutional limitations. John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Andrew Johnson used their patronage freely to control Congress for personal purposes, and Pierce and Buchanan did the same thing to protect and strengthen slavery, but since Andrew Johnson no President has attempted to control legislation except as plainly au-

thorized by the Constitution. It is charged, and there is much evidence to prove it, that President Cleveland has resorted to methods more reprehensible than any of his predecessors to secure particular legislation, methods bolder and more autocratic than those pursued by Andrew Jackson. In every instance these tactics have sooner or later been rebuked by the people. If Mr. Cleveland succeeds and is not unmistakably rebuked at the first opportunity, a most dangerous precedent will have been established, and general political demoralization will ensue. Nothing can be more essential to the perpetuity of free institutions than the preservation of the independence and virtue of the representatives of the people.



# AVI



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"THE experienced novelist," says *Time*, "shed his upon the characters' passions, forming his contacts as the physicist and chemist work with their elements as the physicist works with his equations." "The novel is a complex machine," says an exhibit in the new exhibit hall. "Of these machines he has made the most interesting of them. The machine which has just been described is the first of the series of machines."

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less discipline, who applied them in a way that was not in their social relationship. That is, an unjust use of the law. And the sentence said the sentence was expressed in a sentence that is not a sentence.

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015.

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## THE PRINCE OF INDIA.

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Like Zola, Lew Wallace makes elaborate studies for his novels, but the similarity ends there, and nothing could well be more different than the results they obtain. In the "Prince of India,"<sup>1</sup> which he has been engaged on some years, the author of "Ben Hur" has produced an historical novel of the old school with all the usual characteristics—romance, adventure, mystery, and much description. There is perhaps a modern motive underlying the religious disquisitions with which the book is plentifully besprinkled, and certainly there is a modern application in the absurd religious dissensions depicted. The place and period chosen, that stormy and pathetic moment when the empire of the Greeks, reduced to one city, was tottering to its fall, was the culmination of the schismatic disputes that through centuries had rent the Christian Church, and Constantinople was a hot-bed of bigotry, prejudice, and violent faction. Not even Rome has ever offered so tremendous and so appalling a spectacle of the weakness and imbecility of men as did Constantinople in the middle of the fifteenth century. Then as now the most cosmopolitan city in the world, with people of almost every race making up her heterogeneous population, she was, nevertheless, governed by two narrow religious factions utterly opposed to and intolerant of each other. The court sided with one faction, the people with the other; and the quarrels of dogmatic disputants formed the sole business of life. The young men were all monks, and the women and old men were their partisans or opponents. There was no interest in anything outside the city walls, and little within them for anything but the prayers and riots in the churches. Meantime two peoples, the Jews and the Turks, believers also in the Christians' God, looked on in amazement at and profited by their divisions. The Jews exploited the trade and commerce of the town, and the Turks closed in their victorious lines around the last stronghold of the Cæsars.

This picturesque and fateful situation has been immortalized by Gibbon, and from Gibbon General Wallace has evidently drawn his inspiration. That his presentation of it is to be compared with Gibbon's can hardly be said, but he gives an adequate idea of it, and for the sentimental the flavor of romance he has added will doubtless add to the attraction. Given that period and those conditions, it was of course unavoidable that religion should play the prominent part that it does in his book, but the discussions are somewhat long and might well have been abridged with benefit to the purposes of the story. In making the Wandering Jew the

<sup>1</sup> "The Prince of India," by Lew Wallace. Harper & Bros., New York, 1893.



central figure of his book the author has shown a fine confidence in his undoubted ability to handle an old subject in a new way. The mysterious Jew with the curse of Christ upon him is a familiar figure to readers, having already been incorporated twice into the literature of this century. Neither Eugene Sue nor the author of "Salathiel," however, succeeded in making a reality out of this strange ghost of tradition, and it must be confessed that Wallace has not succeeded much better. The Prince of India is very much a *deus ex machina*, and he is not especially relevant to the story the author has wreathed about Constantinople's crumbling walls. There is, moreover, an almost banal reflection of the wonders of "Monte Cristo" in the untold wealth he is able to command and the mysterious sources whence he draws it. The description of his visit to the tomb of Hiram, King of Tyre, is not particularly imposing, and his exit at the end of the story is ignoble.

In the treatment of his material the author has shown the same art as in "Ben Hur." The narrative is generally lively, the descriptions good, and the grouping picturesque, but the book as a whole is not equal to its predecessor. Besides length and discursiveness it has serious defects of style. Indeed, it must be said that this author lacks entirely the literary gift called style, which makes whatever Henry James, for instance, writes delightful in itself. But

no man, not even a writer, is excused for not showing talent not possess. There are, however, lesser graces and refinements are within the ability of all, General Wallace neglects. Inexcusably careless; through there are errors a schoolboy would say, should not committive is divided whenever double, and there are other inelegancies too numerous to be added, however, are common to most English writers of fiction. The standard and requirements of French novel, however poor in this respect a work of art, operative on writers in the language. But the movement of the writers themselves if consequently, however unappearing, their attention shows the fact. To appreciate the reader has but to compare of India" with "Le Docteur original. Yet Emile Zola means what the French call

Nevertheless, despite deficiency, "The Prince of India" for almost any reader to whom it has already passed success of popularity is proved by the first edition is even now extant.





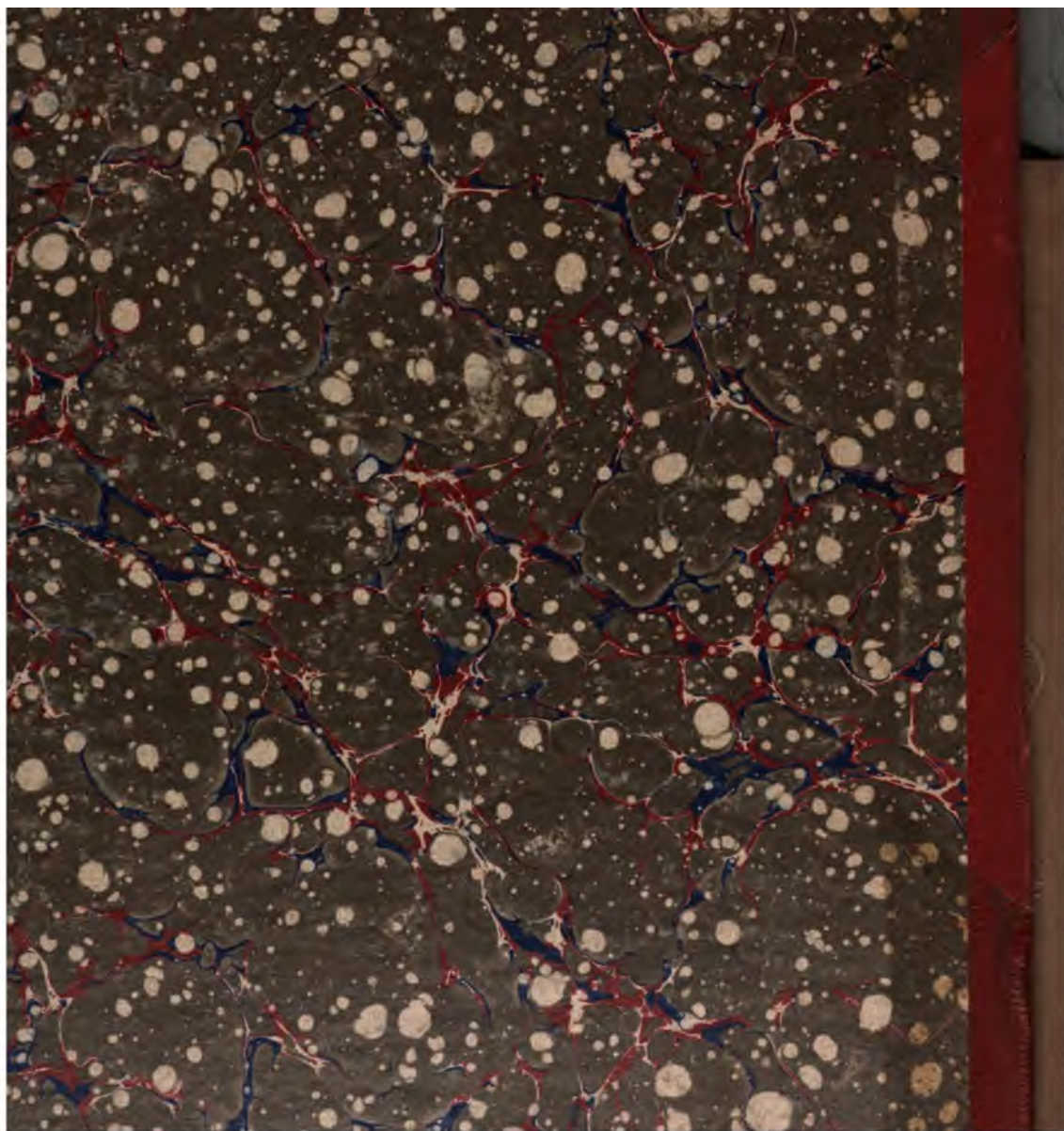














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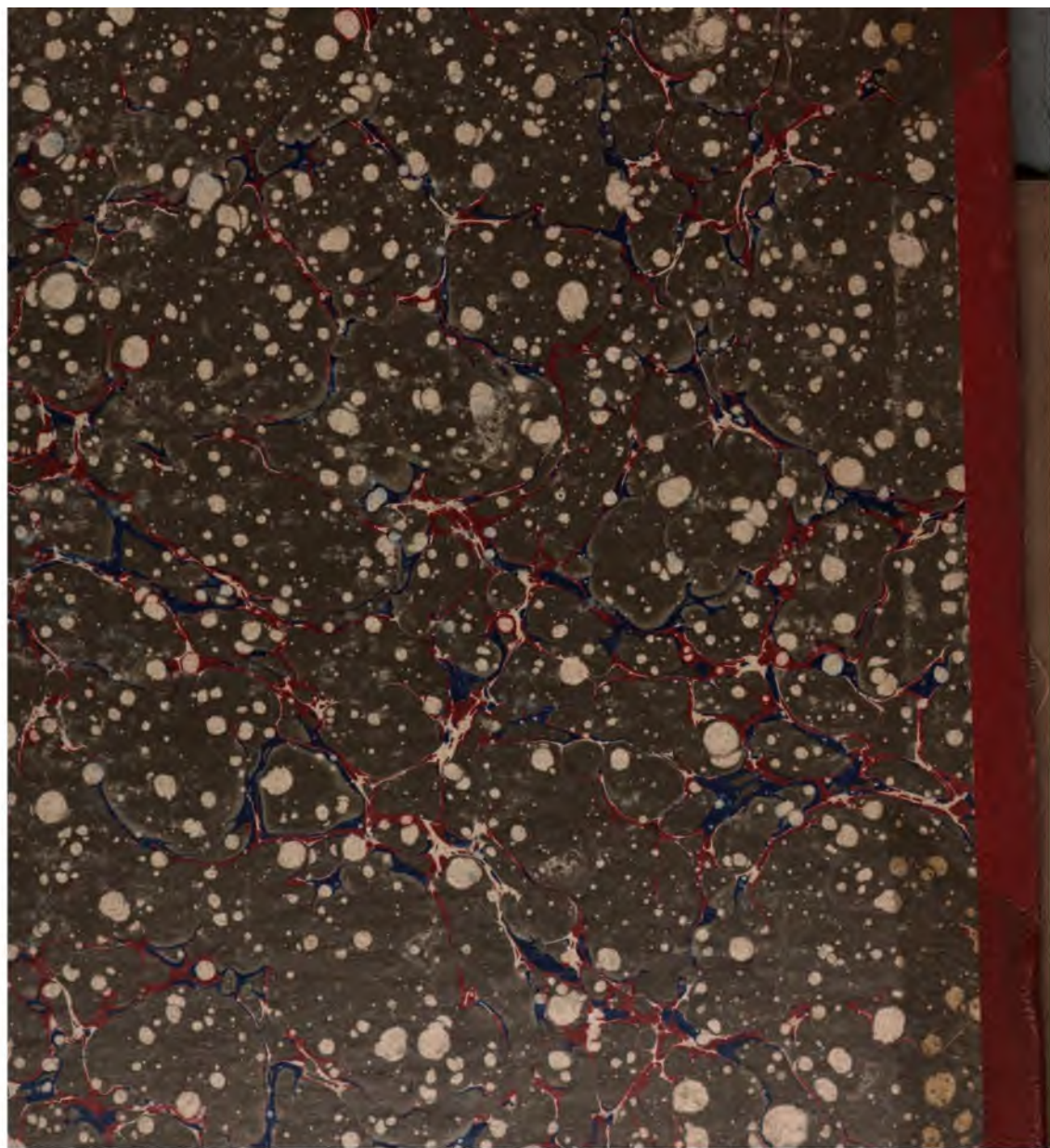












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